

25 Cents September - July

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



"IT'S A GREAT WAR"
PRIZE WINNING NOVEL



**TOM
MIX**
IN A
BUCK SKEIN
SHIRT



\$3⁵⁰
The
Shirt

INSIST ON **BUCK SKEIN** THE ORIGINAL
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Guaranteed to WASH Without Shrinking or Fading
Guaranteed for WARMTH and WEAR

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE



OUT in the Northwest where the wind bites like acid, cowboys keep warm in a Buck Skein. Up in an airplane in the icy air, or down to the sea in ships, you will find an aviator, a longshoreman or some millionaire keeping out the freeze in a Buck Skein Shirt and Jacket.

Men who do hard manual labor discovered that Buck Skein wears like leather yet sportsmen delighted with its smart appearance named Buck Skein "the Tuxedo of Outdoor Shirts."

If your Dealer hasn't a Buck Skein left, mail me this coupon—enclose your money and I'll see you get your Buck Skein and pay the carrying charges myself.

Buck Skein Joe



\$5⁵⁰
The
Jacket

BUCK SKEIN SHIRT (photographed above on Tom Mix). Wears like leather, washes soft as velvet. Big and comfortable; double sewn seams; buttons stick to their post. Two big-fisted flap pockets. Coat style, collar attached, buckskin tan in color. Remarkably low in price. . **\$3.50**

BUCK SKEIN JACKET (pictured on left.) Made of heavy double weight Buck Skein for extra wear and warmth. Springy knitted belt is 100% pure worsted wool; two button cuffs adjustable to keep wrists and arms warm; two big oversized pockets; windproof and rainproof; color buckskin tan. A real buy at **\$5.50**

Buck Skein Joe, c-o Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc.
Manufacturers.
Dept. L9, 331 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed Check ☐

Money Order ☐

See that I get: Check Here
A Buck Skein Jacket at \$5.50 ☐
A Buck Skein Shirt at \$3.50 ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Neckband size.....

...Raised His Pay \$4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now **FREE!**

*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. D. Mathers, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.



Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The **TIME-CLOCK** constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really **COUNTED** in the business and social world!



Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the **GOOD** things of life every man **DESERVES** for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if **HE** could do it, so could I!



The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "**The MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED!**" It wasn't a very **big** book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never *dreamed of*—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered



Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the **REAL TRUTH** about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost **ANY** man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions". I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7500 a year—these and *hundreds* of others! It certainly was a revelation!



FREE Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is **FREE** to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!



Making Good At Last!

It didn't take me long to decide to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered the secrets of Modern Salesmanship during spare time, without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, the Employment Manager found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over \$70 a week to start!



Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is \$4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! **NOW** my services are in **REAL DEMAND** with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared **HOPE** for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!



Get Your Copy Free

Right now this book, "**The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship**," which showed these men how to get started on the road to success and independence, will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man—absolutely free and without obligation. Why not see for yourself what amazing pay-raising secrets it contains? There is no better way to invest a 2c stamp.



Mail It Today!

Simply fill out coupon below and mail to National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. M-21, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. M-21, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Illinois
Without obligation, send me a free copy of "**The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship**," and full details about your guarantee of additional earnings while learning.

Name
Address State
Age Occupation



The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



Contents

COVER DESIGN: ARTILLERY IN ACTION	by Harvey Dunn	
IT'S A GREAT WAR	by Mary Lee	5
TO TOLERANCE—AND BEYOND	by Rabbi Lee J. Levinger	12
SAN JACINTO CORN	by Marquis James	14
GOD HAVE MERCY ON US: <i>Part Two</i>	by William T. Scanlon	18
EDITORIAL	with cartoon by JOHN CASSEL	24
SUMMER UNIFORMS—AND SOME ARE NOT	by Wallgren	26
A PERSONAL VIEW	by Frederick Palmer	27
THE BROKEN 3: <i>Conclusion</i>	by Karl W. Detzer	28
KEEPING STEP	by Right Guide	32
THE UNFINISHED BATTLE		39
THE GERMAN VETERAN SPEAKS	by John Black	42
THEN AND NOW	by The Company Clerk	43
BURSTS AND DUDS	conducted by Tip Bliss	46
THE MESSAGE CENTER	by The Editor	80

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

FLORIDA: The 27th State, admitted to the Union Mar. 3, 1845. Ponce de Leon, in his search for the fountain of eternal youth, landed in Florida on Easter Sunday, 1513. The Spanish established St. Augustine in 1565, now the oldest permanent European settlement in the United States. The colonists in Carolina and in Georgia fought small wars with the Floridians in disputes over the boundary line. Spain sold the land to England in 1763, and in 1783 England, rather than give it to the United States, resold it to Spain, who remained in possession until 1810. General Andrew Jackson in the Seminole War of 1818 crossed the boundary on a hot trail and took possession. The next year the United States paid \$5,000,000 to Spain and acquired the land. Congress formed it into a territory in 1822. Population, 1830, 34,730; 1928 (U. S. est.), 1,411,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 20.3; 1910, 20.1; 1920, 36.7. Area, 58,666 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 17.7 per sq. mile. Rank among States



(1920 U. S. Census), 32d in population, 21st in area, 36th in density. Capital, Tallahassee (1920 U. S. Census), 5,637. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Miami, 156,700; Jacksonville, 140,700; Tampa, 113,400. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$2,440,491,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), lumber and timber products, \$45,150,478; cigars and cigarettes, \$35,958,350; farm and orchard products (1925), \$51,400,000, consisting mainly of pineapples, oranges, grapefruit and tobacco; vegetables, \$33,500,000; winter tourist trade (1924-5), \$250,000,000; real estate development, buildings, roads, highways and improvements (1925-6), \$500,000,000. Florida had 42,217 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1846: "In God We Trust." Origin of name: Named by Ponce de Leon as Pascua Florida, Feast of Flowers, that is, Easter Sunday, the day on which he first set foot on Florida soil in 1513. Nickname: Everglade State; also, Land of Flowers.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*
JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1929, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered

PHILIP VON BLON, *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM MACLEAN, *Art Editor*

as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 416 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free book shows how.

"I T'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the \$25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your



A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my idea

own and make more money than you ever made before.

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is prac-

tically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made \$5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Illinois. (Former School Teacher.) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was \$800."—J. A. Ferguson, Florida. (Former Dry Cleaner.) "Sold over \$100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, New Jersey. (Former Grocery Clerk.) "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Mississippi. (Former Housekeeper.) "My first day's work in real estate netted me \$435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, California. (Former Traffic Manager.) "Have sold one \$5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, New York. (Former housewife.)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

Get Free Book Now

My big, new illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. J-79, 205 East 42 Street, New York City.

Mail Coupon

for FREE BOOK

PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.
(Established 1917—Capital \$500,000)
Dept. J-79, 205 East 42 Street, New York City

Mail me your free book telling how you made \$100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

Name _____ Print or write plainly

Address _____

City _____ State _____

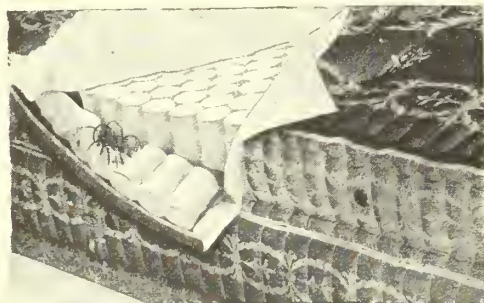


COMMANDER BYRD—whose heroic exploits have won him the regard of nations, is now on his South Pole Expedition.

... so the "City of New York" of the Byrd Expedition was equipped with Simmons

HEAVY WOOLEN GLOVES — dipped in crude oil—to prevent their freezing to the flesh of hands—endless vigil momentarily expecting a crisis—that may never come . . . or that may come in such rapid succession as to call for superhuman endurance, courage and strength—crushing, crunching through ice floes . . . every minute packed with utmost danger that strains at nerves until they almost break—

It isn't warm clothing a man needs most—or



The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and matching Ace Box Spring. The Beautyrest has a center of hundreds of individually pocketed coils to give the utmost resiliency. Both covered in damask, six pastel colors, two patterns.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring—unboxed, light weight, low priced. Coils close together, unusually buoyant. Smooth finished border protects sheets. Slip cover additional.

Restful Sleep—to

*withstand gruelling
Antarctic hardships—*



It's not all hard work as these well rested members of the "City of New York" crew can attest.

food—but nature's own remedy—SLEEP. Sleep to repair the burned up nerve tissues—sleep to restore courage and strength to meet the next day's demands.

No wonder Simmons equipment was chosen to best fill such an important need!

Simmons is the world's largest maker of beds, mattresses and springs . . . through constant research and experiment they have developed, in the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Springs (both Box and Open Coil types) sleeping equipment that will deliver the utmost rest per hour.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons new Ace Box Spring \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring \$19.75. Rocky Mountain region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Copyright 1929, Simmons Company

**BEDS SPRINGS
MATTRESSES**

SIMMONS

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

IT'S A GREAT WAR

By
MARY
LEE

Illustrations
by
Wallace Morgan

THE ship's steel prow turned down into the Hudson River. Along the rail stood rows of men in olive drab, women in dark blue. They watched the pier, the gaping doors of its sheds, swinging toward the ship's stern. Last foothold of the land, moving backward, backward . . . They would have waved, but there was no one on the pier to wave to. An officer of the steamship line, a dock hand—no one they cared for . . . And so they watched the empty, black doors of the pier shed, growing smaller.

They walked toward the stern as the ship moved, looking backward. Anne Wentworth walked among them. Alone . . . Everyone, everything you cared for, on the shore there, somewhere . . . Between you and them, dirty water, swirling . . . The space widening . . . She edged among the silent people to the stern rail, pressing her breast bone against it, gazing backward. Home . . . Her mother and Josiah, in the low-ceiled, old, familiar parlor . . . The fire-light, moving in the tooling of the books' backs . . . Her mother, reading . . . Anne could see her frail hands turning the pages of the paper, hear the sweet voice: "Only a tranquil Europe can be a stable Europe. There must not only be a balance of power, but a community of power." Mother was always trying to justify the terrible Thing that was descending on her—"not organized rivalries, but organized peace . . ." Her mother would look across the gold rims of her glasses at her father: "If we follow Wilson, at least we shall be fighting for something that is worth while." And Josiah, raising his beard from his breast, touching his finger tips together: "But it was worth while, wasn't it, Ellen, to save Belgium?"

"Say, what's those little rafts there?" A nurse, standing next Anne, joggled, pointing. A row of tiny rafts were bobbing in the backwash from the steamer.

"The submarine nets of New York Harbor. Well, we're outside 'em!" An officer, next Anne, looking backward . . . Tall buildings of Manhattan drawing nearer together, growing smaller . . . People watching, silent . . . People, lonely . . .



*The sentry stood, two fingers
between his lips, eyes on the
ocean. A periscope?*

The ship's rail began to vibrate, trembling the elbows resting on it. The water widened. Land going further, further . . . Home, everything you cared for, going, melting . . . The city, poised a moment, a distant, fairy palace in the pink light . . . Sinking into gray sea . . . Home—everything—slipping behind you . . . Slipping . . .

A gong sounded. Anne turned. Hungry . . . Strange that you should be hungry . . . She walked toward the bow. To the east the sea was lowering, dark grey. The nurses' capes, as they flapped back, were lined with scarlet . . .

* * *

Daytime. A small cabin somewhere in the ship's inside. Typewriters, set on upturned packing boxes. Anne sat on a bench before one, copying orders. The cabin, all the typewriters, all the papers, moving in slow circles . . . As if they were suspended somewhere in space, tied to nothing, floating, up and around, and down . . . Everything moving . . . Heat, rapid, cloying, making your clothes stick . . .

*Between two beds a poilu was singing
a little song and dancing, a French
nurse beating time with her bands and
the heel of her slipper*



The commanding officer of the Base Hospital appeared in the cabin doorway. A medical major, tall, straight, red faced, looking as if he had just swallowed a poker, . . . As if it had stuck in his throat, was making his face purple . . . The door, too small for him . . . Couldn't bend over . . . Not with that uniform . . . Army was too small for him . . .

"Take an order!" he roared. Anne looked up. "Yes," she said politely. So, he was trying to be hard-boiled, was he! Beads of perspiration standing on his forehead under the leather vizor . . . Being so damn military, he couldn't wipe them . . . He sat down on the bench. It was as though only his hips and knees were joined . . . His red face, turning white, slowly . . .

"I'll make it in quadruplicate?" said Anne, "the fourth carbon copy to be sent to—"

The major, going green, rising abruptly, making for the cabin door, grabbing the door jamb, going. Anne turned to her typewriter. Thank God . . .

* * *

The master hospital sergeant bent his head to come through the door. He was a tall man of fifty, with high cheek bones and long, black moustache ends. Aloof, dignified, he stood there.

"No hurry about those copies," he said to Anne. "No hurry at all." He took his cap off, wiped his forehead with his sleeve, sat down on the bench, across the cabin. He'd been in the Army twenty-four years, he told Anne. The army paper work, he said he understood. He knew how long it took to write a letter, or an order, and make six copies . . . He knew which ones to send, which ones to file . . . The system had been going, he said, since 1870. These civilian doctors didn't understand it . . . They got impatient . . . "But don't let 'em hurry you, Miss Wentworth. Far better to take your time and do the thing right."

Slowly the master hospital sergeant bent and picked up the copies. Anne watched. He couldn't have moved slower and still been moving. He put the copies into War Department envelopes. He sat down and addressed them, scrawling slowly, The Surgeon General of the Army, The Adjutant General, The Chief Surgeon A.E.F., The Division Surgeon . . .

"Then do we always make four copies, Sergeant?" Anne asked. How could a man be so calm in war?

"No. Usually," said the master hospital sergeant slowly, "we make six."

* * *

The adjutant came in. He sat down, pushed his cap back, gazed at the papers. "Sir, you ought to have had four copies of this order." That was the master hospital sergeant, bending over him, his face patient . . .

"Four copies. What the h— I mean," he looked at Anne, typewriting, "why the blazes do we want four copies of that thing?"

"Required by the Articles of War, sir. I'll have Corporal McFee do it over, so's you can see how it looks when it's done right." The master hospital sergeant carried away the papers, sadly.

"If I'd ever thought that I'd get made an adjutant—" The young man mopped his forehead. Anne stopped typewriting—men liked to have you listen . . . "Hang it! I'd have enlisted in the ranks first!" Anne watched him. He was one of the coming young obstetricians—he'd given up a growing practice to come to this war. "I joined up with this unit to do surgery. Here I am, trying to do this damn fool paper work. The better I get the longer I'll stay at it. Hell," he said, "I'll never see a patient!" He sat, slumped back, heels on the carpet, eyes on a spot between them. The cabin, Anne, and the adjutant, all the typewriters, made great circles . . .

"It's a great war!" said Anne . . .

* * *

A shrill whistle. Anne sat up, grabbing for her life preserver . . . So they had got you . . . This was the End, then . . . God, how you wanted to see France . . .

The sentry stood, two fingers between his lips, eyes on the ocean. A periscope? The ship's first officer, a square little Scotchman, rolled down the deck toward him . . . "Amer-r-ican destroyer, on the hor-r-r-rizon!" his Scotch brogue . . .

Anne jumped up. Silly to cry . . .

* * *

A black speck, high up on the great rim of the round world . . . Anne leaned on the rail, curving her hand across her eyes, looking,



looking . . . Nurses, officers, coming, standing, looking . . . Across that great, shining, empty space, the black speck, growing bigger . . .

"God! Ain't it great to look at somethin'!" said the sentry . . .

* * *

Soldiers, on the deck below . . . Crowding the rail, gazing, silent. The deck behind Anne crowded . . . Watching the thing come . . . People, out there at last . . . The great, round circle no longer empty, empty . . . Not all alone now . . . That tiny, moving thing coming toward you . . . Come! Come quicker! A submarine might—before you get here . . . From the destroyer's bridge a man, wigwagging . . . A nurse laughed. "Say, we've been awful lonesome . . ."

* * *

The destroyers swerved, tipping, turning sideways. Slender, graceful, like a greyhound . . . On her decks sailors, in small, white hats were moving . . . From her mast a flag, its red and white stripes, white stars against a blue field, fluttering out against the water . . . Something in your blooming throat that choked you . . .

"Ye-a-a-a!" a great shout went up among the soldiers . . .

* * *

"Your 'ot water bag, miss." The stewardess bowed, backing from the cabin doorway. "Thought it might be a comfort, miss, even with your clothes on." A small woman, with gray hair and a lined white face, eyes tired, haunted . . .

"You're married, stewardess?" Anne began taking her hair down—you could swim better—

"Yes, miss. And 'ave a son in the navy, and two little tots, 'is children, waitin' for me at Liverpool, miss. My other son went down on the *Goliath* in the Dardanelles, miss."

"And you've been across how many times?" Anne brushed her brown hair . . .

"Many a time, in the old days, miss. I'd retired, but when the war came I volunteered for service. If I get through this time it'll be my twenty-eighth since the war, miss. I'd stop at thirty, only they've lost so many. I—I think I'd 'ook my door open tonight, miss." The tired face was backing away now. "People 'ave got caught in—"

"Good night, stewardess." Anne held her hand out. The woman wiped her bony, work worn hand and held it forward. These Americans—shakin' 'ands with—

"Good luck!" Anne clasped the thin hand. No grip—

"Thank you, I'm sure! Good night, miss!"

* * *

Life preserver, sticking into your back . . . Its corners hurting . . . Anne shifted in the narrow ship's bunk . . . The throb of engines, hurling you onward into darkness. Heat . . . No air . . . Everything screwed shut . . . The throb of engines . . . The nurse in the berth below Anne asleep, groaning . . . The air, dead . . . The wall, vibrating, rattling the fixtures . . .

* * *

Anne went out on deck. Sun, on the blue sea, a path of glimmering silver. She walked toward the bow, sniffing the cool breeze. Beyond the prow, the destroyer, twisting, turning, spewing white foam . . . Above it white gulls soaring, queer heads turning this way, that way, looking downward. . . Anne turned the corner of the deck house. She stopped.

Land! Land at last . . . She drew a long breath. Blue-green and purple, rising from the water to the northward. Beloved Earth, white trees and rocks and green grass . . . To be alive,

and to see land to walk on . . . She strode swiftly. Ireland, and the land breeze, filling her nostrils . . .

* * *

England. A quaint, jiggling train, speeding among small fields, hedges, trees that looked too big . . . Anne leaned against the window of the carriage, gazing. A British soldier, guarding a bridge, presenting arms. Standing there, stiff, in the dust that the train left . . . Saluting America . . . Tears, filling Anne's eyes . . . Silly . . .

At a grade crossing, a crowd of people, watching. Men, in strange suits of bright blue. "The wounded," someone explaining . . . "Americans! Yankees! Hip, hip, hooray!" A shout . . . Those tears again . . . Silly . . .

A station. Everyone piling out, walking along the platform. Crowds, watching them as though they were a show troop . . . "Say, what's this burg?" Little Saunders stopped before an English girl in a gray felt hat and a raincoat.

"I beg your pardon? Ah, yes! This is Oxford."

"All one to me," said Saunders. He turned to Anne, smiling, confidential. "Say, just look at that toy train. What 'ud those birds do if they should see an honest-to-God train?"

"Boy, it 'ud break their bridges," said another . . .

An English gentleman held out his hand to Anne. She shook it. A pleasant person—he looked like Uncle Caleb—"I say, which are your officers?" the gentleman was asking . . . Anne pointed toward the major. "Ah, yes? Then they, too, dress like Boy Scouts?" A gong . . . People scrambling on board . . . English people reaching up, shaking your hand . . . "Good luck! Good luck!" Sadness in their eyes . . . The Uncle Caleb gentleman, still talking to you . . . "You all look so very young," he was saying . . .

"We are," Anne said . . .

* * *

Darkness. The train still moving. Anne rested her head on the sill of the open window. Nice little trains, with windows that would open . . . They ought to see the lights of London soon now . . . Anne closed her eyes. There would be a hotel, with big beds . . .

Lights. Nurses, putting on hats . . . The train stopped with a jerk. Anne opened the door and jumped down on the platform. A sailor stood there. Why a sailor? "Where are we?" she asked.

"Beg pardon?" The sailor, bending his head to listen—he didn't understand the language it seemed. "What town are we in?" Hundreds of nurses round him . . . "Ow! You're in Southampton, sister! If the sisters'll move right out 'ere they'll find the gangway." Gangway? Another ship? No bed, then? No dry land, after three weeks at sea . . . Anne staggered forward. A great red cross was painted on the ship's side . . . Supper—overdone roast beef and squares of cabbage . . .

A British officer, who led them downward. Two hundred narrow, white bunks, slung in two tiers. An elevator shaft up through the middle . . . From it the smell of unclean lavatories, and of cabbage cooking . . . Eighty women, sprawling on bunks, talking, pulling night gowns out of their suit cases . . . Anne watched them. Her head dizzy, swimming . . . That foul smell. Couldn't stay here . . . Couldn't . . . She stumbled over open suit cases toward the hatchway for some air . . .

* * *

Captain Boutelier came up, brisk, heavy, sat down next her. "Well," he said, "got here without losing a single man. Extraordinary record! Expected to lose at least five . . ."

"Lose them?" said Anne. "Where? If we'd been torpedoed we'd have all gone."

"A.W.O.L. Absent without leave. Look at that train we rode on. They had a chance to hop off each stop. Now, in Cuba . . ." Anne listened to what the men had done in Cuba . . .

"Say, Sergeant!"

The captain bellowed at the top sergeant, passing, a foot away.

The man saluted solemnly. Been fifteen years in the Army, Sergeant Brady, and he knew it . . . "Sir!" he snapped out.

The captain saluted. He fixed his eye acutely on the Sergeant. "There isn't any cot in my bedding roll, Sergeant," he said. The sergeant stood there, blank faced. "Yes, sir!" He saluted, whirled, brought his feet together, walked off.

"A damned good soldier," said the captain. "When we were in the Islands," he went on . . . Anne listened. Did nothing interesting ever happen in "the Islands" . . .

"Sir!" Sergeant Brady, before them again, expressionless as ever.

"Sergeant?"

"There's a cot in the captain's bedding roll, sir."

"Right, Sergeant. Er, Sergeant, you've got a guard posted over our stuff?"

"Yes, sir." The captain saluted. The sergeant saluted, wheeled, brought his feet together, walked off.

"A damned good soldier," said the captain . . .

* * *

"Oh, er, Doctor Boutelier!" Doctor Carey stood before them, nervous. An eminent physician . . . "I, er, wanted to speak to Doctor Boutelier," he said to Anne.

"Go ahead!" said the captain. The two men stepped toward the rail together.

"I, er. I'm pretty sure I, er, saw some of our men, er, getting mixed up in the baggage belonging to the Pittsburgh Unit."

"Hell, Carey!" said the captain. "Can't the Pittsburgh Unit guard their own stuff?"

* * *

Cool air . . . Anne raised her head. A sailor standing next her opened a porthole. A door led to a narrow strip of deck. She stepped out into the cool night air. She climbed a narrow iron hatch, the breeze flapping her gray cape . . .

The hurricane deck, rows of men lying, sleeping, rolled in blankets. Two of them raised towed heads and gazed at a girl's figure as it scurried past them . . .

The great ship moving slowly. Green lights—an emerald necklace hung in the dark sky . . . Slowly the dangling lights came nearer, nearer. From the shore, soft air smelling now of sea weed, now of mown grass. Anne stretched her arms.

The emerald lights grew nearer, nearer, overhead now. "Allo, America!" A child's voice, hoarse, out of the still dark.

"Allo, Yankee!"

"Allo Charlie Chaplin!" Children's hoarse voices, laughing, chattering in a strange tongue. Couldn't see them . . . They were somewhere, out there under the green lights . . . Silence . . . Then, again, the voices, further away now . . .

"E-e-et's a long way
To Tee-pa-rai-rai . . ."

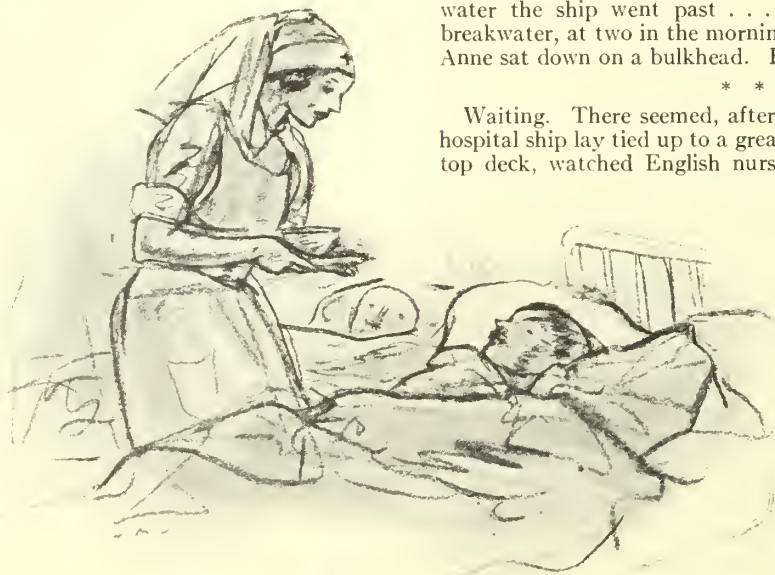
they sang slowly, carefully. They laughed. The great ship left them in the darkness.

"E-e-et's a long way to go . . ."

The voices fading, fading . . . That must have been a breakwater the ship went past . . . Why children, singing on a breakwater, at two in the morning? France . . . Mystery . . . Anne sat down on a bulkhead. Her head nodded . . .

* * *

Waiting. There seemed, after all, to be no hurry . . . The hospital ship lay tied up to a great pier. Anne wandered on the top deck, watched English nurses walking up and down the



quai, their scarlet capes and white coifs flapping in the salt breeze. On the other side, ancient stone houses faced the harbor. A green hill rose behind them. Red tasseled sailors pushed flying boats out of sheds onto the water. One by one the frail things snorted, skimmed across the water, rose and circled

upward, upward . . . The human spirit, rising.

Anne wandered back. A group of nurses stood, silent, gazing down toward the mail deck. "Say, they're loading wounded." A nurse stepped aside, pushing Anne forward.

A man's face . . . Ghastly white, looking up at her . . . Anne clutched the rail, leaned forward, gazing at him. The man was lying on a stretcher. Her eye caught his. "No one . . . can hurt me . . . any more . . . than I've been hurt," the face said. It did not stir a muscle. Just the eyes moved. It was as if the man had finished caring . . . Two British soldiers carrying him staggered a little, perspiration dripping from their faces. Men were heavy . . . They heaved the stretcher upward, bumped it down on a sort of platform, turned away. As though it were a log of wood that they had put there . . . "Ward C," called someone. The face dropped backward, downward, away from the sunshine. The face unchanged, indifferent . . . The darkness of the elevator shaft closed round it . . .

A British officer leaned by the gangway of the steamer, shining boots crossed before him, riding whip in hand. He lit a cigarette, puffed the smoke upward, laughed at a joke that someone had made beside him. "Fracture of both hips," came a voice from the gangway. The officer held his cigarette in air a moment. "Fracture of both hips. E Ward," he called. He went on talking, laughing . . . A white face, lips drawn, eyes closed, came on the stretcher—a young face, with darkish hair that stuck in patches of wetness on the thin, white forehead. They slung the log of wood up onto the elevator platform. "E Ward," called the officer by the elevator. As the thing started, a pair of brown eyes looked up. Anne smiled at a young boy as he went down . . .

"Nephritis."

"Nephritis, C Ward."

"C Ward." A face, indifferent, plunging into darkness.

"Gas."

"Gas, D Ward . . ." "D Ward . . ." Bandage over his eyes . . .

The officers did not even glance at the logs of wood as they went by. The young man at the rail, in jaunty cap and belt and shining buttons, smoked calmly.

And always there below her Anne saw faces—faces beyond pain, beyond excitement. Faces written with infinite weariness, infinite indifference . . .

"German," called the voice from the gangway.

"German." The officer at the rail tossed his cigarette across his shoulder.

"German," the officer at the elevator called.

"They say they put them in the bottom of the ship" said Miss Ahern behind Anne, "so if it gets torpedoed they go down first."

Anne looked down into blue eyes—like an American, this . . . A shade of anxiety in this face . . . The face sank, backward . . .

"Nephritis, C Ward." "C Ward." Another face . . . Another log of wood . . . Going down, somewhere.

Sickness . . . Nausea, gripping you. Twisting your stomach . . . You couldn't watch this. Anne turned. People . . . Logs of wood, one after another . . . Men . . . She fled along the deck. The clock on the tower by the quai was striking ten now . . .

She tried to look at boats. To look at airplanes. To look at the Quai of Havre. At quarter of eleven she went back there where the crowd stood.

"Amputated left arm," she heard them calling. Still carrying them up the gangway . . . Still swinging them upward, plunking them down, mopping their brows. Faces, still sinking downward into darkness . . . Still indifferent . . . The officer by the rail looking at the sky in boredom, turning, lighting another cigarette, holding it up between his trim, long fingers . . . Again that nausea, gripping her throat, her stomach . . .



"Now listen, darling, you won't get your candy"

She turned. She faced the British officer of that morning. "Well, how are they getting on?" he said, cheerful. He glanced over the rail, peered down onto the quai. "Quite a lot left, I'm afraid. Shame to keep you people waiting like this!"

"I don't see," Anne stopped, embarrassed. "Those officers down there. How can they take it so casually?" she said. The officer laughed.

"Wait till you've been in this business three years." His face turned grim . . . "You'll see," he said. "You have to."

* * *

From north to south . . .

White buildings of the Renaissance, gleaming in August sunshine. White heat, beating on streets, along the sidewalks. White dust, rising from hot streets, falling on lumbering French trucks. The blue capes, heavy felt hats of the nurses, powdered with whiteness. Scarlet linings of the blue capes screaming in tropic sunshine. Camions, jolting onward, rattling the spines, vibrating the cheeks of nurses.

Anne clung to the edge of the truck, easing the jounces. No sleep all night, on that train, and nothing to eat this morning. They had jolted south twenty-four hours, leaving the front further and further behind with each jolt. Bordeaux! And you had thought that you were coming to war! God . . .

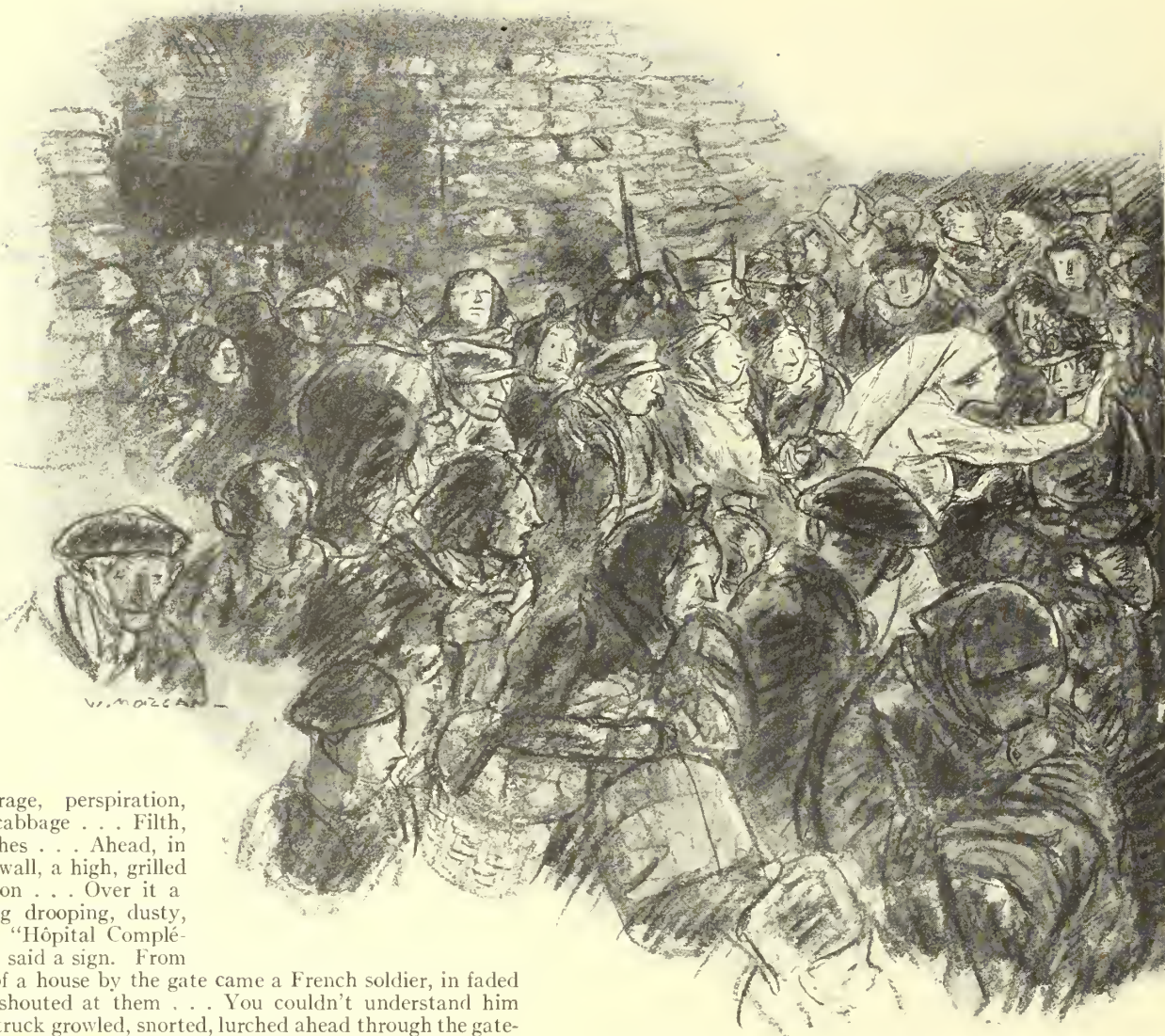
Vile odor of sewerage . . . Ditches, full of slime . . . Cathedral, jolting past . . . A wide street leading into suburbs. Pavements, ending . . . The street white, powdery dust now . . . Trees, covered with dust, showing above high white walls . . . Children, watching the trucks, dressed in black aprons. Hunger, griping your insides. Teeth chattering . . . The smell of filth, and sewerage . . .

* * *

Dust gritted between Anne's teeth. If you'd been going to the front, sitting up all night on a French train would have been nothing . . . Cinders pouring in. The faintness that comes from no food, the foul smell—nothing would have mattered. But to go toward the rear . . . To know you never would hear a gun . . . That you might stay here a dozen years . . .

The truck stopped. The dust settled down.

A new smell. A smell that engulfed you . . . Sickened



... Sewerage, perspiration, Negroes, cabbage . . . Filth, under bushes . . . Ahead, in the white wall, a high, grilled gate of iron . . . Over it a French flag drooping, dusty, tired . . . "Hôpital Complémentaire," said a sign. From the door of a house by the gate came a French soldier, in faded blue, and shouted at them . . . You couldn't understand him . . . The truck growled, snorted, lurched ahead through the gateway. The smell gripped your throat, twisted your stomach . . .

Tall cedar tree, pointing at the sky, before a yellowish stone building. Huge open windows . . . Men in night shirts, blue soldier's caps, bandages, standing in them . . . From the broad door, high up, curved iron steps descending, U shaped . . . A little French major, with closely trimmed beard, waxed moustache, red cap, gold oak leaves, medals, bounded down to greet them . . .

A woman stood on the top step. Anne stood still in the roadway, watching the woman. An aristocratic face . . . A fine, sad face, under a white coif. She stood there, quiet, her thin hand on the rail, looking down at all the turmoil of arrival . . .

* * *

"Miss Wentworth, perhaps you'll come, too, and translate for me." Miss Perkins, the head nurse, excited. Miss Perkins, stout, dust-covered, agitated, being talked to by the French woman with the fine face . . . Not understanding . . .

Anne shook hands with the infirmière en chef, followed the floating white coif. Next her Miss Perkins trotted.

"Ah, madame, I assure you it was only this morning," the infirmière en chef talked in silvery, beautiful French as they walked, "only this morning that we have heard you were coming. It was not until eleven o'clock, lacking a quarter of an hour, that the telegram was received. You will find us not well prepared. Eh bien, c'est la guerre! But I can make you comfortable, you and your nurses. We are so content, we French, that America has at last come . . ."

They walked down the long corridor of a wooden building. The floor was covered with sawdust, damp, littered with bits of food that fell from tables where soldiers were eating black bread, drinking red wine. Chinese, Negroes, Russians, French, with arms in slings, legs ending in bandaged stumps, all eating, talking . . . A noise of knives and forks, scraping on tin plates . . . The smell of food . . . The stink of unwashed bodies . . .

"I have given the order that one should empty at once two wards," the infirmière en chef was saying. "I believe we shall find them in the process of being emptied . . . These ladies can be made quite comfortable in them. You will take your repasts with us. We shall take pleasure, my good infirmières and myself, in sharing with you and these ladies . . ." Anne listened hard. It went too fast to translate . . . "What does she say?" Miss Perkins next her, panting . . .

A long, light looking place, with whitewashed walls, tall windows . . . Woodwork, a pretty light blue . . . Black finger-marks on the light blue . . . French nurses, in dirty linen aprons, and long coifs, talked in shrill voices, hustling queer little Chinamen out a door at the far end. Men with thin yellow legs, skinny bodies . . . "Annamites," the infirmière en chef, explaining . . . French Indo-China . . .

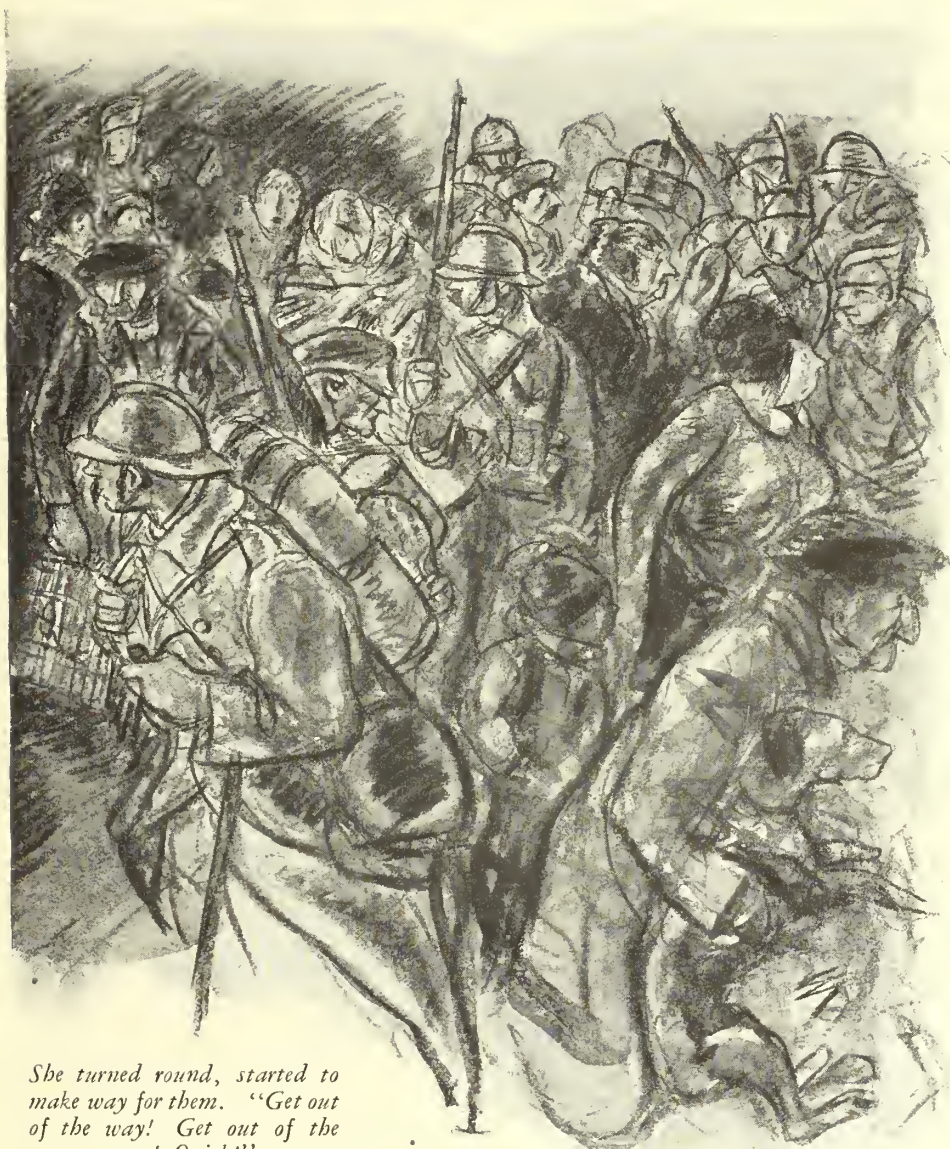
The Chinese looked up, their quaint, brown faces puzzled. They had come to fight, they knew not why, because the Gods had willed that they should come here . . . The Gods had wounded them, and put them into comfortable beds. And here were the female Gods, trying to chase them out among the trees, still in their night-shirts . . .

A little creature turned his face toward Anne. Ageless—might have been twenty, might have been a hundred . . . He came shuffling back, hopped into his bed. A French nurse ran toward him. "Allez! Allez! Sauve-toi!" She clapped her hands. She snatched the sheets, handed them to him, shooed him, patted his shoulder as he trotted down the long aisle . . .

"Twenty-six of these ladies will sleep here, mademoiselle," the infirmière en chef, waving her slender, well-bred hand toward the ward.

"Yes? Yes? What does she say, Miss Wentworth? This seems to be the foreign ward, doesn't it? What does she say?" Miss Perkins chattered at Anne's elbow . . . Anne smiled.

"She says that we can sleep here . . ."



She turned round, started to make way for them. "Get out of the way! Get out of the way! Quick!"

* * *

Hunger. Not the kind one had at home—there before dinner time, and afterward gone . . . This hunger was always with you . . .

The French nurses' dining hall had a shiny, waxed floor, white walls, great windows, woodwork painted pale blue. There were two long tables with benches at each side.

Horse meat, so tough you could not chew it, with a queer, strong taste. "One accustoms oneself to it," said the French nurse next Anne. Lentils—little flat, round beans—floating in pale juice . . . Black bread—the ingredients must have soured before they baked it . . . Flies buzzed in through the generous open windows . . . Crawled over everything . . . "Ennuyeux," the French nurse waved at the flies, "mais quoi? C'est la guerre . . ."

Red wine, in tall, dark bottles. Nasty, sour . . . "It is necessary to put some wine in one's water," the French nurse said. "L'eau n'est pas bonne." Anne drank some wine, so, in her water. Nasty . . . But it made you feel contented . . . For a few minutes you almost thought that you had had enough food . . .

* * *

A white mist among the trees outside the window. Faint breath of early morning freshness, tinged with the smell of sewer . . . A quarter to six by Anne's watch . . . Quarter of five, really, by pre-war time . . . Lots of time to sleep . . . You

could sleep a year if they would let you . . . Anne rolled over . . .

"Say, girls, I'd get up if it wasn't for that dirty lavatory . . . Say, I was saying to Miss Brophy, yesterday, I was saying, I never saw a hospital with fifteen thousand patients that could get along with fifteen nurses before . . ."

Anne kept her eyes shut tight . . . Don't let the woman think you're listening to her . . . Hunger . . . That was what made you feel so funny.

* * *

The stout, dark-haired serving woman shuffled down the corridor in felt slippers carrying a pail of something steaming . . . The smell of chicory and strong, black coffee. It touched Anne's hunger. The woman set her pail down. "Mademoiselle a bien dormi? Mademoiselle will be ready for her breakfast? She will find it in the salle à manger in an hour. At present," the old woman nodded, picked up her pail, "I go to give the infirmières their breakfast. These ladies breakfast always in their beds." She stumped off, into a ward hung with long, white curtains. A small girl followed her, carrying a basket full of hunks of black bread. From behind the long, white curtains Anne heard laughter . . .

Breakfast . . . Sour black bread that didn't fill you . . . If one had butter—something like that . . . Your stomach, craving, craving . . . Enormous bowl of black coffee, made with chicory . . . Biting your tongue as it went down . . . If one had just a touch of cream or sugar . . . Conservative, your stomach . . . Miss Perkins thumbed her phrase book.

"Doo lay?" she asked the ancient serving woman. Anne explained that it was milk that madame wanted.

"Ah, madame, before the war, yes," the old woman answered. "At present, no! C'est la guerre, madame . . ."

War . . . Anne had almost forgotten it was war, this . . .

* * *

"We've got to clean it," said Angelina.

She stood, arms crossed, chin out, gold hair bobbing about her face in great strands. "The French aren't goin' to. We've got to, that's all."

"Clean what?" Anne turned over on the soft bed. Sunday morning . . . Temperature must be ninety . . . Queer how the sea still made your head swim . . .

"That toilet. The girls are all gettin' sick because they won't go in there. There's no place else. You can't go out in the woods the way these French do."

"Clean it?" moaned Miss Austin. "After those Chinese? Angelina, you might catch—"

"I'm goin' to get disinfectant from the Frog operatin' room," said Angelina. "They've got as far civilized as havin' the operatin' room clean."

* * *

Along the edge of the woods, past the ward ends, they carried the slopping pail of disinfectant. It smelled queer, made your mouth taste funny . . . Two Senegalese followed, sniffing . . .

"You see they have tanks under these places." Angelina pointed with her free hand. "And they have that little channel there, see, for it to come out through when the tanks are too full. Oo-o-o-o! Look at that ditch."

Anne stepped across it. Foul stench . . . Nausea, twisting your gullet . . . Perspiration, running . . .

"This one's ours." They stepped in . . . (Continued on page 48)

TO TOLERANCE



By Rabbi Lee J. Levinger

THE other day I addressed a meeting on the common ground of Judaism and Christianity. When I had finished a prominent club-woman came up to me to tell me how much she agreed with my remarks, and how tolerant she felt Christians should be toward Jews. "But," she added, "I never could feel the same way about Catholics!" Which reminded me of the time when I was young in the ministry and met a Southern Baptist minister; I tried to make conversation and remarked that I had taken courses in a Baptist divinity school the summer before. "Where was it?" he asked. And when I answered "The University of Chicago" I felt a coolness come between us. He was willing to be friendly to me as a member of a different faith, but not as one who had studied at a rival institution of his own church.

As a member of a minority religion I have had plenty of opportunity to observe the devious course of tolerance and intolerance in the United States, in the army, in civil life, and in The American Legion. I have seen how everybody has his pet intolerance, though everybody considers himself to be broad-minded and judicial. And I have come to feel that tolerance is only a half-way step between intolerance and something different in kind, something of an altogether different nature—justice, human freedom. As Thomas Paine, that apostle of freedom for the United States, said during the American Revolution: "Toleration is not the opposite of intolerance, but the counterfeit of it. Both are despotisms: the one assumes to itself the right of withholding liberty of conscience, the other of granting it."

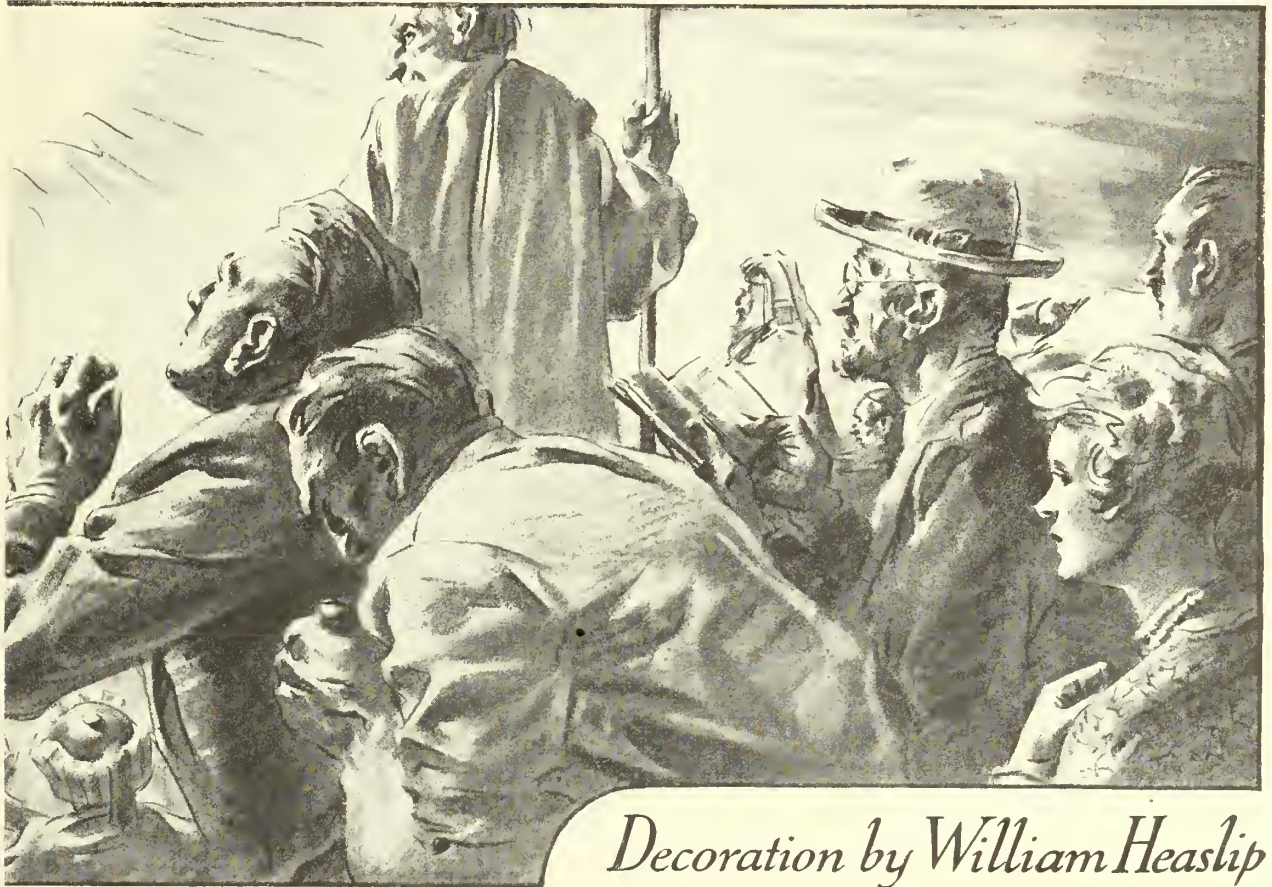
Of course, tolerance was a great step forward for the world which had been living under conditions of intolerance for the entire course of recorded history, and probably since the coming of man on the earth. Among the ancients this intolerance was national and religious at once, for the two were the same; the gods of the nation fought for their own people against others. So even the greatest of the Greeks, such as Plato, believed in slavery as an institution for captives in war; the Greeks used the word "barbarian" as a description of all other nations, even of the Egyptians, from whom they learned their architecture, and the Phoenicians, who gave them the alphabet. In the Latin language

the same word, "hostis," meant stranger and enemy. Rare indeed was a sentence such as that from the Hebrew Scriptures: "Be ye kind to the stranger, for ye know the heart of a stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

In the Middle Ages intolerance was religious because men were chiefly interested in religion, just as our present-day intolerance is largely national and racial because we are more interested in races and nations. We are probably more tolerant in religion because we do not feel as deeply about it as did our ancestors of five hundred years ago. At that time whole sections of France were laid waste because their people had a different kind of Christianity from that of the church and the king. Great nations armed themselves for a warlike pilgrimage to Palestine to fight for the holy places there. In 1492, the very year of the discovery of America, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain drove from their dominions all those Moors and Jews who would not accept the Christian faith, and from their confiscated property appropriated some to the purpose of the voyage of discovery. And after the rise of Protestantism there were further religious wars, not between Christian and Mohammedan, but between Catholic and Protestant. Each side was sure it possessed the Truth, and considered that it was doing a member of the other side a favor to punish, rob, exile or kill him, if that only led him toward the Truth. Burning by fire, the most terrible punishment of all, had the best reason—for the fire purified. By burning the body they might save the immortal soul.

It was a long step from such a policy to the United States Constitution of 1787 which said: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." And then in the First Amendment, at the beginning of the Bill of Rights, is the further statement: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the exercise thereof." These clauses in our fundamental law show how far the world had moved, how much the ideas of Voltaire, Lessing and all the great liberals had influenced the thinking of men generally. They show also how practical the framers of the Constitution were, for this problem, like most of the others they considered, was settled by a compromise.

--AND BEYOND



Decoration by William Heaslip

Most of the States had established churches, some Episcopal, some Congregational. In addition there were many smaller groups, such as Quakers, Baptists, Catholics and Jews. Which should rule? Should religious wars invade the new nation? Should little Rhode Island, with her status of complete religious equality of all citizens, be kept out of the nation, or subdued by force? This would have been the practice of Europe at that time. But the framers of the Constitution, desiring tolerance for each other as the price of forming a nation, were brought to complete equality of all creeds and national origins, and made this fundamental in the law of the land. They did not compel the States to accept this law within their own borders, and many of the States took decades to adopt it. They did not give equality to Negro slaves, and their descendants had to face a long and bloody war to solve this issue. But they did take an immense stride forward when they dropped intolerance once for all, and entered a condition of practical tolerance and of theoretical equality. The discovery of Roger Williams, pious minister of God and devoted champion of liberty, was now the property of statesmen and of ordinary Americans, that "the magistrate's power extends only to the outward state of men; no one could prescribe or dictate his own belief, except his own conscience."

When we talk about tolerance we seldom notice that we are considering two very different things, our own attitudes as individuals and the attitude of our nation, or religion, or race toward other and rival groups. The individual prejudices and dislikes which we all hold are far easier to see, and where unjust, to change. They are often on the surface, as the result of some unpleasant experience with a Japanese or a German or a Mexican, and can be changed if we meet one or two people of the same nation who impress us differently. As children we were all tolerant. We played with the neighbor boys or the boy across the aisle in school. But we took the boy home one day after school, only to be told that he was rough and badly dressed and his people were poor; or that our people didn't know his family. And the democracy of childhood was broken down forever by the artificial standards of the grown-ups.

Yes, I know the grown-ups are often right. Huck Finn, if he

is going to school with your boy, may not be the most desirable companion for him. Yet Mark Twain had a Huck Finn among his boyhood chums without any harm to his future greatness. Still, as we grow up and learn these prejudices, one after another, we grow more and more exclusive. Some of us go to the limit and become members of the Four Hundred, living by social standards exclusively. Others are more and more democratic, recognizing people more and more for what they really are. That is, if we can see what they are, through all the externals of the color of their skin, the quality of their clothes, the way they speak, and so on. For we fall increasingly into separate groups, and our great prejudices are those, not against other people whom we don't like, but against other groups. We may admit that a certain Englishman whom we know is a fine fellow, but we think the English as a whole are queer. Here at Ohio State University we may admit any student or graduate of Michigan to our personal friendship—for most of them are exactly like ourselves, after all—but we will do anything in the world for the team that can "Beat Michigan!"

For the group of people is like the pack of wolves that drives out the strange wolf to die in the snow, or the hive of bees that will not admit the strange bee to its hive. Every group is just a little exclusive in order to maintain its own ideas, whatever they may be. And we take any sign of difference, whether it is important in itself or not, as a badge of the other crowd, and use it as the signal for our intolerance. In colleges the rival colors are enough. But among races the amount of pigment in the skin is the favorite sign, and the anthropologists say that it is equally meaningless in telling us what the mind or the character of the man behind the skin may be. Certainly, Booker T. Washington was as good a citizen as the United States has ever had or is ever likely to have, and he never disgraced the great name of Washington which he assumed. Our soldiers used to look down on the French peasants who got along without bath-tubs, and the peasants returned the compliment because we couldn't talk their language or follow their customs. While, whenever we got really well acquainted, those prejudices dropped away, and French brides—even German brides—were (Continued on page 58)

SAN JACINTO

SAM HOUSTON rolled the reveille drum in the darkness and stiff men, casting grotesque shadows, fumbled about the breakfast fires. The beating of reveille and retreat were tasks the commander-in-chief of the Armies of the Texas Republic performed in person. On the day before, Houston had marched his men more than thirty miles—the distance between the Colorado and the Brazos Rivers. Only his relentless pressure of the march, giving the army no time for complaints, had prevented mutiny, or an attempt at it. The army was in retreat, which was Houston's idea. The men's idea was to fight.

That also had been the idea of Travis at the Alamo; and knightly Travis was gone. It had been the idea of Johnson at San Patricio, of Grant at Aqua Dulce and King at Refugio; and they were gone—excepting Johnson and three companions who saved themselves by miraculous escape. Fannin, with the best-equipped military force in the service of the Republic, had just been defeated and captured at Goliad. These disastrous epics of valor were the result of violation of Houston's orders and of fighting before it was time.

Santa Anna's columns, numbering seven thousand troops, swept on. The only force opposed to them now was the thirteen hundred turbulent and undisciplined men Houston had hastily gathered up. They had no artillery and Santa Anna had plenty. Houston had counted on forming a junction with Fannin and fighting on the Colorado. With the news of Fannin's capture and in the face of a storm of protest he had ordered a retreat.

The end of the thirty-mile march found the men too tired to rebel. But before turning in, some of the subordinate officers whispered together and agreed that morning would be the time to depose Sam Houston from command. A dramatic scene rose before their minds.

The actual scene was somewhat different. The men heard the reveille drum, but the commander-in-chief himself was nowhere to be seen. Breakfast was hardly out of the way, however, when his punctual staff officers bounced through the bivouac on horseback shouting to form companies for the march.

It was a curious ascendancy that Sam Houston had over men. The companies fell in and only Captains Moseley Baker and Wily Martin sustained the bold resolutions of the night before.



Sam Houston's rainsoaked mob was the Republic's solitary hope—menaced

Lieutenant Colonel Sidney Sherman, a very ambitious man, sent Houston word of their refusal to march. The commander-in-chief did not esteem the situation worthy of his presence. He sent his chief-of-staff, Hockley, to say that the column would move as directed. It moved, but the companies of Baker and Martin stood fast.

An hour later a torrential rain caught the army toiling through a swamp up the west bank of the Brazos River. Wagons stalled and men floundered in the mud. Stragglers began to grope back toward Baker and Martin. Houston paused under a tree to reassert his authority over those strong-minded captains, penciling an order to Baker to take post in defense of the river crossing at San Felipe, and Martin at Fort Bend. They complied.

For three terrible days Houston drove the stumbling column through the unrelenting rain, advancing only eighteen miles. On March 31, 1836, he halted in a bottom at Groce's Ferry on the

CORN

By Marquis
James

Illustration
by
Kenneth Camp



by four Mexican armies advancing to enclose its front, flanks and rear

Brazos with nine hundred demoralized men remaining of the thirteen hundred he had led from the Colorado five days before.

The country was in a worse temper than the army. A fierce outcry broke from government and populace, which took little account of the strategic handicap Fannin's capitulation had imposed upon their general. During the retreat came the paralyzing intelligence that Fannin and his 390 prisoners of war had been stood up and shot. The government lost its grip and the flight of the population became an hysterical plunge toward the safety of United States soil.

Sam Houston's rainsoaked mob was the Texas Republic's solitary hope—menaced by four Mexican armies advancing to enclose its front, flanks and rear. The profound wisdom of hindsight suggests that had the commander given some explanation of the retreat, army and country might have fared better. But Sam Houston had spent too many years of his life in tragic exile among the Indians to give white people his confidence. His in-

scrutable brain divulged nothing and explained nothing. He refused to hold councils of war. "If I err," he wrote a member of the distracted cabinet, "the blame is mine."

Houston promised his mob a glorious victory, and drove a parcel of bees into camp for a barbecue. Then he began to remould the rabble into an army to receive the enemy columns, providentially delayed by the rains.

The Bottoms quaked with activity. It was Sam Houston the old United States Regular who now emerged. Drills, inspections, maneuvers; maneuvers, inspections, drills. All units were revamped, two new regiments created, a corps d'élite of Regulars formed. Anson Jones, a future president of the Republic, was so dizzily yanked from infantry private to regimental surgeon that he complained of "having to do duty in both capacities" for several days. Recruits came in. Discipline and esprit de corps began to return. Scouts watched the encroaching enemy.

Houston's difficulties were staggering. Burnet, the provisional President, was an enemy. He had a spy on Houston's staff. A newly-promoted major returned from Moseley Baker's outpost to sound out officers on a scheme to "beat for volunteers" to proclaim a successor to General Houston. Colonel Sidney Sherman, who had the one good-looking uniform in the army, was to be the man.

On April 7th Santa Anna reached San Felipe. Houston reinforced Baker and for four days the Mexican artillery tried to force a crossing without success, although an American named Johnson, serving with the Mexicans, caused some discomfort by firing across the flooded river with a rifle. With this cannonade rumbling in his ears, Houston received a brief message from President Burnet. "Sir: The enemy are laughing you to scorn. You must fight." The camp was in a frenzy of excitement.

Leaders of the contemplated mutiny believed their hour had struck, but changed their minds when Sam Houston had two graves dug and affixed to trees about camp a memorandum saying that the first man to beat for volunteers would be shot.

Word that Santa Anna had abruptly abandoned his attempt to cross at San Felipe found Houston in a buoyant mood. He had just received his long-awaited artillery—two iron six-pounders, the gift of friends in Cincinnati, Ohio. Ordering old horseshoes and wagon bolts gathered for ammunition, Houston moved his army across the Brazos. Santa Anna crossed near Fort Bend. The Texans encamped on the premises of a well-to-do settler named Donahoe, who demanded that Houston stop the men from cutting his timber for firewood. General Houston reprimanded the wood-gatherers. Under no circumstances, he said, should they lay axe to another of Citizen Donahoe's trees. Could they not see that Citizen Donahoe's rail fence would afford

fuel required? That night the army gallants scraped up an acquaintance with some girls in a refugee camp, turned Mr. Donahoe out of house, and held a dance.

When the army left Donahoe's, Moseley Baker demanded to know whether Houston intended to intercept Santa Anna at Harrisburg or to retreat to the United States. The general declined to answer. Seventeen miles from Donahoe's the road forked, the left branch leading to the border, the right branch to Harrisburg. Should Houston attempt to take the left road, Captain Baker proclaimed that he would "then and there be deposed from command." Rain slowed the march, however, and only by borrowing draft oxen from Mrs. Mann of a refugee band that followed the army did the troops by nightfall reach Sam McCurley's, a mile short of the cross-roads.

Next morning a blinding rain failed to extinguish the excitement in the ranks. Which road would Houston take? The menacing Baker thundered warnings, but the border route had its partisans among the troops. All of the refugees favored it. The commander-in-chief treated the commotion as if it did not exist, and without comment sent the advance guard over the Harrisburg Road.

A wail arose from the refugees which Houston silenced by ordering Wily Martin to escort the civilians to the eastward. The commander-in-chief thought this cleared the path for his pursuit of Santa Anna, but he reckoned without Mrs. Mann, who demanded the return of her oxen. Wagon Master Rohrer, a giant in buckskin with a voice like a bull, brushed the protest aside as too trivial for the attention of a man of affairs, and cracking his long whip, addressed the oxen in the sparkling idiom of the trail. Whereupon, Mrs. Mann produced from beneath her apron a pistol, and, if rightly overheard, addressed Mr. Rohrer in terms equally exhilarating. General Houston arrived in time to compose the difficulty with his usual courtly deference to the wishes of a lady.

Three or four hundred men followed Martin, or departed independently, leaving Houston with less than a thousand to follow Santa Anna. But Santa Anna was now the pursued and Houston the pursuer. Santa Anna commanded the center of the three armies. The rains, however, had fought on Houston's side and there was a chance that by fast marching he might catch the Mexican commander-in-chief out of reach of his co-operating columns.

Nothing delayed Houston's advance. Wagons were carried over quagmires on the backs of the men. The greatest trial was the guns. In camp the enthusiastic soldiers had christened them the "Twin Sisters," but now they thought of other names.

On the morning of April 18th the army reached the Buffalo Bayou, opposite Harrisburg, having covered fifty-five miles in two and a half days. Mounts and men were dead beat. Houston had never been in that part of the country before. He spent his nights in constant touch with the scouts and in the study of a crude map.

The army rested. Harrisburg was in ashes; Santa Anna had come and gone. Houston's famous scout, Deaf Smith, swam the bayou and toward evening returned with two prisoners—a

Mexican scout and courier. The courier's saddlebag bore the name of W. B. Travis—a souvenir of the Alamo. It contained useful information. Santa Anna had dashed upon Harrisburg with eight hundred of his best troops in an effort to capture President Burnet, leaving General Cos to follow with reinforcements. The Texan officials had fled to Galveston Island in good time, however, with Santa Anna racing in futile pursuit to try to take them before they left the mainland. On his soiled map Sam Houston traced out the situation of his quarry—not ten miles away, groping among unfamiliar marshes that indented Galveston Bay and the estuary of a certain nebulous Rio San Jacinto.

After the daybreak stand-to, General Houston delivered a speech. The "ascending eloquence and earnestness" put one impressionable young soldier in mind of "the halo encircling the brow of our Savior." "Victory is certain!" Sam Houston said. "And remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo!"

"Remember the Alamo!" the ranks roared back. They had a battle-cry.

Leaving baggage behind, Houston made a perilous crossing of Buffalo Bayou and hid his men in some timber until dark. Then he advanced warily, encircled by Deaf Smith's scouts. At a narrow bridge over a stream—Vince's Bridge over Vince's Bayou, men who knew the country said—the column trampled the cold ashes of Santa Anna's campfire. The night was black and the advance painfully slow. Equipment had been muffled so as to make no sound. A low-spoken order passed from rank to rank: be ready on the instant to attack. Rifles were clutched a little closer. At two o'clock in the morning the men crawled in the damp grass and slept for an hour; then stumbled on until daybreak, when their general concealed them in a patch of timber.

Some of the Vince brothers' cows were grazing in this wood. The army had a commissary! Throats were noiselessly cut and General Houston had given permission to build roasting fires when a party of scouts dashed up. They had driven off a Mexican patrol and learned that Santa Anna was on the road to Lynch's Ferry, the junction of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto. The butchers were called from their delectable task and the breakfastless army started for Lynch's Ferry, three miles eastward. Santa Anna approached the ferry from the south, with five miles to go.

Houston arrived first, and having the choice of positions, established himself in a wood of great oak trees, curtained with Spanish moss, that skirted the bayou just above its confluence with the San Jacinto. He posted the infantry and cavalry in order of battle within the thick shelter, and placed the Twin Sisters in the edge of the trees commanding a swelling savannah that lay in front for half a mile. A woods bounded the prairie on the left, screening a treacherous swamp that bordered the San Jacinto. Swamp and river curved to the right, half enclosing the prairie and giving it a background of green a tone darker than the active young grass. Over this prairie Santa Anna must pass to gain the ferry.

The Texans were prepared to fight, but the presence of cows in the grass made a meal the more immediate prospect. Again the fires crackled, and this time steaks were sizzling on the spits when the scouts came galloping across the plain. They said that Santa Anna was advancing just beyond a rise. The Twin Sisters were wheeled out a little piece on the prairie. The infantry line crept to the edge of the woods.

Santa Anna's bugles blared beyond the swell. A dotted line of skirmishers bobbed into view. Behind it marched parallel columns of infantry and cavalry with slender lances gleaming in the sun. A group of galloping horses appeared. Santa Anna was advancing a gun. The skirmishers parted to let the clattering



Santa Anna, victor at the Alamo and in sundry other engagements with Texas Republic troops, but a sorry figure in the campaign against Houston

artillerymen through. The Twin Sisters were primed and loaded with broken horseshoes. General Houston, on a great white stallion, rode up and down the front of his infantry. Three hundred yards from the Texan lines, the Mexican gun wheeled to go into action.

Colonel Joe Neill, commanding the Twin Sisters, gave the word for one gun to fire. *Crash!* went the first shot by Sam Houston's artillery in the war! There had been no powder for practice rounds. It wounded the captain and wrecked the timber of the Mexican gun.

Crash! The second Twin let loose and the Mexicans replied. Their discharge tore through the branches of the trees above the Texans' heads, a shower of twigs spattering over the soldiers.

Rat-tat! The Mexican skirmishers opened fire. A ball glanced from a metal trimming on General Houston's bridle. Colonel Neill dropped with a broken hip.

The Texan infantrymen had held their beads on the dotted line for so long that their faces ached. Every dot was covered by ten rifles, for no Texan had to be told that when he shot to shoot *at* something. A row of flaming orange jets rushed from the woods and expired in air; the dotted gray line sagged into the grass and did not reappear.

The Twin Sisters whanged away and the Mexican gun barked back, but the state of its carriage made accurate aim impossible. Santa Anna decided not to bring on a general engagement and sent a detachment of dragoons to haul off the crippled gun. Sidney Sherman led a cavalry sortie in an ineffectual attempt to capture the Mexican field piece, losing two men and several horses. General Houston gave him a dressing down that should have withered the leaves on the trees, and promoted a private by the conquering name of Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar to command the cavalry regiment, numbering fifty-three.

The army ate its one meal of the day and talked itself to sleep over the attack it was to make at dawn. Less than a mile away under the watchful eyes of Houston's scouts, flickered the camp fires of the enemy.

On the 21st of April, 1836, reveille rolled at the usual hour of four, but a strange hand tapped the drum. The commander-in-chief was asleep, with a coil of rope under his head. He had left instructions not to be disturbed. It was full day when Sam Houston opened his eyes—after his first repose of more than three hours in six weeks. He sprang to his feet. "The sun of Austerlitz," Sam Houston said, "has risen again."

The camp was in a fidget to attack. It could not fathom a commander who sauntered aimlessly under the trees in the sheer enjoyment, he said, of a good night's sleep. Deaf Smith rode up and dismounted. The lines of the old plainsman's leathery face were deep. "Santa Anna is getting reinforcements," he said in his high-pitched voice. And surely enough, a line of pack mules was just visible over the swell in the prairie. "I'm going to tell the general he ought to burn Vince's bridge before any more come up."

After a talk with Smith, Houston told his commissary general, John Forbes, to find two sharp axes. The commander-in-chief then strolled past a gathering of soldiers remarking that it wasn't often Deaf Smith could be fooled by a trick like that—Santa Anna marching men around and around to make it look like a reinforcement. Smith returned from another gallop onto the prairie. "The general was right," he announced loudly. "It's all a humbug." But privately he informed Houston that the reinforcement numbered 540 men under Cos, which raised Santa Anna's force to the neighborhood of 1350. Houston's strength was about eight hundred—783 according to his morning report, which, however, omitted a few men.

Houston later told Santa Anna that his reason for waiting for

Cos was to avoid making "two bites of one cherry." But he did not care to see Filisola, who might turn up at any time with two or three thousand Mexicans. Handing the axes to Smith, Houston told him to destroy Vince's bridge and hurry back.

Unaware of these preparations, the camp was working itself into a state. At noon John A. Wharton, the adjutant general, with whom the commander-in-chief was not on the most cordial terms, went from mess to mess, stirring up the men. Houston rode up to a group that Wharton had lately addressed. Everyone was boiling for a fight.

"All right, fight and be damned," observed the commander-in-chief and formed the army for assault. At four o'clock he lifted his sword. A drum and fife raised the air of a love song,

"Come to the Bower," and the last army of the Republic moved from the woods and slowly up the sloping plain of San Jacinto.

The left of the line was covered by the swamp, the right by the Twin Sisters, Millard's forty-eight Regulars and Lamar's fifty cavalry. A company of United States volunteers from Newport, Kentucky, displayed a white silk flag, embroidered with an amateurish figure of Liberty. A glove of the first lieutenant's sweetheart bobbed from the staff. (The Lone Star emblem had not yet been invented.) On the big white stallion Sam Houston, who was the tallest man in his army, rode up and down the front.

"Hold your fire, men. Hold your fire. Hold your fire."

The mastery of a continent was in contention between the champions of two civilizations—racial rivals and hereditary enemies, so divergent in idea and method that suggestion of compromise was an affront. On an obscure meadow of

bright grass, nursed by a watercourse named on hardly any map, wet steel would decide which civilization should prevail on these shores and which submit.

For ten of the longest minutes that a man ever lives, the single line poked through the grass. In front lay a barricade of Mexican pack saddles and camp impedimenta, inert in the oblique rays of the sun.

"Hold your fire, men. Hold your fire."

Behind the Mexican line a bugle rang. A sketchy string of orange dots glowed from the pack saddles and a ragged rattle of musketry snapped in the air. A few Texans raised their rifles and let go at the dots.

"Hold your fire! God damn you, hold your fire!" General Houston spurred the white stallion to a gallop.

The orange dots continued to wink and die. The white stallion fell. Throwing himself upon a cavalryman's pony, Houston resumed his patrol of the line.

"Fight for your lives! Vince's bridge has been cut down!" It was Deaf Smith on a lathered mustang. Rather inaccurately, the soldiers understood Vince's bridge to be their sole avenue of retreat.

Thirty yards from the works, Houston made a signal with his hat. A blast of horseshoes from the Twin Sisters laid a section of the fragile breastwork flat. The infantrymen roared a volley and lunged forward drawing their hunting knives. "Remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo!" (Continued on page 56)



Gen. Sam Houston, whose indomitable will in the face of adverse circumstances carved out the Republic that became the State of Texas

GOD HAVE

*By William
T. Scanlon*

*Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley*

XIII

EARLY next morning we were awakened by heavy shelling. The woods in back of us were being raked with fire. I grabbed my blouse and beat it for my hole. It was not long before the shells were beating down on our positions. Our artillery began answering back. I called over to Mowry that it looked like a counter-attack.

I watched for signs of slackening fire and soon I noticed the shells were hitting more to our rear. Then I called Mowry and we crept out. I got my men out of their holes. Heavy rifle fire could now be heard on the right. The men in the forward part of the ravine had sighted the advancing Germans and this gave us a good chance to get all set.

We had a good stretch of open ground in front of us and it sloped up slightly toward the German lines. The Germans came in sight at about five hundred yards. I told my men to fire as soon as they could pick out a target. The Germans were in a bad fix at this spot. They had to face a direct fire from in front and a side fire from the ravine.

Mowry had our pet machine gun working, but the line of advancing Germans was very thin and gave him a poor target. The Germans came over in three waves but no German reached our position. They did break through farther down on our left and fighting continued in that section all morning.

We had orders to hold our positions and not to make any advance. The Fifth Marines on the left finally stopped the Germans and then drove them back for almost a kilometer, thus straightening out the line from Bourèsches up the hills east of Belleau and Torcy. This cleaned Belleau Wood of Germans.

The second, third and fourth platoons, which were in support and reserve positions, farther back in the woods, suffered worse than we did because of the heavy artillery fire.

LATE that afternoon I was sitting in my hole when I heard a clankety-clank coming from the woods in our rear. Soon two men came in sight with a string of bare canteens over their shoulders. They were talking away as though there wasn't another person within a radius of a thousand miles.

Captain Warner came out of his hole and was he mad!

"Where the hell are you fellows going with those canteens?"

Men: "Across to that town over there"—pointing to Bourèsches—"to get some water."

Warner: "Who the hell said you were?"

"We did," and they made a break to go on.

Warner: "You'll do no such a god damn thing! What outfit are you out of!"

Men: "The Fifth Marines. We've been fighting all day long and the men are dying for a drink."

Warner: "So have we been fighting all day. You or nobody else is going through this line with a bunch of rattling canteens. It's a giveaway to our position. Go back and put the covers on



My body is bent forward as though forcing

the canteens and if you come up quietly I will let you go through."

The men looked at one another and turned around and started back through the wood. I could hear one of the fellows say, "Some god damn doughboy outfit!"

We had no markings on us to show that we were Marines.

At this particular time we were not even allowed to cross over to Bourèsches ourselves to get water. All the water was carried up from the rear and the canteens had to have their canvas covers on. The bare canteens sounded like a flock of cowbells running loose.

That night Warner called me into his dugout and said:

"Here's a runner from the 23d Infantry who occupy Bourèsches"—he pointed to a fellow sitting in a corner. "Go back with him to Bourèsches and see the commanding officer and find out

MERCY *on* US



myself through a heavy rain. My free hand clutches my blouse pulling it tighter about my body

if it's all right for us to send men into town to get water."

The runner spoke up and said, "It's all right to get water over there."

Warner said, "You don't know anything about it . . . Go ahead and get started."

We set out. First we had to go down the ravine to practically the end of our line, then we climbed up the bank and went out into the open field. Bourèsches was about a half mile distant. We started on a run. I was stripped for action—just an automatic and belt. The runner had a rifle and combat pack and the messkit in the pack kept clanging. The cover and pan would bang together like cymbals. At regular periods a German machine gun would open up and sweep across the field. Three times we had to lie flat while the bullets cracked overhead.

As we got near the town the runner turned to me and said:

"We have to be careful not to get shot by the men on guard . . ."

I said, "Don't you know the countersign? . . ."

"We haven't got any."

We reached a stone wall and the runner climbed over. A couple of fellows rushed at him. He said, "It's all right . . . I'm with the 23d."

I climbed over then. The fellows said, "You got to be careful sneaking in that way."

I looked around. The place looked familiar. Then I knew why. I was back in my own garden. It was the same stone wall I had guarded when we took Bourèsches. But the buildings were all in ruins now—simply pulverized.

The runner led the way out the back gate, up a street to a

barricade of stone. We went down into a cellar. He spoke to the man on guard and told him we wanted to see the captain. Stretched out on an old cot in the corner was a man sleeping. A piece of candle was burning. The runner went over and said, "Captain!"

No move. Then he shook him. The captain showed signs of life. The runner said, "Here's a man from the Marines to see you."

The captain said: "What does he want?"

Then I spoke up and said, "The captain of the Marines occupying the ravine to the left of the town wants to know if it's all right to get water over here."

There was a moment's silence. Then the captain nestled down again and said, "I guess so."

The runner and I went out. I said, "Where do you get your water now?"

He led the way around a wrecked building and pointed to the same old fountain in the square that we had used. I sure was thirsty. I started over with a rush. The fountain was in the open. Another fellow grabbed my arm.

"Wait," he said. "They will be shooting again in a second or two."

He no more than got through talking when a stream of machine-gun bullets came crashing in. You could see them splashing in the water all around the fountain. Then it stopped and several fellows rushed out with cups and got them filled and came right back. They filled their canteens from the cups.

I borrowed a cup, as I did not have either a canteen or a cup with me. I made for the fountain and got back just in time. The machine gun was trained on this one spot and every few minutes it would open up. It knocked off quite a few every night. There was a guard stationed there to keep everybody away, but he could only watch one side. The old barricade we had made was gone.

I got back to our own lines O. K. and reported to Warner that it was all right to get water in Bourèsches but that it was a dangerous proposition.

XIV

I WAS sitting in my hole reading by a home-made candle made out of bacon grease and old rag wick. Mowry was lying on his back not far away.

Mowry said, "What are you reading?"

"The Bible. Did you ever read it?" (I had a pocket size testament.)

Mowry said, "I looked at one back in Tours when Hancock was shooting his head off about the Kaiser being the whore that sat on seven hills and caused the war. . . ."

"That was a lot of cheap stuff," I said. "Hancock read it in some paper. . . ."

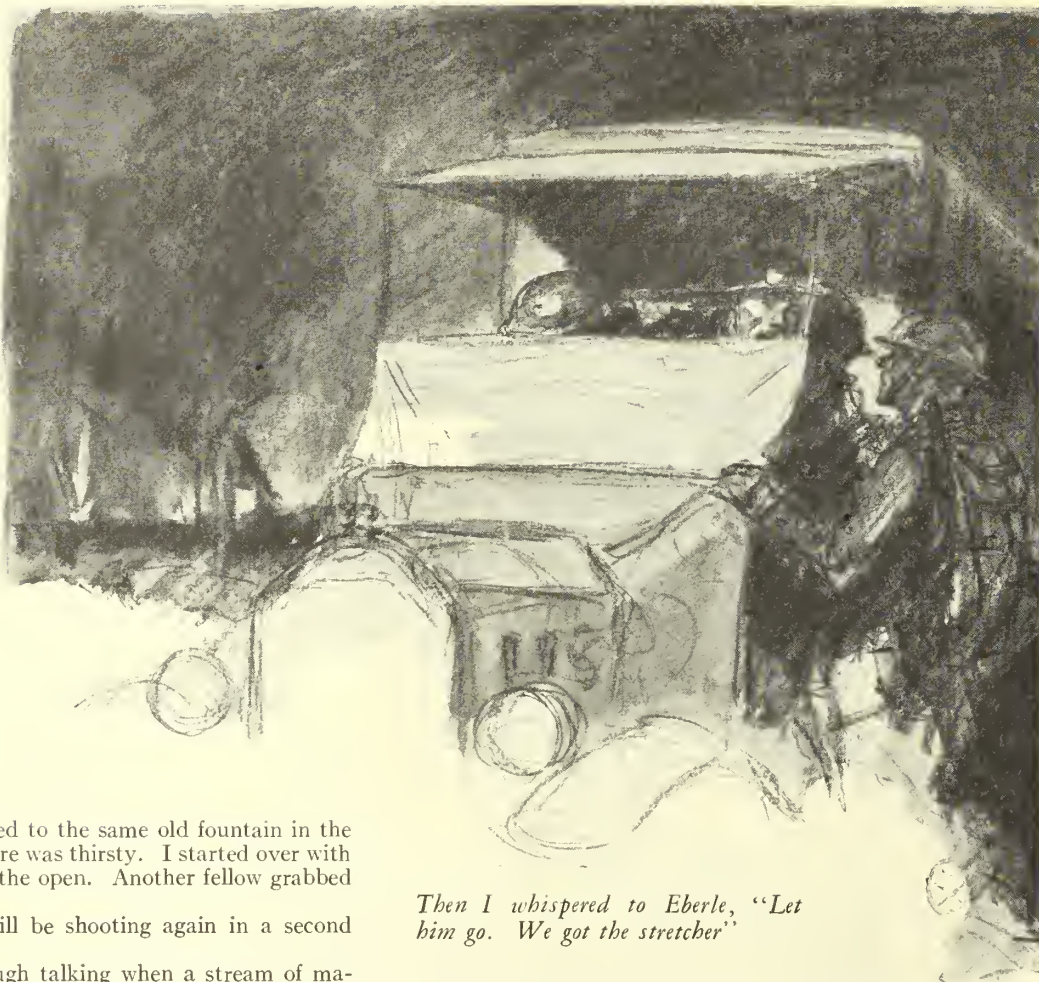
Mowry: "Well, if it's in the Bible I suppose it's true. . . . Still I leave all that up to the priest. . . . That's what they get paid for. . . ."

I said, "Remember how we used to argue with Hancock up in the old trenches about 'He that kills by the sword shall perish by the sword'? . . ."

Mowry: "Yes, and I still stick to what I always said—we haven't got any swords. . . . and it doesn't say anything about machine guns and rifles. . . ."

Just then one of the fellows came up and said Captain Warner wanted to see me so I went over to his dugout.

He said, "Corporal, I have here some very important documents that the Intelligence Section just sent up." He pointed



Then I whispered to Eberle, "Let him go. We got the stretcher"

to a bundle of papers on the ground. He picked up a sheet and passed it to me. It was written in German.

He said, "Can you read it?"

"No, sir."

He said, "Neither can I, but here is what I want you to do with them. Pick out a detail of men—five or six—and tonight, about eleven o'clock, take these papers and distribute them inside the German lines in as open a space as you can find. We want the Germans to find them. Come in later and I'll give you the papers."

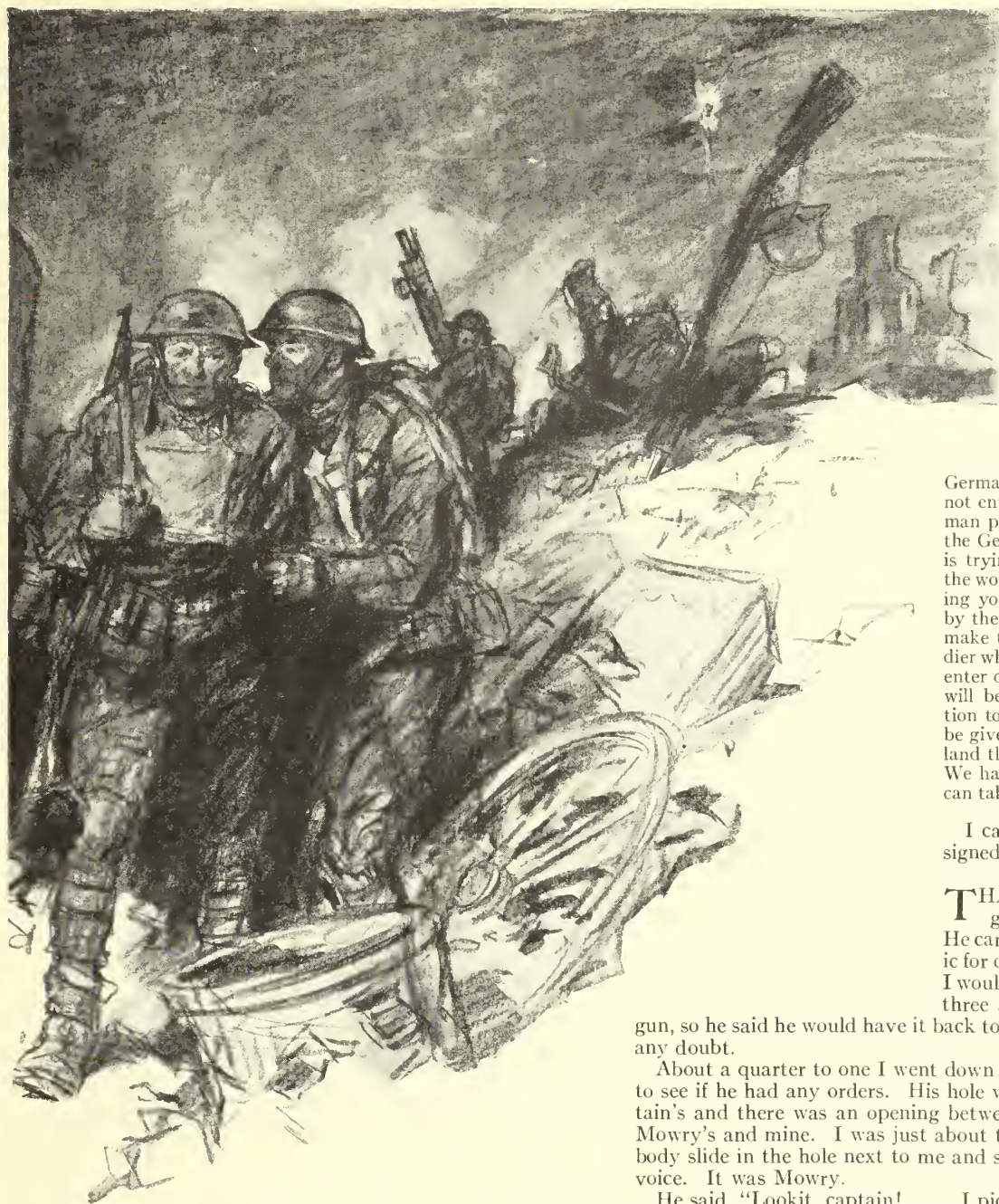
I picked out six men—Brown, Goff, White, Quinn, Bretherton and Carney. I told them to be ready at 10:45. No equipment was to be worn, I told them, except gas masks, and they were to be tied on securely so they wouldn't make a noise. No weapons were to be carried except an automatic revolver each which I would give them later on. Revolvers were only furnished to corporals and sergeants so I had to dig around to borrow six of them, but I did. Extra clips would be carried in the pocket as no belts could be worn. We were not a combat group or patrol and it was up to us to avoid any encounter.

A little before eleven I called in at the captain's hole and he gave me the bundle of papers. They were about the size of a regular book leaf, and were cheap paper, like newspaper stock.

The captain told us to go down the ravine to where the last man was posted and then cut across the field until we hit a main road which ran between Soissons and Château-Thierry. We would have to be careful along that road as the Germans used it at night and our artillery usually shelled it at regular intervals, but tonight they would not shell this part of the road in front of our positions between the hour of 11:30 and 12:30. The captain suggested that along this road and the sides of the road would be a good place to distribute the papers.

It was about 11:15 when I left and close to 11:30 by the time I reached the last man in the ravine. This was Hancock. I left my gas mask with him. It was always a bother, as no matter how you tied it down it would flop up, and besides it would hinder me crawling on my belly through the grass. The other men wanted to keep their masks so I let them. I knew the lines were too close together to use gas.

We started across the field toward the road on our hands and knees, and as we got farther out we dropped flat and wriggled the rest of the way on our bellies. I was leading, the rest following



fairly close behind. The German lines seemed restless. Star shells were going up right along, also signal lights for batteries—green and red. The artillery on both sides were firing away trying to bust each other up.

We were snaking through grass which was about six or eight inches high and heavy with dew. We were soaking wet. It was slow work as we had to stop crawling when the star shells were up.

I was looking straight ahead through the grass when all at once I found my head sticking out over a small embankment. About ten feet ahead was a road. I stopped. This road was inside the German lines and they had outposts in back of us, although their main line was on the other side of the road in a woods similar to ours. I could hear a wagon creaking in the distance and soon a French two-wheeled wagon went by drawn by one horse. It was off the road on the grassy part alongside. It was headed north.

I gradually lowered myself down over the embankment. I told the next man to crawl along about ten feet and then come over. I sent one man one way and the next man the other and told them to get about ten feet apart before letting themselves down on the side of the road. Each one had some of the papers. I told them to keep down and scatter the papers out in front. Two of us crept out to the road and distributed the stuff as best we could for about two hundred feet along the road.

It did not take very long and we were soon crawling back.

I went over exactly the same path. It was easy to pick out as the grass was all flattened out. It was about 12:15 when we got back. I got my gas mask from Hancock and reported back to the captain.

I had saved one of the sheets and the next day I got Eberle to translate it. It went something like this:

To the German Soldier:

The people of the United States are still friends of the people of

Germany. The United States did not enter the war to fight the German people. We are at war with the German Military Power which is trying to murder the people of the world the way they are murdering you. You are being deceived by them. Here is an offer that we make to you. Every German soldier who will lay down his arms and enter our lines of his own free will will be furnished free transportation to the United States and will be given a large piece of rich farm land that he can work for himself. We have plenty of good land and can take care of you all.

I can't remember how it was signed.

THAT night I heard Mowry getting a patrol together. He came to borrow my automatic for one of his men. I told him I would be on guard from one to three a.m. and would need the

gun, so he said he would have it back to me by that time, without any doubt.

About a quarter to one I went down to the top sergeant's hole to see if he had any orders. His hole was right next to the captain's and there was an opening between them just as between Mowry's and mine. I was just about to go when I heard somebody slide in the hole next to me and start to talk in an excited voice. It was Mowry.

He said, "Lookit, captain! . . . I picked up a whole bunch of these German orders that somebody happened to drop along the road!"

There was a rattling of papers for a minute. I looked through the hole and saw Mowry pulling little papers out of all his pockets.

Then the captain spoke. "German orders hell! These are the papers I sent out last night to be distributed in the German lines. And you had to go out and pick them up again!"

"Well, my orders were to pick up any information about the German lines I could and as soon as I spotted these papers along the road and saw that they were written in German I figured some dispatch runner had dropped them."

Captain: "Did you get any information about the German positions?"

"No, sir—nothing but these papers. It took us quite a while to pick them up."

"I guess you got them all all right."

Mowry went out and I followed. When I caught up with him I started to bawl him out.

I said, "What did you want to go and pick up all those German papers for when I had such a hard time scattering them along the road?"

Mowry said, "So you're the guy that did it?"

"Yes, didn't we do a good job?"

Mowry: "Too damn good! We crawled along that road for over an hour on our hands and knees picking them up. Next time put them all in one pile."

ORDERS came up from Third Battalion Headquarters for us to stand by to move out at midnight. We were to be relieved.

One of the things we hated worst was making a change in position—either taking over a new position or leaving an old one. The Germans always seemed to know when these reliefs were being made and they always furnished lots of fireworks.

At eleven p. m. the German artillery started to hammer away at our positions. Our artillery was banging away trying to silence the Germans. Between the two of them you couldn't hear yourself think.

A few minutes to midnight our relief showed up. We crawled out of our holes. They crawled into them. I could not see the face of the man who relieved me. He could not see mine. No orders were given. No words were spoken. None were necessary. There is one order at the front. It is known to all. Hold the line.

Back down the ravine we went, the Germans still shelling it. Our relief had come up the ravine and had left a trail of dead and wounded. Now we were leaving our trail of dead and wounded. It seemed there were always dead lying or wounded crawling around in that ravine. The Germans knew we used it and they could drop a shell into any part of it. But at that it was the safest place to travel. The northern bank of it was a regular honeycomb. You could always find a hole to duck into. Besides that, it was a guide. If our line got broken the men ahead kept going and the men behind caught up when they could. The word would come, "The rear can't keep up." Word would go back, "Who the hell cares?" or "Tell them to follow the ravine."

We called this ravine Ma Lindsay's Trench because Major Lindsay was always hanging around in it someplace. This night as we passed the first-aid station in the ravine we saw Dr. Mitwoch the battalion surgeon. Major Lindsay had been hit.

We traveled back the full length of the ravine to Lucy-le-Bocage. The town seemed more ruined than ever. While passing a corner near a church we ran into a bunch of whiz-bangs. How

they would come! They were fired from the Austrian 88—it always seemed that that gun firing was right on top of us.

The whiz-bangs tonight tore up the tail end of our company, killing eight of our new men. We had to lie on the side of the road for a half hour while a steady stream of these whiz-bangs whizzed over us.

When we got started again we went fast. Our route lay along the borders of various patches of wood. We were traveling single file. The head of the column came across a wire. Word came back, "Look out for the wire." Every man started to look for a wire—some of us were over a block away from it. We went feeling along in the dark. We didn't know whether it was a high wire or a low wire. By the time we reached it we had given up looking for it. Then we stumbled over it. After three or four wires were passed—some of them we broke—they got a better system. A man was posted at the wire who either held it down or up while we passed.

While passing the road near the tall pyramids a shell crashed close to our line up ahead. I heard a voice yell, "I'm hit in the crotch! . . . I'm hit in the crotch! . . ." I could tell that voice a mile. It was Bellamy's. As we passed by, several fellows had gathered around and I heard Bellamy saying, "Jesus Christ, I can't walk! . . . If I could walk do you suppose I'd be lying here?" . . .

It was getting daylight when we crossed the Paris Road and entered the woods in the rear of the batteries of 155's. Our galley was steaming away and Vogel was standing beside it.

He hollered, "Chow is ready!"

XVI

OUR position in the rear of these batteries of 155's was a mean one. Every evening they would open up and shell the back areas of the German lines, especially road crossings and artillery positions.

Just as soon as they would open up the Germans would start answering back. Then the duel was on. The Germans knew from the flash and the sound just about where our batteries were located. The shells they used were of the real large calibre—ash cans. It seemed to us that they would all drop back where we were at. And no hole was deep enough to escape those shells.

One good thing about the front line positions was that the shells used against them were of a smaller size, usually the three-inch. These did not bore in so deep. But in the back areas they went deep and wide.

We sure would curse out our artillery for opening up.

XVII

EARLY in the morning of July 3d we left our positions near the Paris Road and hiked down to a point between Ste. Aulde and Nanteuil-sur-Marne.

Orders were to take a bath and wash clothes. We did not have a change of underwear or socks so first we scrubbed clothes and while they were drying we took our bath and went in swimming. It was the first bath we had had in months.

I washed my dog-tag ribbon and hung it on a tree, tags and all. After our clothes were dry we got out and dressed. Orders came to fall in and we marched away toward Ste. Aulde. I left my dog tags hanging on the tree.

Outside of Ste. Aulde we fell out but were instructed to stick around and be ready to fall in at a moment's notice.

There were other companies of the Third Battalion here also and we got to chewing the rag with them. One of the men had some newspapers. Among them was a Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* dated back in the early part of June. It had big headlines, "U. S. MARINES SAVE PARIS."

This was news to us. We ganged around while somebody read the paper aloud. We were wondering what Marines they were talking about. We were supposed to be the only Marines in France. As we listened to the account it gradually dawned on us that we were the Marines they were talking about.

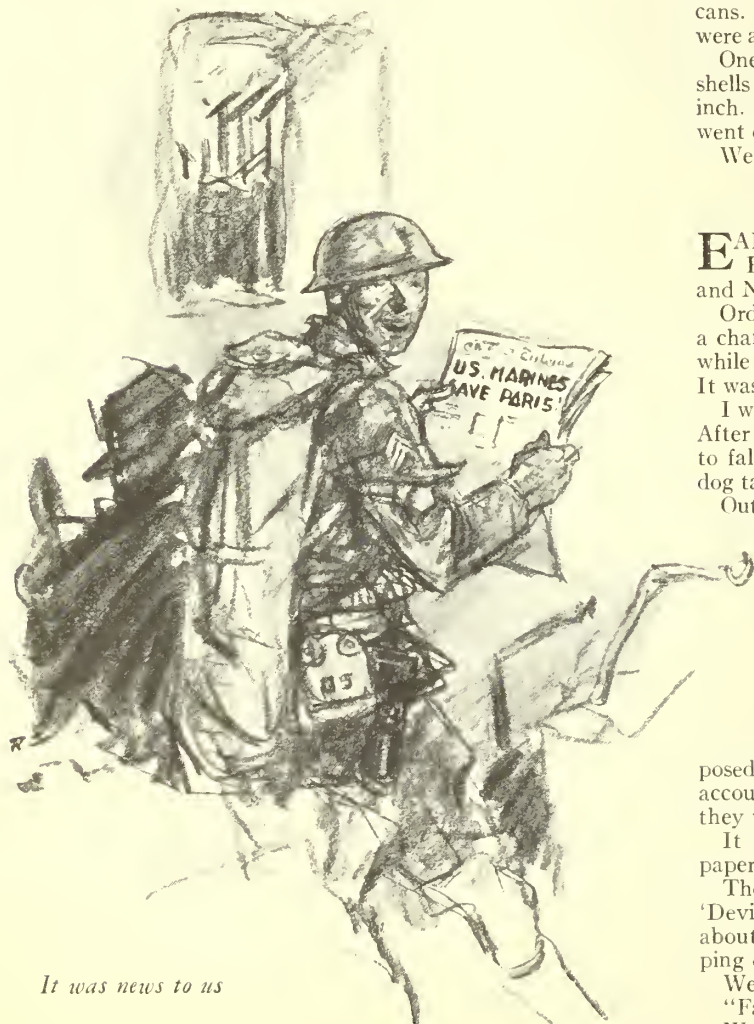
It took us but a short time to convince ourselves that the paper was right and we accepted everything it said as true.

There was also an item in the paper, "Huns call Marines 'Devil Dogs.'" That was something else we had never heard about. We got quite a kick out of that and went around slapping one another on the back saying, "O you little Devil Dog!"

We were having one hell of a time when orders came:

"Fall in without equipment."

We lined up for inspection. The officers passed down the line



It was news to us



No move. Then he shook him. The captain showed signs of life

and they would say to certain men, "Drop back." The inspection lasted but a short time and then we were dismissed again.

This inspection puzzled me so I nosed around to find out what it was all about and I found out:

Tomorrow was the Fourth of July. A detail of Marines, right hot from the front lines, was to be rushed to Paris in camions and pull off a big parade. They were to be headed by a banner reading "Saviors of Paris!"

Mowry and I went over to see the bunch that had been picked from our company to go to Paris. We were figuring on slipping some francs to somebody we knew and have him bring us back a bottle of cognac.

But we did not know one of the fellows. They were all new men that had come in the day before with a bunch of replacements. They still had nice new clean uniforms. The officers picked the men with the best-looking uniforms in order to make a showing in Paris. There was no chance of them picking us as our uniforms were wrinkled and messy from flopping around mudholes.

I went back and said to Strohm, "Say, Strohm, that bunch they picked to go to Paris has never been near the front."

And Strohm said, "I know it, but they got uniforms. The people in Paris will never know the difference."

Camions pulled in and our new men piled in. We watched

them ride away toward Paris. We fell in and hiked back toward the front.

XVIII

THE next morning we fell in and hiked to the town of Bézu-le-Guéry. Up on a hill outside this town we took up reserve positions in rear of an American Division. We dug a complete system of trenches, north, along a road leading up toward Ventelet Farm.

We had regular positions assigned to us which we were to occupy in case the Germans broke through the line up ahead. Every time a barrage was turned loose we would drop whatever we were doing, grab our rifles and belts, and rush to our positions.

There was a large hospital in the town of Bézu-le-Guéry and they had a small canteen just for the accommodation of convalescent soldiers. They wouldn't sell to outside outfits such as ours.

It opened at certain hours to sell stuff—cigarettes, chewing, candies, cookies. We tried to buy things at this canteen several times and couldn't, so then we doped out a system. The men that had been wounded would go limping around on canes or with bandaged arms and heads. We borrowed canes or used our first-aid kits to bandage up our arms or heads and then we limped over to the canteen window to buy. (*Continued on page 60*)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

September, 1918—Haig



MORE than ten years afterward, Haig remains the least advertised general of the World War—and the least fully appreciated. In part he himself is responsible, for it was not his way to crowd into the spotlight, but, in addition, his fame has suffered from two or three historical misconceptions. Even these errors he allowed to pass uncorrected. From wisdom perhaps, rather than indifference, and not without a true artistic instinct. His work was of the kind that does not require a brilliant surface treatment—a solid and well finished job of masonry, ill-suited to display effects of paintwork.

The first of these misconceptions is our notion of the origin of the Supreme Command. The oft-repeated story has been that on March 26, 1918, Pétain and Haig had given up hope of stemming the German offensive; that one wanted to swing back the French flank to protect Paris, while the other thought only of the Channel Ports and was on the point of drawing back from the battle line in order to save his line of retreat. As far as Haig is concerned this is the exact opposite of the actual situation. On the third or fourth day of the German drive Pétain did lose hope of keeping liaison with the British, and actually ordered the French divisions coming up by rail to detrain far back so as to form a flank north of Paris. (This order was in large part responsible for the German advance suddenly pushing out past Montdidier.) Haig held that any such separation of the French and British lines would be fatal, and to prevent it cabled to his government to send over someone with full powers to prevail upon the French government. Clemenceau in the meantime became dissatisfied with Pétain's position, and inclined toward Foch's more spirited and pugnacious attitude toward the situation. When the general conference foregathered at Doullens, Clemenceau plumped squarely for Foch as against Pétain.

IN POINT of form, the appointment of Foch to Supreme Command was the subordination of the British Army to a French general; in substance, it was the victory of Haig's strategy over Pétain's. Foch thereupon set to work to hold the Allied line intact not by showering advice upon British Headquarters but by hurrying French divisions up where they were badly needed. Even so they were long in coming; alone and unaided Haig's troops met and stopped in their tracks the last big drives the Germans delivered in front of Arras and Amiens.

As a reward for doing it, the Chief of Staff in Lon-

don then recommended that Haig be dismissed from command. Lloyd George had long been trying to do that very thing; but at a time like this neither the British Army nor the British public was in a mood for funny business, and Sir Henry Wilson's recommendation was slipped under the blotter, fortunately for the Allied cause.

EVEN more important, historically, is the misconception as to the part Haig played in the Allied counter-offensive.

Our common notion has been that in all this Haig merely followed Foch's lead—that the sudden change of form which appeared in Allied operations was wholly due to Foch's strategical genius. Foch's genius and fighting spirit were, in fact, all that we thought, and it is fairly clear that the lapse of time will reveal other qualities of greatness which the world at large hardly suspected. But even the fragmentary unrolling of the record during these last few years has already shown beyond any question that Haig himself was a primary factor in Foch's strategy. Three or four decisions of critical importance—the strategical conceptions on which the course of campaign actually turned—were originated by Haig, pressed vigorously by him in place of the very different ideas Foch had put forward, and in some cases at least put over only after sharp differences of opinion. But in every case, once persuaded, Foch came over whole-heartedly to the proposition. A smaller man would have fought it stubbornly out as a personal issue, or yielded sourly and wrecked the thing by carrying it out in a half-way backfiring spirit. Foch was big enough to see the wisdom of another man's plan, and to go the limit once he was convinced of its soundness.

All these proposals of Haig's derived from a conviction as to the way the battle was going—a hunch, so to speak, an intuitive grasp of the temper of the front, rather than any particular strategical solution; a combat soldier's slant on things rather than a General Staff conclusion worked out by charts and figures and statistics. Haig was by no means the only one, but in 1918 he was the first one to feel the point, and the first to carry it forward to the logical conclusion.

Even as the June offensives died down, people along the British front began to realize that the punch had gone out of the German infantry. The July offensive and counter-offensive proved it clearly, and the 8th of August brought out the fact that by now the Germans could not stand up against the British. Haig then and there saw the writing on the wall. On August 11th Sir Henry Wilson was recording in his diary:



TOWARD A BETTER AMERICA

"Haig at dinner said we ought to hit the Boche now as hard as we could, then try to get peace this autumn."

This did not mean that Haig then foresaw the scorecard of November 11th. What it did mean was that he had made up his mind the time had come to force the fight to a decision. The German infantry were not the only ones who were tiring. French and British divisions were rapidly thinning, and the home fronts in both countries were in poor shape to keep on through another year of it. For the moment the Allied troops had the upper hand, and the Americans were at last available to force the pace of the battle. Haig was for going ahead while the going was good, and using every ounce of Allied strength for the purpose—for putting in the last of his own reserves and calling at once on the A.E.F. to take a major part in gaining a 1918 decision. Events proved the wisdom of this policy.

Strategically this worked out into bringing to-

gether into an all-Allied converging offensive the various operations Foch then had under way—one of them our original St. Mihiel drive pushing out toward Briey. The object of these was to gain a jumpoff line for 1919, whereas Haig had in view to turn the enemy out at once from his whole line of long-established trenches—Hindenburg Line and all the rest of it. Toward the end of August Foch agreed to Haig's plan. Straightway the A.E.F. found itself cut short at St. Mihiel and ordered north for the Meuse-Argonne operation. Only then did Haig explain to his government that his aim was to gain a decision before winter. They did all in their power to block the plan, but by now Foch and Pershing were already preparing for it. With them at his side, Haig was able to carry his point.

Thanks to it, part of the A.E.F. spent Christmas along the Rhine instead of lying about in frozen fox-holes.

SUMMER UNIFORMS—AND SOME ARE NOT

Unconventional Style Suggestions for Department Conventions

By Wallgren



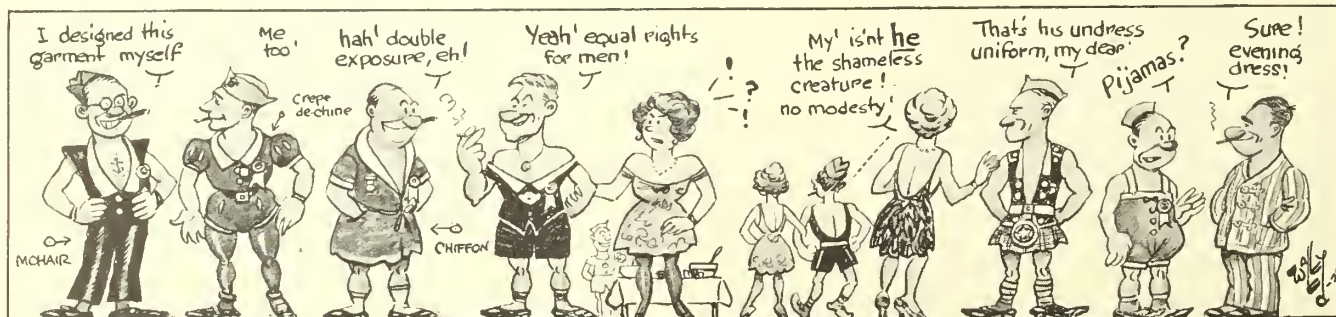
Djever notice the wet-wash appearance of the boys in their post uniforms, O.D., and wearwithals, after the first warm day in convention assembled? And how cool and comfy the girls look? That's because they dress cool and comfy. Why shouldn't we? Let the opposition melt—we'll keep cool



Posts should adopt special summer uniforms for convention parades, if only for the sake of the drill teams, bands, and drum and bugle corps perspirants. Not so hot? Atta bromide



These cool costumes would do much to preserve amity and cohesion among delegates in sweltering convention halls and caucus assemblies. And how spectacular everybody would be



And . . . the ladies have set us a good example in evening-dress affairs—but we fear that should we go so far, the ladies would promptly go us one, or even two, better. And . . . although we should like to show the results, our discretion prompts us to fore-bare. This, after all, is not an art magazine

❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

I KEEP A PORTFOLIO of notes and letters from correspondents which I go over before I write this View. Five are discarded to one that I use. Here is a letter which has been held over for four months and kept me thinking for four months. It is a very simple letter—that is the power and appeal of it—on a subject which can never grow stale while there are life and death on this planet. And it gets all the paragraphs this month.

Death And Life

THE TWO WORDS present the mightiest of all contrasts. I write for an audience of experts who know war in relation to the peace they now enjoy. War and Peace! Add Man and Woman and you have the four great words. Man fights the wars. Woman bears man. When a woman becomes a mother she is the biggest factor in what the future holds for us in the life and death gamble of war and peace. The letter which I take up this month is from a mother.

"I AM NOT A pacifist," writes Mrs. F. R. R. of Tennessee, "but just an anxious young mother. Four of my ancestors fought in the Revolution. My husband's grandfather died in the Confederate Army and my husband volunteered for service in the World War." This gives her the right to be heard in this company or any company. She did not come of stock that quailed, nor would she breed a son who quailed.

MRS. R. REMINDS the makers of this magazine that it goes for the most part into homes where "a young family is growing up." That places a responsibility that had a big part in my four months' thinking. Without seeing one face of his audience a writer puts some words on copy paper; and the printer and postman put them in cold clear type under the eyes of eight hundred thousand readers.

The Twig And the Tree

"IT IS AN old but a true saying about the twig and the tree," says Mrs. R. "My own ten-year-old son spends considerable time looking at the pictures and reading parts of the articles." It is father's magazine. Father was in the war. A hundred, two hundred thousand boys, and girls, too, are doing the same. A veteran's magazine, and an all round family magazine—no other can have such position or authority in addressing the younger generation. And parents never know what is going on in ten-year-old heads.

"FOR TEN YEARS," says Mrs. R., "I have been trying to teach him to get along happily with other people and to do unto others as he would have them do unto him." Many mothers are teaching the same. They are the real pacifists. Most professional pacifists are so busy with grand dreams, which lead to international misunderstandings and bickerings, that they have no time to be pacific themselves.

Sound Pacifism

SO FAR THERE can be no disagreement with Mrs. R. Now she raises an old point of contention. It is that in emulation of his father's war service the son, too, will want to see war. Thus each generation must have its war. She is worried lest her son learn from the war stories and articles "that it is a wonderful and thrilling adventure to go out and kill other people and destroy their property."

"IT IS SO VERY EASY," she goes on, "to fall into the old custom of glorifying military heroes." Then she makes the point which youth is always hearing from orators. In this case, however, it comes with a mother's feeling. "These boys who are growing up into the men who will control the destinies of this country in a few years—will they think it romantic to go to war?"

The Glory Appeal

THE FIRST THING to consider in Mrs. R's letter is if veterans' war stories are having a different effect on youth than they intend. Not the lessons of old wars but of the latest should shape the future generation. We know that in modern war we waste our own property in destroying that of the enemy. Modern war retains little of the romance of the old fashioned warfare of small armies, cavalry charges and fighting Indians.

What Is The Answer?

No father who saw much of the realism of the World War will advocate it as an adventure for his son. Modern war stories picture war as a grim business.

It is sports, these days, which are written about in terms of glory. Not the heroic deeds by land and sea in the World War, but the golf triumphs of Bobby Jones and the batting triumphs of Ruth interest youth. Connie Mack's or John McGraw's veteran baseball generalship is more celebrated than that of any American division or corps or squadron or fleet commander in the World War.

The thrill of military curiosity is not as to who will be the next Chief of Staff of the Army, or Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, but who will succeed to the fistic crown of Dempsey and Tunney. The Junior Baseball series gets more attention than the Citizens' (Continued on page 69)

THE BROKEN



*Illustrations
by V.E. Pyles*

Conclusion

COVER them Frogs, M.P'S!" Bright shouted. "Get going, you chaufoors!"

A muddy Motor Transport Corps truck with a canvas cover, drawn up at the curb, vibrated with the thrum of its motor. The Americans heaved their captives up over the tailboard.

"In yourselves!" Bright shouted. "Let's get out o' here!" He climbed in after Hand, who was yelling. The two policemen, still covering the innkeeper and his sailor friend, backed warily through the door. The truck jerked forward as they swung up to its floor. Into fog and the rain that fell now in sheets the flickering headlights poked experimentally.

Bright knelt between his prisoners on the floor of the lumbering truck. Rude was conscious, he discovered. He groaned once. Bright called to Hand:

"Turn your flashlight this way, old timer."

The Frenchman's eyes were open, with pain and terror propping their lids. He jerked his arm, trying to free it from the handcuff. The effort only made him cough. His forehead again was bleeding.

"You can unlock them bracelets, Corporal," Bright ordered. "Keep an eye on the fat one." With his own flashlight he inspected the wound he had been dressing when the Blackbird interrupted. "Quite a clout you got," he concluded. "Had it coming to you, most likely. Hold steady." He bound the gauze tighter above the Frenchman's round face. Dragging him up by the shoulders, he braced him against the careening side of the truck. Still on his knees he went through Rude's pockets again, four in the coat, two in the breeches. They were empty. Hand was right. Neither weapon nor money.

"Where's St. Denis's francs?" he demanded.

"I confess!" he whispered. "I have none . . . this man . . ." The truck bounced around a sharp bend and sent him rolling against the Blackbird's feet. The engine sputtered, making the top of the long incline to the town. Lights above the ramparts shone mistily.

"What man?"

"This boche, m'sieur." Once more Rude groaned, staring at the heavy, prone shadow of the Blackbird. "He sees my money, sees me pay the hotel patron for passage on a ship, he comes to my room, takes my money . . . I confess . . ."

"You'll get a chance. He's no boche . . . lean back . . . so!" He straightened the man's body against the side of the truck. "We're going to Circé once we get dried off." He added in English: "You can confess there to who-tied-the-colonel!"

He joined the beam of his own light to that which Hand already held on the Blackbird. The man was still unconscious. Swaying with the truck, the sergeant looked down curiously at the dark, resentful face. He was reminded, unpleasantly, of his first glimpse in Bordeaux station . . . a pig . . . the devil out of an opera, Duclose had said. He was ugly enough for either. But there was something else on closer sight, servility of a kind. He might have been a badly-treated servant some time. The face was not wholly civilized, Bright decided; the mouth was cruel and the jaw set a little too tight.

Bending over, he resumed his search of the Blackbird's pockets. He felt squeamish, for some reason. This ruthless cast of face was like Whitfield's in part. Only, dying, Sir Harry had chuckled. Bright's fingers, exploring the upper left outside pocket of the coat, came upon a worn railroad map of France, and . . . he breathed more quickly . . . a short stick of dirty white chalk. He held it a moment distastefully in his fingers, then dropped it into his blouse. He knew what it had been used for . . . for drawing the broken 3!



Bright missed the sign, but received the discharged pistol shell from the mud

He rolled the Blackbird slightly to the left and right. There was nothing else in the coat. But in the trousers he came upon a flat sheaf of bills, French paper money, in large denominations. He examined the first one. It was a thousand francs, the second another thousand. He stuffed the money into his own pocket.

The driver leaned back suddenly from his high perch. He addressed Bright.

"Hey, Bloodthirsty, where the hell at we goin' to?"

"D.C.I.," Bright directed.

"Never heard of it," the driver howled back jovially. "I'm decent!"

The truck rolled into the Champ de Bataille and past the bandstand where electric lights on their short iron posts haloed themselves with a solemn show of virtue in the fog.

Suddenly, without warning, the Blackbird kicked upward with his right leg.

"He's comin' to, the dirty furriner," Hand said.

XVIII

TEN hours later, just as the complaining bugle notes of sick call whined across the hills from Circé headquarters, Bright returned to Domfront with his prisoners. He walked in a military manner up the path to St. Denis's door. He felt like a soldier again. He had done his job. The Blackbird and Marcel Rude, chained wrist to wrist, sat moodily in the car Bright had borrowed from Captain Miller in Brest, while doughty Corporal Hand, in the front seat, held an automatic pistol with the safety released on his broad palm. Rude's dejection had condensed

into tears at intervals during the journey. The Blackbird had evinced no expression of any kind.

Bright entered the horse buyer's establishment without knocking. The large enclosed American army car drawn up under the chestnut trees indicated the presence in the house of an officer of rank, probably the one sent down from Paris to take over the case. Bright saw it without misgiving. He didn't require an officer now.

Rude was ready to confess. And the Blackbird didn't need to. Soon after daylight, on the road between Ducey and Mortain, Bright had stopped the car, and stepping out into the rain had fired one shot from his prisoner's .25 caliber Ydeal automatic at a cross-road signboard. He missed the sign, but retrieved the discharged pistol shell from the mud. Returning to the car, he compared it with the one he had picked up in the train compartment beside Bathhurst's murdered body.

Each shell bore a long scratch, sliding down the side from the rim. The marks were identical. They had been made by the same faulty ejector. The gun he had taken from the Blackbird was the gun that had killed the courier. No, a confession wasn't necessary.

Of course there were matters to explain: the meaning of the broken 3, the connection of Major Rennels with this sullen creature out in the car. Armenian or Turk, whichever he was; the disappearance and unexplained return of the dispatch case in the safe at St. Denis's farm; these, and the singular business of the man with the gray and brown eyes. If Corporal Duclose, hunting the major's orderly, had stumbled on one such person in Le Mans, and Inspector Gibon down in Bordeaux had found another . . . it would be hard to get the truth out of either of them, probably.

But for himself, he had the Blackbird; he had Rude. That was enough to make any D.C.I. operator feel like a soldier again.

In the corridor he met the young police lieutenant in command of Circé platoon. The officer was searching hurriedly for a word in his pocket dictionary. Recognizing Bright, he turned a red, amazed face upon him.

"Don't go in there, boy, don't go in there!" he whispered. "They'll hang you higher'n Benedict Arnold! Lord, what a mess you've got me in!"

From the office, beyond the parlor, voices sounded distinctly. Bright heard Corporal Duclose say: "No, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir!" Then Rennels, expostulating, and a strange voice that sounded like Higher Authority.

The sergeant opened the door. Behind him in the dining room he heard Josephine's aunt complaining. In the office he saw six persons.

Brigadier Bonnet and Justine St. Denis stood uncomfortably at one side, eyeing the scene in the doubtful manner of men who do not fully understand the language spoken in their presence. Major Rennels, with his back to the door, was talking. Beside him another officer listened. Facing them with his heels tight together, blonde hair wet with sweat, Corporal Duclose strove to keep at attention. A second soldier stood beside him, a man obviously the corporal's prisoner, as sloven as the little Dutchman was military, who slouched cap in hand, his dark head hanging forward. As he looked up, Bright recognized him.

This was the American private with the gray and brown eyes who had stared so resentfully into his flashlight that night on the road in front of Madame Journac's house in Le Mans.

"I don't give a damn!" Rennels exclaimed at the moment, "for your whole sneaking department!"

The sergeant interrupted. Sight of Duclose's prisoner jerked words unintentionally from his lips.

"Well, where in Sunny France did you get him, Corporal?"

In the moment of silence that followed, a cold, shocked silence in which both officers stared haughtily, Duclose allowed his face to turn, but he kept his eyes on Rennels. He enunciated stiffly:

"This is the orderly Menz, whom I discover, not in the hospital in Le Mans, but A.W.O.L. in the tramway station."

Bright stopped where he was. "Orderly!" he shouted. "Major Rennels's orderly!" A dozen suppositions jolted for room in his thoughts. Menz! Why, if this were Rennels's orderly, then Rennels's orderly was the man with the strange eyes for whom he had been hunting. The man who had gone off to the mountains with St. Denis, who had jumped out at Bathhurst in the Pyrenees, who had attacked Bright himself in Le Mans. Well, if that didn't tie up the major tighter than an issue shirt! He faced Rennels confidently.

But the major was the quicker. He had begun to smile as he recognized the sergeant. "Here he is, Colonel!" he shouted, showing his large teeth. "Here's the man now!"

The second officer put on his glasses. Bright sobered as he looked at him. Here was the owner of the car in the yard; not a ranking officer from his own department at all. This was a lieutenant colonel, a year or two on the right side of middle age, a thin, excessively straight officer, five feet seven or thereabout, his mouth overhung with a brown mustache like a French barber's.

His eyes, through the rimless glasses, were as cold and unemotional as an onyx table top. His uniform was perfection. Over his new, trim, unsagged garrison cap he wore a brown waterproof shield; the medals that blazed valorously across his chest, on close inspection, proved to be good-will offerings from Poland, Montenegro, Lithuania and Rumania. His Sam Browne belt wore that soft, well-oiled shimmer that bespoke a good striker and a good brand of saddle soap. The high heels of his cordovan riding boots reflected his spurs, which were slightly over the prescribed length. He reeked of General Staff.

Bright saluted sharply. The officer made a vague motion toward his right ear with his ebony riding crop, removed a soft brown handkerchief from his left cuff, and wiped his glasses.



"You are Sergeant . . ." he turned to Rennels inquiringly. The voice was a match for his eyes, unemotional as a troop movement order.

"Says his name's Bright," Rennels answered. "It may be . . . may not. He acts like a psychopathic case to me." For once the major was in high humor.

"Bright," the lieutenant colonel repeated. He wrote it down carefully in a khaki covered note book. "Sergeant, may I ask what this means?"

"What means, sir?"

The officer stepped forward half a pace. "I expect prompt replies, Sergeant, not questions in answer to questions. Is it necessary to remind you that you are in the Army, whether of your

voice was touched with patience. "I must explain first, however, that anything which you say may be used against you."

"Yes, sir. Will you take a look at my pass?"

The inspector general accepted the card between thumb and finger. He read it indignantly.

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed. "This other man had one like it." He indicated the sweating Duclose. "I shall investigate the issuance of these things. The idea of placing such supposed authority in the hands of the enlisted personnel! You do not belong in my district. May I ask what you have been trying to do here?"

"I've been trying to clean up a murder, sir. A couple of murders and a robbery and a kidnapping . . ."

"And your idea of cleaning up a murder, as you call it, is to throw respectable officers into jail like enlisted men? If a sensible sergeant major had not informed me of Major Rennels's plight, why, even *he* might be in jail!"

Bright gave this news what it was worth. He'd get that sneezing sergeant major alone some day, and before he'd finished with him he'd wish he had fallen to the mercy of the boche. He began a needlessly long explanation. "I was sent out from Paris on this case, sir. The Frog police said Americans were involved . . ."

"If I may interrupt," the colonel's voice was smooth as a staff cocktail, "I'll refer you to General Order Nine Hundred and Two, which prohibits the use of the word 'Frog' in reference to our allies."

Bright did not reply aloud to this sally. Instead he said:

"Very well, sir. But you get what I mean. I'd like to add that I was on my way to Paris from Bordeaux, getting back to my own district fast as I could, when I run into this Limey courier . . ."

"You mean British?"

"Yes, sir. I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't know anything about that order, either. He was a British courier. And he got bumped off. That left me with his dispatch case, sir."

"By what authority?"

Bright faltered. He would be suspicious of a story like this himself if somebody were telling it to him. "The bag was Sir Harry Whitfield's, sir," he explained. "Colonel Saunders, he's director of the D.C.I., he told me to come up here and turn the bag over to Sir Harry. And get a receipt, see? Well, I lost the bag, you see, and that same night I hit this lieutenant named Grice . . ."

tenant named Grice . . ."

"You what?"

"Hit him. How'd I know he was an officer?"

Major Rennels broke in. "What's that?" he demanded. "You hit my adjutant?" He did not seem displeased.

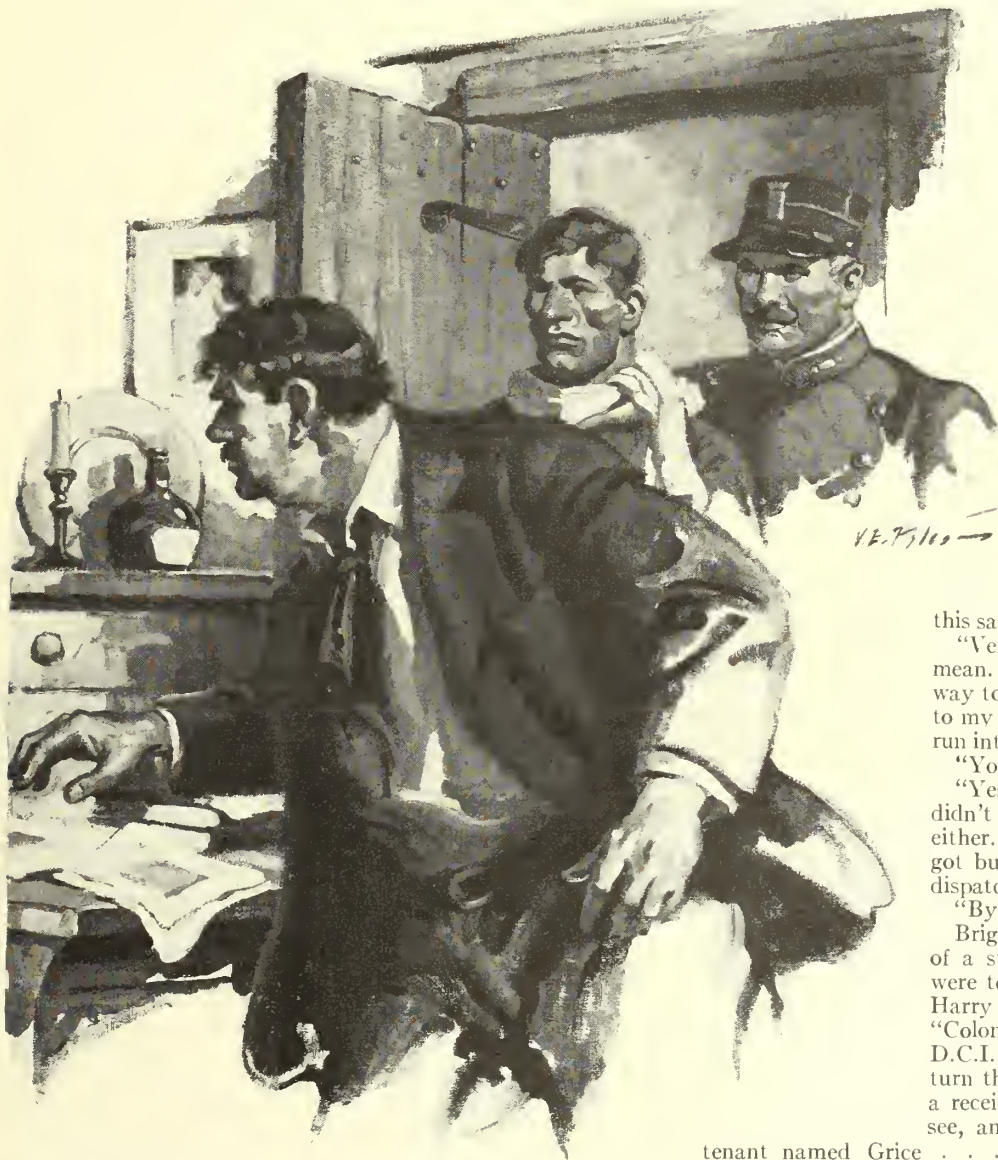
"Yes, sir," Bright hesitated, uncertain how much to tell. It occurred to him, glancing quickly about the room, that the lieutenant who had caused so much trouble was escaping these current unpleasanties. "Excuse me, sir." He left the colonel aghast while he summoned the military police lieutenant. "If you'll go get Grice, wherever you're cooling him, and bring him here . . ." he added under his breath: "Fetch that dispatch case, too, out your safe."

The colonel found his voice. "You refer to *Lieutenant Grice*!"

"Lieutenant Grice," Bright corrected. "If you'll bring him here." He tried to continue. It was difficult to explain all that first night's events. When he mentioned Josephine St. Denis even Duclose bridled. "She's a right pretty girl," Bright explained to the inspector general.

"Of importance in this case?" the colonel asked sternly.

"Hell, yes! Excuse me, sir. You see, (*Continued on page 70*)



The Blackbird regarded the dispatch case greedily. "Mine," the guttural voice pronounced. "Mine"

own volition or not, and since you are supposed to be a soldier, you will keep your knees and heels together while addressing an officer. The position is commonly called 'attention.' That's better." There was infinite patience in his tone. He added: "Do you recognize me?"

"No, sir," Bright admitted. It certainly looked as if he'd run into trouble head-on.

"It happens that I am Colonel Cutterson. I'm inspector general, at the moment, of this area. I have received information that you have been going about high-handedly placing officers in arrest."

"Nothing high-handed, sir!"

"Are you contradicting me?"

"No, sir, I ain't."

"Very well. You will answer my question, then?" Again his



EVERYBODY knows about Mammoth Cave but comparatively few have seen it. Every American boy and girl has learned about Mammoth Cave from school books, but its geographical location has kept it from becoming such a national pilgrimage center as is Niagara Falls. The opening of good motor roads all through Kentucky, however, is ushering in a new era for Mammoth Cave. Located in central Kentucky, not far from Louisville, the cave is now easily reached by motorists coming from any section of the country. Many thousands of Legionnaires who attend The American Legion's national convention in Louisville, September 30th to October 3d, will see Mammoth Cave going to or returning from Louisville, just as practically all Legionnaires from the East and Middle West who attended the San Francisco national convention in 1924 managed to see the Grand Canyon of Arizona, going to or returning from San Francisco.

Mammoth Cave National Park covers 70,000 acres and the cave itself is so large that more than eighteen hours of continuous walking is required to cover all of the four charted routes through it. Information on the cave and other side trips available to Legionnaires attending the convention may be obtained by writing to the Legion Touring Bureau, Seelbach Hotel, Louisville. Advance hotel reservations and arrangements made for special trains confirm predictions that the Louisville convention will be the largest the Legion has ever held.

Down the Old Ohio

BAND music and the shuffling of crowds over cobblestones will bring gayety to Louisville's river front between September 30th and October 3d, and at the historic street ends, where once were proudly moored the high-stacked and broad-decked steamboats of ante-bellum days, the steamboat will again pulse with life and hospitality. Many delegations of Legionnaires will journey to the Legion's national convention on the modern successors of the old-time Ohio River steamboats and the boats will be their homes while they are in Louisville. Moreover, they are going to hold open house on the boats during the convention period.

Robert E. Bentley Post, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was one of the

first up-river posts to plan its convention journey by steamboat. It chartered the river steamer *Cincinnati* for three hundred members of the post and its Auxiliary unit. During the night trip from Cincinnati to Louisville a ball will be held in the steamer's grand salon, and during convention week the Cincinnati Legionnaires will entertain, in the salon, visiting delegations from other States. West Virginia and Pennsylvania posts have also chartered steamers.

Father Time's Roll Call

MONROE County Post, of Paris, Missouri, last year joined with all other citizens of its town in celebrating the one-hundredth birthday of William Fitzhugh Thornton Buckner, oldest surviving veteran of the Mexican War. In mid-June, Monroe County Post assembled again to honor Mr. Buckner—to render the final honors which service men bestow upon a comrade at the grave. Among the Legionnaires of Monroe

Post, it happened, were four grandsons of Mr. Buckner, all of whom had served in France.

In Mr. Buckner's long after-war career Monroe County Post Legionnaires found inspiration. For years he had been a leading citizen, merchant and banker. In 1849 he took part in the gold rush to California but returned to his Missouri home after failing to make a strike. Later he bought 4,000 head of cattle and, despite many dangers and hardships, drove them overland to California, where he sold them at a huge profit.

Mr. Buckner served in the Mexican War fourteen months, after enlisting at the age of 17. One of his favorite tales was the story of his first battle, at Taos, now in New Mexico, in which, because of the in-

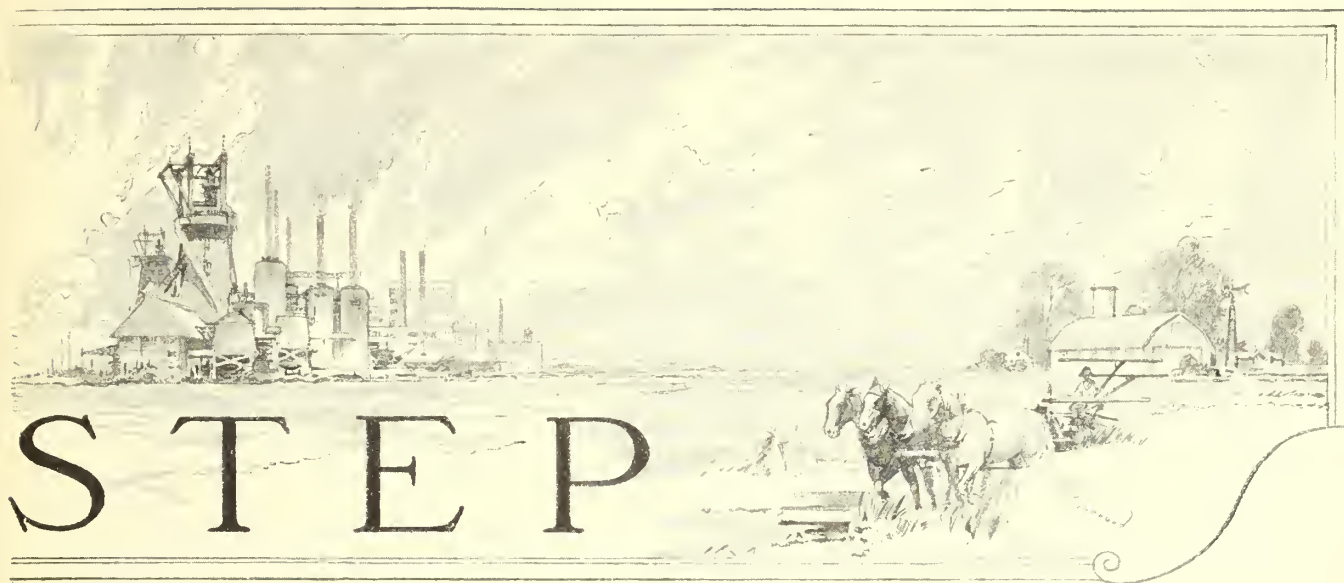
tense cold, the American soldiers burned log houses to warm their trigger fingers before going into battle.

Mr. Buckner's death leaves a sole surviving veteran of the Mexican War—Owen Thomas Edgar, of Washington, D. C., now at the age of 98. Mr. Edgar entered the war at the age of 14 and served as a 2nd Class Boy, United States Navy.

Father Time is cutting down the ranks of surviving veterans of the Civil War heavily in these later years, the United States



The doctors stepped in and told John McClosky he would have to stop work on the house he was building for his family. While McClosky was fretting on a hospital bed, his fellow Legionnaires of La Mesa (California) Post got together and finished the home for Mrs. McClosky and her children



Commissioner of Pensions reports. More than 15,000 Civil War veterans died in the year ending May 31, 1929. On that date the number of Civil War veterans on pension rolls was 61,027. One year earlier the number was 76,148.

Madame Commander!

IT WAS no mere tribute to woman's rising influence in affairs generally when Brattleboro (Vermont) Post elected Miss Lillie Young as its Commander this year; Brattleboro Post elected Miss Young because in six years of public service in its town she had shown that she would make a good boss for any post. "And now we have the largest membership in years," relates Pearl T. Clapp, Post Adjutant, adding: "I wonder if any other post not composed exclusively of women has a woman for Post Commander. Miss Young became superintendent of the Mutual Aid Association in Brattleboro six years ago and joined our post when she came to town. She has done many fine things here for children, especially in getting playgrounds started. Miss Young served with a Red Cross nursing unit on the Mexican Border in 1916 and during the war was stationed at Base Hospital No. 42 at Bazoilles in France."

Arizona Welcome

THE Old West came to life again in Arizona when National Commander Paul V. McNutt and Mrs. McNutt visited the State. Journeying by motor car toward Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. McNutt were transported in a few moments from 1929 back to 1869 when members of Ernest A. Love Post, of Prescott, loaded them into a stagecoach of pioneer days for a triumphal entry into their city. The stage was manned by two whiskered old-time drivers and passengers included Legionnaires in the roles of an Indian, a prospector and a Mexican.

"The stagecoach hadn't gone far when it was held up by three masked bandits," chronicles James L. Martin, Adjutant of Ernest A. Love Post. "Commander and Mrs. McNutt were frisked in real western style at the points of six shooters. It was pretty hard to conceal the identity of the road agents,

however—they stood revealed quickly as other members of our post. And a few moments later when the coach entered Prescott several hundred Legionnaires, men from all parts of northern Arizona, met it as a mounted escort for a trip about the town. That night, at a banquet given in honor of our visitors, Commander McNutt was presented with a ten-gallon white beaver hat by the Prescott Junior Chamber of Commerce and Mrs. McNutt was given a native turquoise as a memento."

Prescott's welcome wasn't any warmer than the one tendered Commander and Mrs. McNutt in Flagstaff, according to Commander Michael J. Ginsburg of Mark A. Moore Post.

"The National Commander and his party were met at the train by all the members of our post," Mr. Ginsburg reports. "And the Legionnaires were reinforced by several hundred citizens, a brass band and the fire department. Both fire trucks turned out. Now laugh, dern ye! The cavalcade paraded through the business district.

"From Flagstaff, Mr. and Mrs. McNutt sped on to Williams, where the entire populace greeted them amid the shrieking of whistles."

Facts and Names

THE town of Williamson, New York, is not far from the shore of Lake Ontario, a shore upon which farmers still plow up cannon balls that were fired from a British fleet during a several-minutes battle in the War of 1812. The stranger in Williamson wishing to find his way about may pick up the 100-page directory of the town which bears upon its cover the emblem of The American Legion and the name of Williamson Post. Therein, he will find a map of the town and the surrounding country, an admirable history of the town and an alphabetical list of all the town's inhabitants. If he is

interested in historical sidelights, he'll read the history carefully—and he'll chuckle over the account of that battle of 1812 whose greatest single result was the seizure of three hundred barrels of spoiled flour by the invaders while two hundred barrels of good flour were hidden out of sight.

"All the work on the directory except the printing and binding was done by post members," writes Past Post Commander Leslie L. Blake. "We sold the book at fifty cents a copy and



Thrills of the days when the West was still wild and road agents weren't a part of the prohibition forces came to National Commander McNutt and Mrs. McNutt as they traveled toward Prescott, Arizona, in a stagecoach; but the "holdup" was only a part of the welcome extended by Ernest A. Love Post

K E E P I N G S T E P

made \$250 for our post treasury. As an incidental result, the book brought many new members into the post. The book years hence will be appreciated even more than today."

Stonehenge, U. S. A.

PRIMITIVE man erected on the vastness of Salisbury Plain in England a remarkable monument of rude stones that has constituted for succeeding ages a greater puzzle than the Sphinx of Egypt. Located in the midst of 320 square miles of barren plain and obviously arranged originally in some ordered plan, Stonehenge has kept its own secret. Was it the central altar of the Druids, the priesthood of prehistoric England? Were the central stones within the circle altars upon which sacrifices were made to the gods of war?

The stones of Stonehenge are now crumbling and tumbling down, but at Maryhill, Washington, on a hilltop overlooking the Columbia River gorge, there has risen a new monument which reproduces in form and measurements the Stonehenge that existed when men fought with stones and clubs. This replica of ancient Stonehenge was dedicated on Memorial Day by Louis Leidl Post of Goldendale, Washington, at ceremonies at which spoke E. W. Robertson, Commander of the Department of Washington, and Ben S. Fisher, Commander of the Department of Oregon.

The dedication of the memorial marked the fulfillment of plans of Samuel Hill, world known pioneer of the good roads movement and many other national movements for the public good, whose home is in Klickitat

County, Washington. Mr. Hill conceived the idea for the memorial when he visited the original Stonehenge in 1917 while on a war mission to England. He made plans for his reproduction of Stonehenge when he returned to the United States early in 1918, and the central altar stones were dedicated July 4, 1918.

"We think our monument is the first permanent World War memorial started in the United States," writes Z. O. Brooks, Post Adjutant, "and it probably is the most unusual war memorial in the country. Bronze tablets bearing the names of Klickitat County's war dead and records of their service have been placed on the larger stones.

"Mr. Hill is widely known as the originator of the Peace Arch at Blaine, Washington, on the border line between the United States and Canada."

Mutual Helpfulness

IN THE earliest days of May in 1920, ex-doughboy Paul Groves of Willman Fee Post, of Wessington Springs, South Dakota, was lying on a hospital bed in Mitchell, South Dakota, his leg broken in four places. Plowing on a quarter-section farm, he had fallen from his seat. His horses had dragged him to the furrow's end at the edge of the field.

As he stared at the ceiling of his hospital room, Mr. Groves wondered how in the world he would get the crops planted on the seventy-five acres of his quarter-section which still remained unplowed.

Ten years ago when the going got tough in the woods up toward Soissons or on the muddy roads leading into the Argonne, many a doughboy shouldered a buddy's pack on marches through the darkness. The Legion-



Sam Solomon and Frank Darro, who captain Legion Junior baseball teams sponsored by Ad Men's Post in New York City, consult Mr. Babe Ruth



Louis Leidl Post had charge of the dedication of this highly unusual war memorial at Goldendale, Washington. The memorial is circular, 108 feet in diameter, and follows the original form of Stonehenge, the ancient Druid monument on Salisbury Plain in England. The photograph shows post members in front of an interior altar

K E E P I N G S T E P



Petits garçons and petites mademoiselles of the school maintained by Paris Post, dressed up for a holiday party given for them by Paris Salon of the Auxiliary's fun society, the Eight and Forty. The party was held in The American Legion War Memorial Building, one of the most active American centers in Paris

naires of Willman Fee Post still lived in the memories of their pack-carrying days. They came to Mr. Groves and told him not to worry. And on May 3d there mobilized at Mr. Groves' seventy-five acres a little army. It was composed of twenty-five farmers, mostly Legionnaires, one hundred horses, four tractors and farming machinery of other sorts—machinery worth \$20,000. Six hours the army worked. When it quit, the seventy-five acres had been disked, harrowed, seeded and harrowed again. The Legion post furnished dinner for everybody and the post's Auxiliary unit prepared and served it. And when the army disbanded, it appointed a later day when it would return to take care of the crops it had planted so generously.

Sport and Spirit

WHEN is a man a son-of-a-gun? Not very often on a bowling alley, according to F. H. Fletcher, secretary of the American Legion Bowling League of St. Louis, who writes that one of the finest things accomplished last winter by the league's series of games among twenty Legion teams was the clearing away of unjust impressions which certain players had entertained of other players before the season started.

"It was pleasing to note that men who had been marked as hard customers on information, often distributed by personal enemies, turned out to be just human, hard-working Legionnaires, wholly likable," Mr. Fletcher comments. "There is nothing like bowling to reveal a man for what he is. Wherever factional dissension is interfering with Legion spirit, bowling will restore harmony and at the same time work many other

good results, such as a general stimulation of post activities and the enrollment of large numbers of new members."

National Commander Paul V. McNutt rolled the first ball at the opening of the St. Louis league's tournament. A team from Quentin Roosevelt Post won a two-foot silver trophy as season's champion, after winning the first twenty-one games and remaining in first place throughout the season. On the last night of play this team defeated the Jackson Johnson

Post's team which had made a strong showing all season.

Show Windows

THOUSANDS of citizens of Salem, Massachusetts, learned things about their home town which surprised them when they attended the third annual food and industrial show given under the auspices of Salem Post and the 102d Field Artillery. They saw products of Salem's factories and the best things sold in Salem's stores, exhibited in more than one hundred beautifully decorated booths. They saw also Salem's prettiest babies—two hundred of them—lined up for the judges in the baby show that was a part of the exposition. And they saw too

the handiwork of the children of Salem's public schools. All in all, it was a show calculated to make every citizen proud of the town in which he lives.

"It was a sort of civic inventory," Post Adjutant Chester R. Pritchard says. "We are already making plans for a bigger and better show next year."

In Brookings, South Dakota, Orr Hoffman Post also served its town well by conducting in April its second annual industrial show, an event attended by many visitors from other towns.



Captain John M. Clarke Post of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, proud of its partnership with its town's future airmen, presents the boys' airplane club with a flag

K E E P I N G S T E P

"Citizens were grateful for the chance the show gave to study the many new and wonderful household time-saving devices," reports Roy W. Kenworthy. "Especially interesting were electric refrigerators, sewing machines, radios, dish-washing machines, vacuum cleaners and suchlike, things which every woman would like to own. The post's Auxiliary unit in co-operation with the Civic League conducted a 'better homes' exhibit."

The Legion's Q. M. C.

HERE and there in the auto graveyards, among piles of rear axles, transmissions, differentials and carburetors, one may still find a rusty specimen of the 1919 Monroe. It was a good automobile, as 1919 automobiles went, and it won the annual 500-mile race at Indianapolis's motor speedway in 1920 in competition with the world's best motor cars.

The Monroe, built in Indianapolis, joined the dodo in 1921. They stopped making it in that year. It is one thing for engineers to make a good automobile and salesmen to sell it. It is another thing to operate an automobile factory and make money. Anyway, in 1921 new and shiny Monroes stopped coming from the factory—and E. O. Marquette, assistant sales manager of the Monroe Company, found himself looking for a job.

This fact wasn't worrying Mr. Marquette much. For Mr. Marquette was very young—so young that when new acquaintances would find out he had just been through a year or so of the World War they were likely to ask him if he had served in the Boy Scouts.

About this time Mr. Marquette met on a street in Indianapolis another ex-service man from his old home town of Marion, Indiana. He was Russell G. Creviston, who had recently taken on the job of fixing up at the National Headquarters of The American Legion an administrative system that would enable the Headquarters to do business efficiently for and with the Legion's ten thousand posts. Mr. Creviston was the Legion's Assistant National Adjutant. "We're trying to get a new department at Headquarters working right," Mr. Creviston told Mr. Marquette, "and I have an idea you are the man to take hold of it."

So Mr. Marquette saw Lemuel Bolles, National Adjutant. When Creviston first introduced them, Mr. Bolles indulged in some pleasantry about "the new office boy." Whereupon Mr. Marquette resolved to grow a mustache. The mustache started to grow and Marquette started to find out how Legion buttons and grave markers, flags and other things are made and bought and marketed. In a month or two he became head of the Legion's National Emblem Division. In his first days on the job that division consisted of a few membership buttons and a typewriter. But the germs of a great future growth were already at work.

In 1921, the Legion's National Headquarters was a collection of cramped offices on the top floor of an old building. The Veterans Bureau had an office on a lower floor. The elevators were crowded daily with disabled men with claims on their way to the Bureau and new post officials coming in to the Legion's National Headquarters to find out how to get members and how to do other things. Great bags of mail were delivered to Headquarters daily. The Legion was growing vigorously. The posts wanted supplies of all sorts and wanted them quickly. Mar-

quette saw that they got what they wanted. He quickly got together his stock of standard articles every post would need; his office became a museum of manufacturers' samples. Far and wide he sent his inquiries for materials and articles, preparing specifications for the twenty or thirty things which he had to buy and sell in those pioneer days, insisting on quality in raw material and superior workmanship. Always he kept on until he satisfied himself that he was getting the best possible article at a reasonable price—whether that article happened to be a large silk flag or a Past Post Commander's badge.

In those early days the division had not issued a catalogue. A printed leaflet was prepared for each article sold. Legionnaires sending in inquiries would get back a dozen of these leaflets.

That system was followed in 1921, but in 1922 the division's first catalogue appeared—a twenty-four page booklet on flimsy paper. Not much of a catalogue, but it was easy to understand and the things listed in it were the things everybody wanted.

Many of them are the things posts still want—banners, athletic medals, grave markers, bronze memorial tablets, convention badges, Legion jewelry, belts, auto decorations, post lamps and post accounting systems.

It is interesting to study that old catalogue beside the beautiful catalogue of the Emblem Division for 1929, a bulky booklet of almost seventy pages, with colored illustrations, in which are listed ten times as many things as the division sold in 1920. Today's catalogue is a part of every post's library and most posts order from it many times yearly.

Since that first catalogue was issued, posts and individual Legionnaires have bought from the National Emblem Division articles costing more than \$2,500,000. Gross sales of \$248,757 in 1922 had risen to \$354,943 in 1928, and each of the intervening years had seen a steady growth in sales. And last year, as in other years, the National Emblem Division had made a net profit of around \$55,000.

Visitors to the Legion's National Headquarters building on Indianapolis's War Memorial Plaza see the Emblem Division's offices and stock-rooms and vaults. They realize the magnitude of the business whose yearly sales and net profits are a surprising evidence of the success of co-operative buying and co-operative selling.

The entire net profit of the division helps meet the expenses of operating the national organization of The American Legion, supplementing the amount made available from national membership dues. It is only by buying in large volume and by selling in equally large volume that the comparatively low prices charged by the division are made possible. Were posts and individual members to purchase the same articles in the open market, they would pay much more for them. The division roughly classifies articles it sells in two groups. One is composed of essentials, such as grave markers and caps; the other includes such things as cigarette cases and rings—luxuries. The division supplies essentials at prices leaving little margin of profit. On non-essentials its profits are greater, although prices for these are still below those in outside markets.

In the last few years the Emblem Division has developed into a film producing and film distributing agency. It now issues a special catalogue describing fourteen separate productions which it will rent to posts. The last film added to the list is entitled "Old Glory." Mr. Marquette wrote the scenario and



A moment during the making of "Old Glory," the Legion flag etiquette film now being shown by posts everywhere. E. O. Marquette, head of the National Emblem Division, is film director. Dan Sowers, director of the National Americanism Commission, in the role of a judge

K E E P I N G S T E P



Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life, and Frederick H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan, speak at the joint Memorial Day ceremonies conducted by the Legion posts composed of men in home offices of their companies



Color Guards of Metropolitan Post and Nylic Post marching past the reviewing stand in Madison Square Park in New York City during the parade that preceded the joint Memorial Day ceremonies of the two insurance company posts

directed the production. Legionnaires at National Headquarters played all roles. The film is based on the Legion's code of flag etiquette.

The division offers to posts films of all national conventions. Mr. Marquette himself was cameraman for the motion pictures taken at the Paris and San Antonio conventions.

On Detached Service

EVANSTON (Illinois) Post will miss its most prominent member when it gathers for its usual and its extraordinary events in the post's new clubhouse, but London (England) Post has gained a new member. Legionnaire Charles G. Dawes, former Vice President of the United States and recently-appointed Ambassador to England, accepted membership in London Post as soon as he arrived in London. One of his first engagements in London was as spokesman for The American Legion at the annual dinner of the British Empire Service League. He attended this dinner at the request of National Commander Paul V. McNutt. Proposing a toast to the health of Ambassador Dawes, the Prince of Wales said:

"We know General Dawes in our country as a regular fellow. We warmly welcome him, not only as an ambassador but also as a representative of the former service men of the United States."

London Post gained another new member at the same time it enrolled General Dawes. He is Albert Halstead, American Consul General in London.

Souvenir Hounds

IF THERE is any A. E. F. veteran who didn't bring a souvenir back from France, he doesn't live in Niles, Ohio. William McKinley Post found that out when it appointed a war souvenirs committee and asked all members to go down into their trunks for paraphernalia of war and other mementoes they brought home ten years ago. The post announced it would

display all relics in windows of stores and in the schools before making a permanent exhibit of them in the post clubhouse in specially-built cases.

"Everything went off fine," reports Legionnaire S. J. Bonham, principal of McKinley High School. "Six long tables were used for displaying the collection. Each article was marked with owner's name and a card bearing a detailed history of the article. Small articles were sewed to large squares of cardboard."

"The local newspaper ran stories on the relics for ten successive days. Kiwanis, Rotary and Exchange Clubs featured the display at their weekly meetings and heard Legionnaire speakers talk about the relics and the Legion's program. The schools asked for the exhibit and Legion speakers. Ministers gave sermons on the Legion's program and mentioned in detail the relics we had assembled. All in all, the exhibit brought new life into our outfit and we feel that any other post could carry out the idea with equal results."

United in Memory

IN MADISON Square Park, in the heart of New York City's business district, stands the monument of the Eternal Light, honoring the memory of those who gave their lives in the World War, and close by the flagstaff and the flame which compose the memorial are rows of memorial trees. These trees are dedicated to the memory of men of the home offices of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the New York Life Insurance Company who gave their lives in the World War.

Overlooking the park and its memorial trees and separated by only two blocks are the huge office buildings of the two insurance companies, in which work many thousands of men and women, including the members of two of the largest Legion posts in New York City—Metropolitan Post, composed of service men of the home offices of the Metropolitan company, and Nylic Post, the New York Life Insurance Company post.

K E E P I N G S T E P

Each year on Memorial Day, bugles sound assembly in Madison Square Park and the Legionnaires of the two life insurance posts gather for ceremonies about the memorial trees after marching through the streets that bound the park.

"This year's observance was especially noteworthy," reports Charles F. Hayes, Commander of Metropolitan Post. "More than 450 Legionnaires marched to the park for the ceremonies at the Eternal Light and the rows of memorial trees, and memorial addresses were given by Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, and Frederick H. Ecker, President, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

President Hoover to Attend

HERBERT Hoover, President of the United States, hopes to attend the national convention of The American Legion in Louisville, September 30th to October 3d. He tentatively accepted an invitation presented by John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee.

In addition to scores of reunions of wartime outfits to be held during the convention, there will be special entertainment features for former medical officers. Louisville physicians will maintain convention headquarters for them in the Brown-Martin Building. Dr. James F. Lutz, 4349 Park Boulevard, Louisville, will send information upon request.

Looking Abroad

NATIONAL Commander Paul V. McNutt has designated September 12th, the anniversary of the opening of the Battle of St. Mihiel, as a day which each post of the Legion shall observe by conducting a program on international relations. Commander McNutt has suggested that posts which find it impracticable to hold meetings on September 12th shall give the special programs in connection with regular meetings which fall nearest that date. The National Executive Committee, at its meeting in May, approved the plan for special programs which was submitted by the Legion's World Peace and Foreign Relations Committee. Under the National Executive Committee's action, the special programs are to be given annually.

National Adjutant James F. Barton has sent to all posts a letter containing subjects suitable for discussion and suggesting that each Post Commander try to obtain eminently-qualified speakers who can discuss phases of international relations authoritatively. The bulletin states that additional material for the programs may be obtained from the chairman of the Le-

gion's Committee on World Peace and Foreign Relations, Lemuel Bolles, 50 Church Street, New York City.

Boulder Dam

GEORGE W. Malone, of Carson City, Nevada, National Vice Commander of The American Legion, reports that opportunities for World War service men to settle on Government land which will get water from Boulder Dam do not exist at this time, and that employment opportunities in the section adjoining the site of the dam are now negligible and will not improve to the extent indicated by misleading information distributed about the country.

"All Government lands under the project, in the States of Arizona, Nevada and California, have been withdrawn from entry and will not be reopened and advertised until water is made available by the project," Mr. Malone writes. "The estimated time for the construction of the dam is seven years, so it is certain that Government lands, upon which service men will have exclusive right of entry for three months, will not be available for a considerable period.

"It will be at least another year before contracts for actual construction will be let, and, although service men are to be given preference on construction work, the maximum number to be employed when the work is fully under way is only 2,500. When the first construction contracts are let, there will be openings for only three or four hundred men. It would be unfortunate if men from remote sections of the country swarmed to the section in the hope of finding immediate work."

Mr. Malone's information supplements warnings against the activities of unscrupulous real estate promoters in the area near the dam which have been distributed by many agencies, such as the National Better Business Bureau.

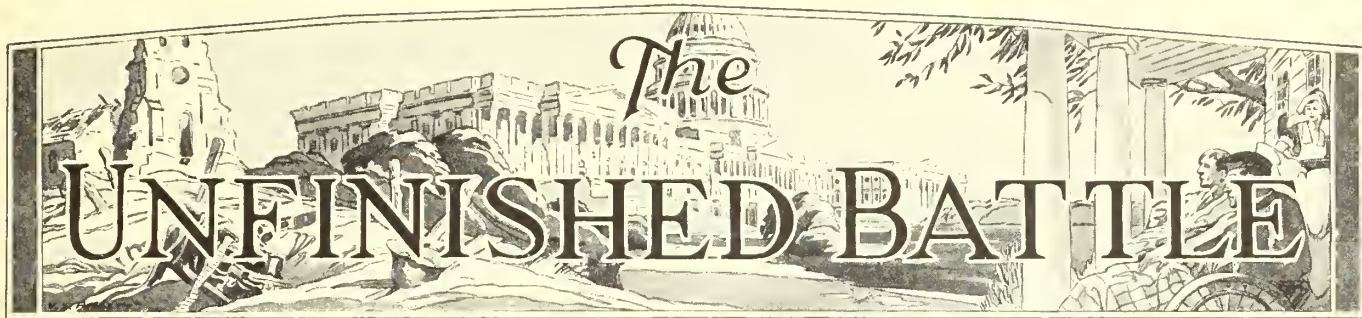
The Roll Call

SIX Legionnaires are among the contributors to this issue of the Monthly. Mary Lee is a member of Newton Post of Newtonville, Massachusetts, of which her brother, Guy H. Lee, Boston landscape architect, is also a member. Mr. Lee served as a lieutenant of infantry in the 76th and subsequently in the 82d Division. . . . Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, of Columbus, Ohio, is National Chaplain of The American Legion. . . . Marquis James belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. . . . William T. Scanlon is a member of Marines Post of Chicago. . . . Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post, of Traverse City, Michigan.

RIGHT GUIDE



Legion posts up and down the Ohio River are planning to travel by steamboat to the Legion's national convention in Louisville. Louisville's historic waterfront will be a center of gayety when fifty thousand or more Legionnaires fill the city for the Legion's largest national convention, which will probably be attended by Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, who accepted an invitation tendered to him in July



EACH year, in the opinion of the National Rehabilitation Committee, has witnessed a steady improvement in the general administration and the efficiency of the Veterans Bureau, but widespread injustices to certain classes of disabled men which can only be remedied by the enactment of additional legislation will be considered by the Legion's national convention at Louisville, September 30th to October 3d. In recent months, many problems have been clamoring for the Legion's special attention. Prominent among the rehabilitation issues which will be faced by the National Rehabilitation Committee in preparing its recommendations for the national convention are these:

1. The problem of the uncompensated disabled men, especially men suffering from tuberculosis and mental or nervous disabilities. In every Bureau hospital are large numbers of patients denied compensation because they are unable to prove that they developed tuberculosis or a mental or nervous ailment prior to January 1, 1925, the date established as the time limit for presumptive service connection. Experience has demonstrated that the arbitrary time limit deprives of governmental financial aid large numbers who would appear entitled to it by rules of reason and justice.

2. The problem of suits against the Government by totally disabled men and heirs of deceased disabled men to compel payment under the total and permanent disability contract of Government insurance policies. It is estimated that 4,000 such suits had been filed for a total amount claimed due of almost \$40,000,000 before the right to sue expired on May 29, 1929. An amendment to extend the period during which suits may be brought is being advocated.

3. The hospitalization crisis. The National Rehabilitation Committee has ascertained by a survey that many thousands of service men suffering from mental and nervous disabilities are being denied admission to Bureau hospitals solely because bed facilities are lacking. Many of these men are being cared for in State and city institutions for the insane or in their homes and are not receiving modern treatment that would give them a chance for recovery. The Legion is advocating immediate Congressional authorization for a hospital-building program that would provide the beds needed for these men.

4. The general problem of hospitalization of service men suffering from disabilities considered, under existing legislation, as not service-connected. A large percentage of available beds in hospitals for all types of ailments are occupied by men who can not prove service connection. The Legion is studying the complex questions involved in this situation, such as the many proposals to liberalize the regulations for the establishment of service connection and the proposals of allowances for dependents of patients not drawing compensation.

5. The question of an extension of the period for making applications for retirement under the Disabled Emergency Officers Retirement Act. Many potential beneficiaries failed to apply before May 24, 1929, the time limit fixed by law. Incidentally, appeals on claims received within the time limit but disallowed must be filed in writing within six months after receipt of notice of the rejection.

THE National Rehabilitation Committee is urging upon all disabled veterans who have not yet filed claims for disability compensation the importance of filing their claims before April 6, 1930, the time limit established under present legislation. The World War Veterans Act requires that all claims be filed within five years after death or disability occurs, but specifies that where a claim has not been filed within this five-year period, it may, when accompanied by an affidavit explaining the reasons why it was not filed within the period, be filed at the discretion of the Director of the Veterans Bureau up to April 6, 1930.

CHANGES in legislation to make Government Life Insurance even more desirable than now will be sought by the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee when Congress convenes in December. The Legion will ask Congress to provide that there shall be no reduction in the face of a policy from payments made for total and permanent total disability and that the entire cost of payments for total and permanent disability under insurance contracts shall be met by the Government. The Legion also advocates increasing the amounts payable under insurance contracts on total and permanent disability. On policies of

\$10,000, these payments now are \$57.50 a month. Under the Legion's plan, payments would be \$100 a month—\$10 a month for each \$1,000 of insurance carried. The Legion also asks liberality in recognition of total and permanent disability claims, contending claims should be automatically allowed after an insured policyholder has been totally disabled for a limited number of months. A bill, embodying these recommended provisions and endorsed by the Veterans Bureau, failed of passage at the last regular session of Congress.

ALIEN veterans may become naturalized citizens of the United States on the same terms, conditions and exemptions which would have been accorded them had they petitioned for naturalization before the signing of the Armistice. They may appear, file petition in person and take oath of allegiance in open federal court.

EVERY American Legion post and Auxiliary unit is anxious to learn the names of Gold Star Mothers and widows whose sons and husbands lie buried in the A. E. F. cemeteries overseas. It wants to inform them that the United States Government in 1930 will begin conducting a series of Gold Star pilgrimages to the cemeteries abroad. Full details of the pilgrimages were published on page 30 of the Monthly for July. Posts and units are urged to send names of eligible mothers and widows to the Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, D. C. The Government will meet all expenses of the pilgrimages, the first of which will be made in May, 1930.

THE Veterans Bureau has adopted new regulations under which cases carrying permanent disability ratings of 10 percent or more will be called for re-examinations at intervals of five years, and veterans whose disabilities are classed as temporary and of 10 percent or more will be called for re-examinations at intervals of not less than one year or more than two years. In the latter group, the intervals will be fixed by the regional medical officer who will determine the probable period of time which would elapse before there would be a change in the physical condition of the individuals. No re-examinations will be called for men suffering from permanent disabilities of a character not likely to bring changes in physical condition. In cases of completely-arrested tuberculosis, rated upon a temporary basis until they have reached the stage of apparent cure, no re-examinations will ordinarily be scheduled. The National Rehabilitation Committee believes that the reduction in the number and frequency of re-examinations will be generally approved by men drawing compensation.

FOR information on Government lands open to homestead entry and preferential rights accorded World War veterans write Commissioner, General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. Government land now available is for the most part not desirable for general farming.

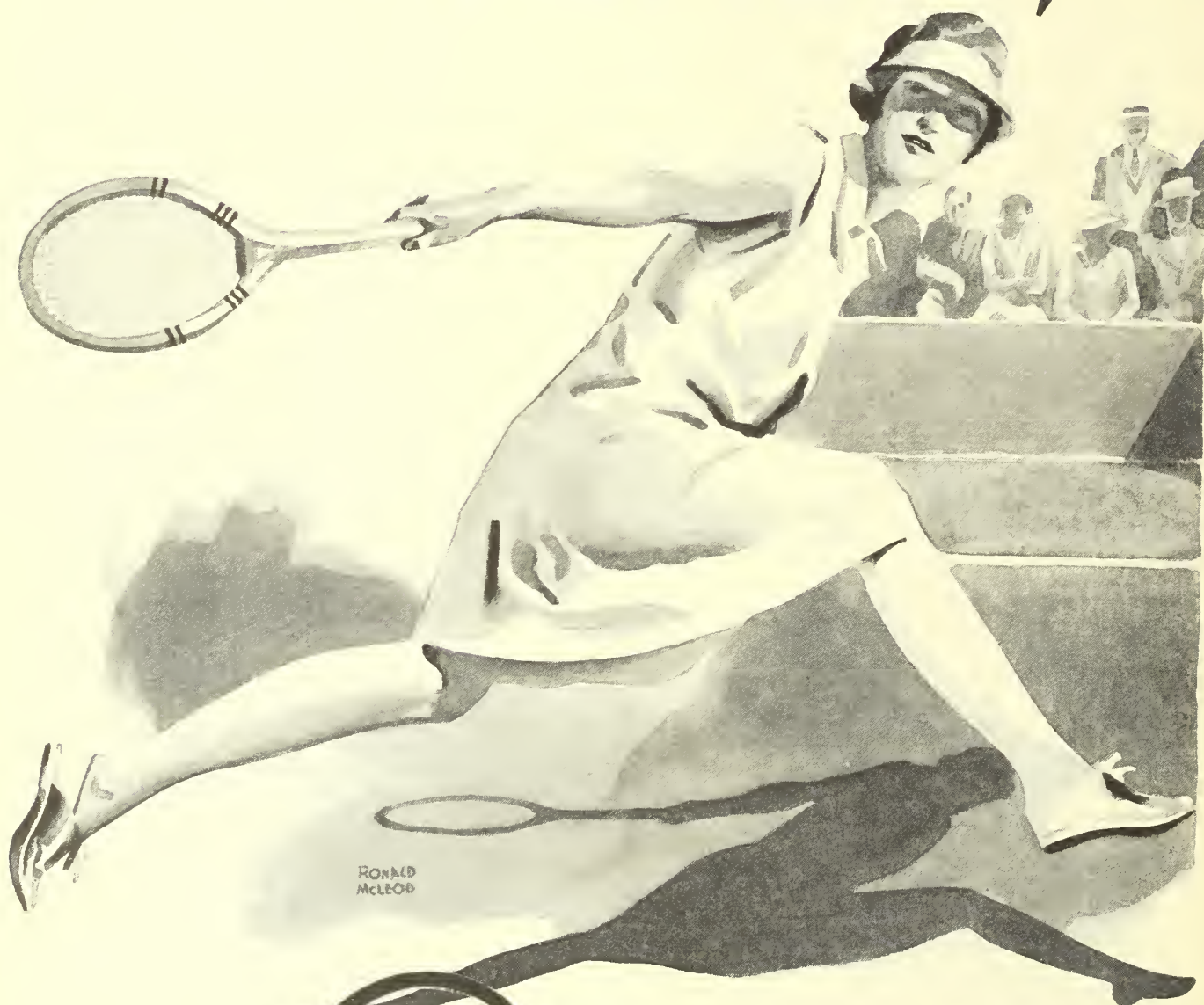
ANY post wanting a captured German war trophy may send an inquiry to the War Department in Washington, D. C., although stocks of such things as machine guns, bayonets, body armor, rifles, sabers and shell casings are rapidly dwindling.

Regulations provide all charges incident to shipment of trophies from Army depots must be paid by those who receive them. On heavy articles freight charges are often high, and posts should ascertain the charges in advance, particularly when articles must be shipped long distances.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

...on the court it's

FLASH!

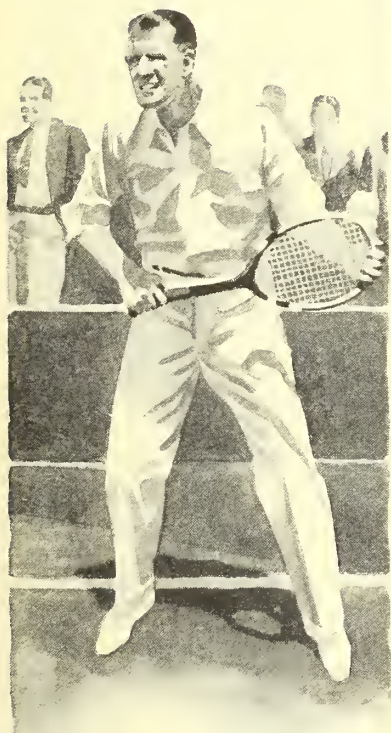


Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos,

...in a cigarette it's

TASTE



A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one*!

In other words, taste is what really counts—and taste certainly comes first in Chesterfield. Every tobacco type, every tobacco quality, is chosen for the *taste* it can add . . . Turkish for aroma, Virginia for satisfying character and mildness, Burley for "rounding out" the blend.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield are not only blended, but "cross-blended." This extra step, developed by our own scientists, produces a natural flavor and aroma in Chesterfield, with a freedom from irritation and harshness, that ordinary blending cannot approach.

Good taste—could any *ten* other reasons equal that?



TASTE *above everything*

field

.... not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

The GERMAN VETERAN SPEAKS

By John Black

IT WAS October, 1918 and chance had brought me to a French prison camp a short distance from St. Nazaire. My American uniform was sufficient to gain me admission, and I wandered about the enclosure for an hour among the German prisoners. I was full of eagerness and curiosity. What did these men think of war—this war? What was their attitude toward German militarism? But it was no use. I couldn't speak German and they couldn't speak English. And a keen-eyed French sous-officier was watching to see that there was no infringement of the rule forbidding conversation with prisoners.

So the German story went untold, so far as I was concerned. It went untold until recent months, since when six books by German ex-soldiers have appeared here in translation.

A reading of these books serves to lift the curtain on what has been going on in the German veteran's mind. The enemy of a decade ago has decided that it can be told. And these books obviously reveal much of the present mood of the German veteran. For the most part the things which the German soldier resented were the same things that the poilu, the Tommy and the Yank kicked about.

No, the Jerries didn't like it any more than we did. Take "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," for example. It is a powerfully told story with a second-rate theme—all about a Russian peasant-soldier, captured in Germany, who finds himself enmeshed in the red tape of Prussian court-martials. Here and there—one page in a hundred—is a flash of protest against the war idea. For the most part, though, "Sergeant Grischa" is remote from fighting. It lacks the dramatic force of a story about the actual combat. It is merely a good tale of army officialdom, told with a keen sense of irony.

One closes "Sergeant Grischa," therefore, with a vague sense of dissatisfaction. For when all is said and done, this book might just as well have been written about the Napoleonic wars or the Franco-Prussian War. It does not identify itself psychologically with the World War. It sounds no new note, it offers no informative, constructive glimpse of what the war taught. And when one considers that "Sergeant Grischa" soon after its appearance became the most popular war novel in Germany, the fact offers scant encouragement to those who might hope for the birth of a less belligerent spirit in the German republic that has succeeded the Hohenzollerns.

But not so fast! Look at another German war story of a very different pattern. Let me introduce "Private Suhren." Private Suhren—the fictional name of the author, George von der Vring—is a German rifleman who goes through the whole party, and comes out—as a real war hero should come out—on a stretcher. This German soldier was not a bit enthusiastic about fighting, and he had no special fondness for the Kaiser either. But he was in it, and he decided to do his bit. The whole portrait of Suhren is convincing, and several passages stand out as exceptionally

good writing. The description of a regiment stricken with dysentery is capital—and bitter, too; and it doesn't leave the reader hungering for another war.

That mood of detachment, that faculty for catching and retaining memories of loved ones, even in the white heat of conflict, is what makes "Private Suhren" a notable

book. To the veteran it is a satisfying book. It does not deal in heroics, and it does not bellyache. Is Suhren typical of any considerable part of the German veteran millions?

The story of Suhren is focused directly upon the war as a combatant saw it. The tale opens with Suhren

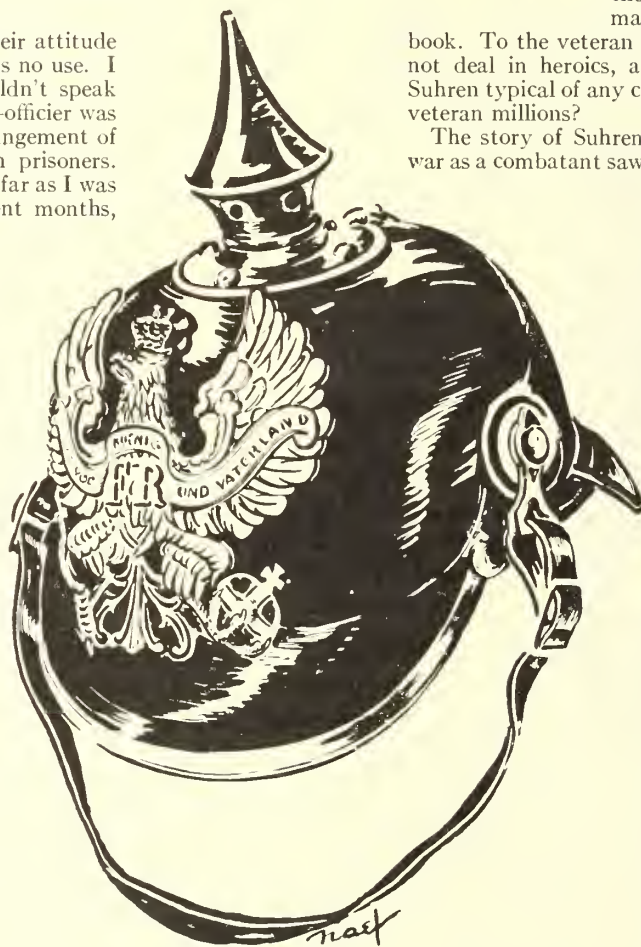
in barracks, learning the elements of military life; succeeding chapters carry him by progressive steps nearer and nearer to the front. The descriptions of these pre-battle days are particularly interesting; they are replete with vivid soldier repartee about food, kitchen police, army discipline, and the Kaiser. Suhren's buddies didn't like the Kaiser. They made up a song about him—a racy barrack-room ballad which they sang gaily when no officers were within hearing. I cannot but regret that the song was not quoted in the book. Perhaps it is the song's fault.

Then the unit is ordered to prepare for the lines. The first session of dugouts and battle takes its toll of Suhren's companions, and the survivors carry their dead to an ambulance. Mr. Von der Vring's conversations, always crisp and authentic, are nowhere more convincing than in this chapter.

German army discipline had odd tricks of its own.

One of these was to insist upon soldiers attending religious service. Suhren's unit put in a night of bitter fighting and then withdrew to a little village just behind the lines. The first order issued next morning was that they all attend prayers in an improvised chapel! I wonder what would have happened if such an order had been issued in the A.E.F. Even the stoical Germans grumbled a little according to Mr. Von der Vring. A few riflemen went temporarily A. W. O. L.—this aroused the Prussian ire of the officers, and the offenders were punished.

The next German soldier with a tale to tell is Fritz von Unruh, author of "Way of Sacrifice." This novel is a thinly veiled self-story, the experiences and thoughts of the chief character, Captain Von Werner, being mostly those of the author. Unruh, it might be mentioned, was born in the military tradition, being the son of a former German general who had been a confidant of Hindenburg. "Way of Sacrifice," incongruously enough considering the author's environment, is a bitter denunciation of war. It concerns itself not at all with the monotonous routine of army life, but plunges into actual combat. All the horrors of conflict are pictured with brutal and savage realism. (Continued on page 66)



THEN AND NOW

Wartime Romances Last—One Home-Product Mascot—Another Nearest-to-the-Front—"Then and Now Gangsters"?—The Disabled's S. O. S.—Many Reunions

THEN and Now Gangsters!" Now there's a hot title for the honorable men and women of our organization to consider carefully. The Company Clerk always doubted the advisability of dubbing our outfit the "Then and Now Gang"—that "gang" had a dubious connotation—and now the worst has happened, and we can thank a brand new member of the bunch for it, and he doesn't hail from Chicago, either!

Says Legionnaire George H. Merrill, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, in response to a letter of welcome from us: "I am very glad to be, and thank you very much for listing me as a regular 'Then and Now Gangster'." And there it is!

But we can overlook the insinuation, because Merrill has something interesting to tell all of us:

"That picture in the July Monthly of the war brides and their soldier husbands on the *Pocahontas* gave me an awful kick for I have one of the original prints here and also because my wife and I are quite 'front and center' in the picture.

"There we are—the girl with the wide hat on the pile of life preservers and her then-sergeant i.e. husband. Gee, that recalls some real thrills and I am happy to be able to say we have steered clear of the rocks. And the little French wife has become a regular Yankee.

"Our friend, C. B. M., Jr., who sent you the picture, is a little off on the time, as the picture was taken on September 1, 1919. We left Brest on August 31st and arrived in New York on September 10th and were paid off the following morning.

"Another really happy marriage is that of the couple at our left on the life preservers—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cuttone, formerly of Waltham, Massachusetts. On account of Mrs. Cuttone's ill health, they were compelled to return to France. Now both of them pray every night to get back here. I sent them a Sunday *Advertiser* and Sam says he has read it three times and is not through yet—then I sent the July Monthly so he could see the picture. He was with the 1106th Replacement Squadron at Romorantin.

"I was with seven different outfits and in three branches of the service but what I really call my own outfit was the 80th Aero Squadron under Captain James Kelly. If living, I wonder if he will remember the day he told us soldiers we would make damned good bricklayers.

"If you ever hear from Dick Hansen who came from Terre Haute, Indiana, let me know, for there was the whitest friend a fellow ever had and I have lost track of him completely."

SO NOW we have two of the dozen or so couples in that picture identified. The two are from your home State, Moseley.

Our invitation for more news of war unions brought additional responses. For instance, this news from Mrs. Peter I. Bukowski, of Palatine, Illinois, who tells of the English girls:

"What of the War Bride?—asks the July Monthly, printing a picture of French war brides. Well, there are enough British war brides in Chicago to have formed a small club about three years ago which is gradually increasing its membership. They can report that quite a large percentage of the war marriages were successful. Judging by the club membership, 92 percent of the war romances have stood the strain of these ten years of married life.

"Of course, the British-American unions had, perhaps, a smaller element of risk attached than the French and German ones: the language at least being (almost!) the same.

"It would be interesting to hear how the war brides of other nations have fared. The Chicago British War Brides' Club would be glad to hear from other British war brides in Chicago and elsewhere. They would find it interesting to exchange accounts of the honeymoon trips over the Atlantic as guests of Uncle Sam.

"Who came over on the U. S. S. *Plattsburg* in August of 1919?—and so on. The suggestion is offered that the war brides in other cities form clubs—if none already exists—and then contrive to enroll these members again in the American Legion Auxiliary. This would serve to knit together in bonds of friendship those who came over to be American wives and mothers. They would find much in common: their former ties were similar and they are most of them trying to prove themselves 100 percent Americans.

"I am a member of the Auxiliary unit of Pulaski Post of the Legion and president of the British War Brides' Club of Chicago."

An idea worth considering seriously.

WE ARE in a position to give prompt response to Mrs. Bukowski's inquiry regarding war brides of other nations, through the help of Legionnaire James G. Smith of Hill-Emery Post, Quincy, Illinois. He is one of the many American soldiers who brought back better-halves from the ex-enemy country and here's his happy story:

"I married a German girl while a member of Army Headquarters at Coblenz, Germany, after I had re-enlisted, like many others, when my original outfit returned to the States.

"Mrs. Smith speaks both English and German fluently and also some French. We came home on the U. S. Army Transport *Cambria*. Leaving Coblenz on the evening of May 22, 1921, we sailed from Antwerp, Belgium, the following morning and arrived in Hoboken on June 6th.

"There were about 159 war brides of many nationalities on the ship and when about half-way home there was a scrap between some of the French and German girls. Not serious, though.

"I would be glad to hear from anyone who came over with us at that time. There were about seventy babies on the ship.



*If we find these two Marines, Frank E. Eramo and Edeland Latuleppe, we may be able to add three members to our Association of Surviving Mascots. They unloaded from the U. S. S. *Virginia* at Boston, August 4, 1919. Where are they?*

❧ *THE N and NOW* ❧

I had one boy, eight weeks old, at that time and I have two younger American-born girls, aged six and four years."

Then Mrs. Alexandrine (Perrot) Hamilton, of Kent, Ohio, offers another word for the French girls:

"As I am a member of The American Legion Auxiliary, I am waiting every month for The American Legion magazine which I more than enjoy. It always has such fine stories in it.

"In the July issue I saw the picture of a few war brides and their husbands. Like you, I wonder how many of these romances landed on the rocks. Well, I am also a French war bride and a very happy one.

"I left Brest the 17th of November, 1919, on the *Siboney*. Nineteen French girls were on the ship and I wonder if they are still in America.

"America perhaps has been harder for us girls than France was for you soldiers to learn—not only the language but the *savoir vivre* and customs of the country.

"About thirty girls of my home town in France married American boys. Three I know of have been divorced and two died. I do not know where the rest are living in the States. Three sisters from my town married Americans. I lived in Lambazellec, near Pontanezen Camp, not far from Brest.

"My Auxiliary unit is a very active one as much so as the Legion post, and I am proud to be a member."

The "savoir vivre" in Mrs. Hamilton's letter was a strain on our doughboy French, but we learn that it means "good manners."

And now how about war brides from Belgium or other European countries? We'd like to hear from more of them.

HOLD everything! Line up, you mess sergeants, cooks and bakers and K. P.'s, and let us have your comments on a claim filed by W. A. Reid of Lebanon, Ohio, which brings to the fore that much-praised or much-maligned mess detail of service days. We have passed on to the Gang claims of the outfits which fired the last shot in the war, the ones which played the nearest-to-the-front baseball game, the ones in which the first mule of the A. E. F. was foaled, and now we have another argument on our hands.

In transmitting the unofficial photograph which is displayed on this page, the aforementioned Reid, ex-sergeant major, second Battalion, 147th Infantry, 37th Division, makes a big claim for the mess detail of Company E of his battalion. Says he:

"I am enclosing a snapshot which I took during the time when cameras were supposed to be under a ban in the A. E. F. In all I have about three hundred prints in my collection and at that, most of my pictures of the Argonne and St. Mihiel sectors were ruined on account of the wet weather. I had to carry them too long before I found a chance to get them developed.

"The picture which I am enclosing is of the 'Smoky Joe Soup

Wagon' of Company E of our regiment. We had this old wagon all the way through our service overseas and it was some job to get a meal on it, but even at that Company E put out slum so that they liked it.

"And here's a claim which I think will stick: This kitchen was in advance of all other kitchens the first seven days of the Argonne scrap which started on September 26th.

"The enclosed picture of the kitchen and detail was taken in the town of Denville, on top of the hill outside of Baccarat, while we were in reserve in the Baccarat training sector. My brother, Jake, who died four years ago last April, is standing near the wall, and Bob Robinson, Al Ertle and Mowery are at the right."

LET us introduce to the Gang our first real American boy mascot, Willie MacQueen, of Dearborn, Michigan. Boy mascots are not new to the Gang—we have shown pictures of a number of them, but they were all either French or Belgian lads attached to A. E. F. outfits. And Willie, according to a letter we received with the picture on this page from his dad, William J. MacQueen, of Atlanta, Michigan, will need no introduction to several thousand soldiers who drove Army trucks.

This story is, therefore, for the rest of you: "During the war, my son was the most enthusiastic soldier in the Union, even though he was but eleven years old. We were living in Clintonville, Wisconsin, where battalion after battalion of soldiers came to the F. W. D. Truck factory to learn the mechanism of the trucks and how to drive them.

"Willie would meet the trains at a junction outside the city and by the time the soldiers were ready to leave for quarters, he knew every man on board. We couldn't keep him at home—he was constantly at the barracks.

"He became so proficient in military tactics that often the major would turn the battalion over to him to put it through its maneuvers. Captains would let him drill companies and the boys said he could give them all cards and spades and then beat them out. Major Short of Lexington, Kentucky,

furnished him with a uniform and put a captain's bars on his shoulders.

"During the Victory Liberty Loan drive, he went alone to the schools at Appleton and Green Bay, gave his three-minute talk and went through the manual of arms.

"Willie is now past 21 years and is with the Dearborn State Bank. No doubt many Legionnaires will recall the lad who put them through their paces."

JUST as we had despaired of getting an identification of the men who are featured in the official

Signal Corps picture reproduced in the March issue of the Monthly. Legionnaire Joseph L. Schecter, of Cleveland, Ohio, ex-sergeant of Battery E, Sixth Field Artillery, belatedly came across with information which we believe is correct. The picture, you will recall, showed three soldiers posed around a



Truck drivers and mechanics who learned of trucks in Clintonville, Wisconsin, will remember "Captain" Willie MacQueen. Willie is our first home-product mascot



Was this the farthest-in-advance kitchen of all kitchens in the line during the first seven days of the Meuse-Argonne scrap? So claims W. A. Reid of Lebanon, Ohio, in sending in this picture of the "Smoky Joe Soup Wagon" of Company E, 147th Infantry

❧ THEN and NOW ❧



How many men of the old First, or of any other outfit, can tell us who the soldiers are in the above group? The U. S. Signal Corps, Photographic Section, has this picture catalogued: "Men of the First Trench Battery resting by the roadside. First Division. Bonvillers, France, May 7, 1918." Just what interests this gang?

Hotchkiss anti-aircraft gun mounted on a wagon-wheel base, and was reported to have been taken in Menil-la-Tour, France.

Schechter's statement is so straightforward that we feel convinced he is correct in this identification:

"The picture of E Battery, Sixth Field Artillery, machine gun squad which you show in Then and Now in the March Monthly was taken in a courtyard back of First Division Headquarters in Menil-la-Tour. Here are the names of the men, which I am sure are correct, and the former addresses to the best of my knowledge:

"The man on the left, the short one, is William L. Russell, who lived at 112 Center Street, Pittston, Pennsylvania.

"The smiling one in the center, with his coat unhooked, is Amie M. Lybrand, formerly of Pan Creek, South Carolina. Lybrand is still in service in the First Cavalry and I believe is a corporal. He is considered the best polo pony trainer in the United States and was here in Cleveland last fall when the Army played polo with several country club teams. He is stationed in Fort Bliss, Texas.

"The short chunky one on the right is John Sprinski, who hailed from Toledo, Ohio. In 1925 I heard that he was with some organization in Panama."

THE service records in the Adjutant General's Office in Washington confirmed the names as reported by Schechter, except that William L. Russell is reported as William L. Ruschel. Ruschel and Sprinski were last reported in their same home towns, Pittston, Pennsylvania, and Toledo, Ohio, respectively. The same records show that Amie M. Lybrand is now a sergeant in Troop B of the Seventh Cavalry in Fort Bliss, Texas.

Letters we addressed to these men, sending them copies of the March Monthly and asking them to confirm Schechter's identification, have brought only one response—from William L. Ruschel. Our letter to Ruschel followed him from Pittston to Duryea, Pennsylvania, his new home town. He confirms the identifications as offered by Comrade Schechter and also the addresses shown in Schechter's letter.

So far neither Sprinski nor Lybrand have come across with answers and we suggest that the Toledo and Fort Bliss Legionnaires dig out these men and have them write to us.

Now that the men in the March picture have been identified, we give the readers a shot at another one. The official Signal Corps photograph, on this page, will be of particular interest again to First Division men, as it discloses men of the First Trench Battery of that division. We don't know just what the center of interest is, but it seems that one of the men is trying to introduce the dog mascot to some small animal—possibly a famous French snail.

We'd like to know who the men are, individually, just what is taking place, and also what became of the pooch. The latter might be a prospective member of the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War.

WITH the Legion department conventions well under way at the time of this writing, and with the national convention in the offing, a request made by Adjutant Ray Murray, Winnebago Post, Buffalo Center, Iowa, fits right into the scheme of things. What can we do to help him with the historical collection he is making for his post? His plea is:

"It has been my privilege to have attended several of our national conventions and practically all of the Iowa department conventions. From my own collection and with the aid of Past National Chaplain Clemens of Minnesota and Department Adjutant Laird of my own State, I have gathered together and mounted for our post one of the most unique collections in the Legion.

"The collection consists of the official delegates' badges worn at all the Iowa conventions, except one, and of six of our national meetings. In fact, it is complete except for the Iowa convention at Spirit Lake in 1921 and for the following national conventions: Minneapolis, 1919; Kansas City, 1921, and New Orleans, 1922. Also the preliminary caucuses held in Paris and in St. Louis in 1919.

"If any of the buddies can supply replicas of these badges I will gladly pay for them or return the (Continued on page 67)

Bursts and Duds

ONE ON THE SLICKERS

Zeke Hoskins had just arrived back from his trip to the big city and his friends in the corner store were kidding him about it.

"Well, Zeke," inquired one. "Did any of them smart Alecks sell you the Brooklyn Bridge?"

"Nope," replied Zeke, reaching into the cracker barrel, "but I told one feller he could send it to me C. O. D."

THE WORST FEATURE

The town was in a turmoil when the 11:58 straggled in and the stranger dropped off at the railroad station. All about him, strong men had bowed their heads in grief and weak men had given way utterly.

"Why the excitement about here?" the stranger wanted to know.

"Well," one of the least gloom-stricken expounded, "young Jim Bingham has skipped out with old Jed Perkins's pretty young wife and twenty thousand dollars of the bank funds—and the whole town was expecting him to pitch us to victory over Barnesville this afternoon."

EDUCATION COMPLETE

"Did you give our daughter that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked dad.

"Yes," replied mother despondently, "and she's writing a letter to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters."

MAN POWER

Scene: The Roman Coliseum.

Time: Somewhere in the early A. D.'s.

Characters: It seems there were a couple of Romans.

Stage Directions: Hungry roaring, backstage.

Pat: "Your son is pretty husky."

Mike: "You bet he is! The other day when they were throwing the martyrs to the lions, he threw his farther than anyone else."

NO TASTE

Spike McGlue, the terror of the police, the super-bandit, alias the Human Machine Gun, had brought home to his little wife a present for their first wedding anniversary.

"Look, sweetheart," he said, "just see what a nice little mask I've bought you."

"Oh, Clarence!" she cried in disappointment. "You *know* I can't wear black!"

ALL SET

First Housewife: "I haven't seen Mrs. Binks shopping lately."

Second Delicatessen Patroness: "Haven't you heard? Her husband bought a drug store."

STATESMANLIKE BIRD

A customer in an animal store was contemplating the purchase of a parrot, which so far had evinced no signs of life other than to cock a malevolent eye at her. Finally she asked:

"Does he talk? And what does he say?"

The salesman looked embarrassed.

"Yes, madam, he talks," he replied, "but he doesn't wish to be quoted."

PUT IN HIS PLACE

"I hear," remarked the first bug, "that Joe Caterpillar didn't get in the exclusive Fur Coat Club."

"No," said the second insect. "He was mothballed."

SIGHTSEEING

"How do you like the U. S. S. *Austeria*?" one gob wanted to know.

His buddy who had spent most of the voyage in the brig sighed deeply.

"Well," he admitted, "it's got the nicest portholes I ever saw the world through."

PROOF

"I don't believe in arguing," stated the big man.

"Well, I do," said the little man.

"You *do*? Why, any halfway intelligent man can see that it doesn't get you anywhere. Now, you just listen to me a minute and I'll tell you *why* it doesn't—" And so forth, and so forth.

"DISCHARGED!"

"You say you weren't intoxicated!"



the judge snorted.

"Well, maybe then you can explain how you came to be lying on the street where this officer found you."

"It's this way, your honor," the prisoner at the bar made clear easily. "You see, I'm a bricklayer's helper, and the officer found me in front of the building where I work. The building is so high that when I dropped a hammer on Saturday morning—I didn't work Sunday, of course—well, on Monday morning when I came to work the hammer hit me on the head."

SCOTCH JOKE No. ??????

Sandy Macgregor bought two tickets for a raffle and won a twenty-five-hundred-dollar-car. His friends rushed up to his house to congratulate him, but found him in the depths of misery.

"Why, mon, what's the matter wi' ye?" they demanded.

"It's that second ticket," Sandy admitted, with the suspicion of tears in his voice. "Why I ever bought it I canna imagine."

THE MAN WHO KNOWS

They were settling a number of preliminary details, as young people will before they take the decisive step.

"Do you believe in allowances for married women?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied. "I think a husband should make allowances for a lot of things."

EXPERIENCE THE TEACHER

He was the acknowledged sheik of his social set, and it piqued him that the young woman whom he had just met seemed indifferent to his lordly condescension.

"Pardon me," he said at last, "but your face appears familiar. Didn't I go with you at one time?"

"You did," she replied, smiling invitingly to somebody else in a far corner of the room, "and one time was enough."



ENTERPRISING

"How do you keep your village so quaint looking?" inquired the visitor to the small New England town.

"By applying modern methods," the native told him. "We make a practise of re-quainting it every two or three years."

LEAVENWORTH!

The regiment was drawn up on the parade grounds to see the modest hero get decorated for bravery in battle. It was a glorious occasion, and hearts beat high as the general stepped forward, a glittering medal in his hand.

"Private Suggs," he said, clearing his throat impressively, "it has come to my ear that in our last engagement you wiped out twenty-six machine gun nests, put a tank out of commission and captured seventy-six of the enemy."

"Yes, sir."

"It now gives me great pleasure, Private Suggs—er, say, what the hell do you mean by coming on parade without your shoes shined?"



HOWARD P. SAVAGE

COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN LEGION, 1927—EMINENT RAILWAY OFFICIAL

"He's been working on the railroad" ... so naturally his two watches are ELGINS

If anyone in the world has a right to talk about time and time-pieces it's a man who has been soldier and railroader combined . . . like Howard Savage.

Commander of the American Legion (1927, when he led 20,000 Legionnaires back to France). General Superintendent of Maintenance of Way for the Chicago Elevated Lines. Built railroad lines for the Northwestern Railroad. Helped build the water supply tunnel under Lake Michigan; another under Chicago's loop for the Underground Freight Railroad System. Assistant General Manager, Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad. General Manager, Metropolitan Motor Coach Company. Built railroads with his regiment in France, keeping the way to the front lines open and running top speed during those flaming fighting days of 1918. But war or peace, he only knows one way to do a job . . . and

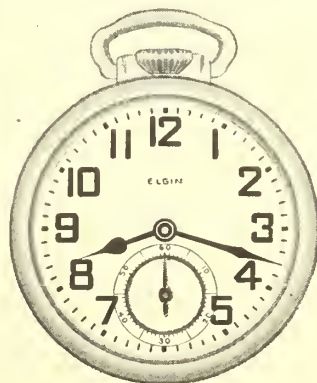
that's *on time!* And like an overwhelming number of railroad men ELGIN is his choice of a watch. Because ELGIN takes heavy duty, and makes light of it. Takes the bump and the thump of active duty, with never a slump in service. Looks trim and trig as a new uniform, but keeps time like the pocket or wrist chronometer that it is! War or peace, it's all the same to an ELGIN.

So Savage divides his loyalty between the heavy-duty railroad ELGIN (the B. W. Raymond pocket model) . . . and his ELGIN Legionnaire, that famous peacetime strap watch of wartime strength!

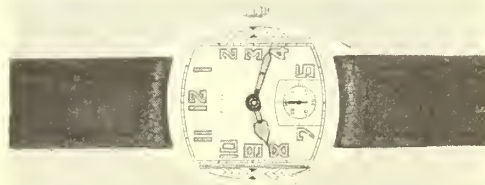
Your jeweler has the watches he wears . . . and many more . . . to show you. Ranging from \$19 to \$650 . . . every style, every model, every shape and size . . . and each the utmost value in its class.



This is the ELGIN Legionnaire worn by this famous Legionnaire, Howard P. Savage. 7 Jewel Movement, Fitted in Nickel Chromium Plated Case, Embossed Dial \$19.00



Savage's "heavy duty watch" the B. W. Raymond model, 21 jewels, \$50.00



Another member of the ELGIN Legionnaire Watch Series. 7 Jewel Movement, Nickel Chromium Plated Engraved Case, with Full Luminous Dial and Luminous Hands \$21.50

© Elgin, 1929

It's a Great War

(Continued from page 11)

The place stank.

Angelina set the pail down, bump, on the slippery, dank floor. Fished out the floating brushes. She held one toward Anne, laughing. "Say, you do look funny . . ." Aprons pinned up . . . Heads wrapped in towels . . . Anne took her brush. Dipped it in disinfectant, stood. Got to bend over . . . Touch it . . . War, this . . . Nothing romantic about war . . .

She bent. That foul stench . . . Brown slime, oozing . . . Your stomach—God, your breakfast. But you hadn't had any breakfast . . . Only chicory and half a piece of black bread . . . She scrubbed. Small, shining, black things hopping at you, bouncing . . . Angelina bending over, scrubbing . . . Scrub furiously . . . Attack it . . . Kill them . . . Bright tin under where you scraped the ooze off . . . Fleas, like demons . . . Now and then one of them fell into the black pit below there . . . Could fleas swim? What were those things the nurses said you might catch? The disinfectant biting your throat . . . Fight . . . Your clothes, soaking themselves in perspiration, in slime, in disinfectant . . . Throw it . . . Keep it moving . . . Sweat, dripping off your eyebrow . . .

"My goodness!" Miss Perkins stopped in the doorway, her mouth open. Why, these girls had a pail, and they were throwing water every which way . . . Laughing . . . Soaked from head to foot. Odor of chlorinated soda . . . Why, they'd made this place—

"It's a great war," Miss Wentworth saying, laughing.

* * *

"It was their own fault," Angelina slammed the horse meat down before Miss Conroy. "Don't talk to me about these stupid French boobs!"

"I never saw a prettier skin graft," said Miss Conroy, "there isn't a surgeon in this unit who—"

"Yes. An' what's the use of doin' a good operation if you're goin' to let the patient swallow his tongue? It was their own fault!"

"What was their fault, Angelina?" asked Anne.

"Why, one of those French operatin' cases. Say, when *we* send a patient back from the operatin' room we send somebody with 'em. Lots of times we make a hole through the tongue and put a string through. These frogs did a dandy skin graft on a man this morning, and on the way back to the ward they let him go up—"

"Go where?"

"To Purgatory, or wherever it is they go to."

"But it was a beautiful operation," said Miss Conroy . . .

* * *

Great blue trucks lined up outside the

office. Anne stood with the master hospital sergeant looking out the window. Annamites and Sudanese, piling into the camions, jabbering, waving their arms . . . "Well, we're rid of three truck loads of 'em." The master hospital sergeant picked his teeth slowly. "Looks as if we might get this hospital for ourselves one of these days. Say, if the U. S. Army'd been as slow as these folks we'd still be in Cuby."

* * *

Anne stopped in a French ward with a message from the major. He wanted to know which ward would be the next one empty . . . "Ah, Mademoiselle!" The infirmière en chef came toward her, with her hand out. It was as though you were arriving at a party . . . "Come," she said, "come to see my Little One, here. It will make him feel gay."

She led the way, her long coif floating out behind her. Afternoon sun, shining through open windows, touching light blue woodwork. Over the beds, chintz coverings with flowers on them . . . A table in the center cluttered with dirty dishes . . . Flies buzzing . . . Above the sticky dishes, sun touching a great bunch of scarlet dahlias . . .

Between two beds a poilu was singing a little song and dancing. A French nurse beating time with the high white heel of her slipper:

Hardi, les, gars!
Ne vous desolez pas . . .

Anne stopped. Two empty sleeves flapped as the man's feet moved . . .

Quand on est Zouave
Faut être brave.

Men sitting, with bandaged arms and legs, jerked their heads in tune, smiling . . . The nurse laughing, tossing her head back . . .

On n'a pas chaud,
Mais, Dieu merci,
Chez les Boches,
Il fait froid aussi . . .

"Bravo!" cried the French nurse. Those who had hands clapped them. Anne clapped with them.

"Dans cette salle sont les grands blessés," the infirmière en chef, explaining. "We try our utmost that everything here shall be always cheerful. The Marquise de Chasteignes, our neighbor, has sent us these coverlets, these flowers. And I give always to these men our most gay nurses. That the atmosphere should be always joyous, that is the important thing, is it not?"

She led Anne toward a small, dark man in the corner. The man had lost two legs, one hand . . . "Here is a lady, mon petit, who is going to talk to you—"

"Bon soir, madame!"

The small, dark man held out his left

hand. Anne smiled. Tears in her eyes . . . What could she say . . . God . . .

* * *

Two nuns stood in the hallway of the hospital, their hands crossed across the thick gathers of their brown-black skirts. Gentle faces, separated from the world by frames of stiff, white linen . . . Anne looked at them as she went toward the office. The older one, whose skin was yellowish, full of pleasant wrinkles, looked eagerly at Anne through gold-rimmed glasses. The younger one bowed her pretty, oval face—long lashes over pink cheeks . . .

They had come, the older one explained, to see the American commandant on most urgent business. They awaited . . .

When the major was ready Anne ushered them in.

"We have come, Sœur Marie Jésus and I, monsieur, to ask that you accord us a favor which will benefit our work, and France," the older nun said. And as she talked, the white coif seemed to fade, to be gone. She stood there, a woman of the world, aristocratic, well-bred . . . "As you perhaps know, Hôpital Complémentaire Numero 104 gave each day what was left of their food to the Convent of the Holy Mother. At the convent we have pigs—thirty large pigs. The product of their raising aids us to nourish the orphans of whom we have the charge. The hôpital complémentaire did not have half as much refuse as your hospital, but it has always been sufficient for our pigs—"

"What does she say?" roared the major. Anne translated. The older nun listening, eager . . .

"That which we desire—" the nun's kind eyes shone. Was it not on the success of her mission that the welfare of her dear children would depend? "That which we desire is to be able to send every two or three days our little cart to fetch away the garbage from your kitchen."

The major's eye glazed as Anne explained this to him. Had he not just had constructed a fine incinerator behind the building? Had there not been a General Order relative to the Disposal of Garbage in Military Units? The major had had his incinerator built to comply in every detail with the G. O. He walked out twice a day to watch its progress. The swill should be burned . . . "Tell her we burn it," he growled. Anne turned toward the eager, waiting face. "Monsieur dit . . ."

"Ah, but when monsieur shall understand how very greatly we depend on this garbage," the nun talked quickly, "how much it is necessary to us to have it, he will give it to us! Of that I am sure! I understand that you burn it. That I understand quite well. Joseph, who drives our cart, when he came for

the garbage last Tuesday, has seen the Americans dumping great barrels of it into a furnace in the yard. A very magnificent furnace, he said, a stove so large that to make the garbage burn it would take all the fuel that is consumed in the House of the Holy Mother for a whole month . . .

"What does she say?" the major roared again. He sent Anne for the orders. The master hospital sergeant came; licking his thumb and forefinger, he turned to Number 106 and laid it, slowly, on the major's desk. Plenty of wood from packing cases, he remarked, to burn the swill with. There was a right way to treat swill and a wrong way . . .

"Tell her it's all here in the orders. Tell her they say we burn it," said the major. "Tell her I regret . . ." he waved the file of General Orders toward the doorway. Anne, with as much politeness as she could muster, explained.

"But monsieur le major comprehends how much we need it?" the nun asked. In the kind face, surprise, incomprehension . . . "He understood that, without food, it will be necessary that we kill immediately more than half our pigs? He burns his garbage—he realizes that the combustibles at this moment are almost lacking?"

"Oui, madame. I am afraid he knows it," Anne said. The nun drew herself up. She turned, and made a sweeping bow toward the major.

"Bon jour, monsieur. I regret to have so disturbed you. Merci, monsieur!" She swept out, her great robes brushing against the sides of the door as she passed Anne. After her followed the sister of the pretty eyes, flushing slightly . . .

"I am so sorry, madame," Anne hurried, touched the nun's arm as she swept through the hallway. Should one call her "madame"?

"Ah, mademoiselle, I understand." The sister held out a slender hand. Again the pleasant wrinkles deepened behind the glasses . . . "It is the orders, his superiors, that oblige him to do this. They do not understand the needs of orphans . . ."

* * *

Night. The railway carriage was in semi-darkness. Outside the black, wet night gathered in fog against the window. Drops trickled downward . . . Anne pulled her cape about her. Traveling . . . Traveling at last, alone . . . It was as if a prison door had opened . . . She settled back, luxuriously, in her corner. Alone, at last . . . Thank God . . . In the middle seat, opposite, a French officer sat, hunched down in his military great-coat, sleeping. The line that care had drawn across his forehead deepened . . . In the corners by the door a French husband and wife sat opposite each other, respectable, bored, sleepy . . . Opposite, a young Russian officer, slim, svelte, in his flat-breasted uniform of gray-green, one long leg in a high, black boot, resting across his knee. Long, delicate white (Continued on page 50)



To men who want to Quit Work some day

THIS PAGE is addressed to those thousands of earnest, hard-working men who want to take things easier some day.

It tells how these men, by following a simple, definite plan, can provide for themselves in later years *a guaranteed income they cannot outlive.*

How the Plan Works

It doesn't matter whether your present income is large or merely average. It doesn't matter whether you are making fifty dollars a week or five hundred. If you follow this plan you will some day have an income upon which to retire.

The plan calls for the deposit of only a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age. The minute you make your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you should become totally and permanently disabled, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be made by us out of a special fund provided for that purpose.

And not only that. We would mail you a check every month during the entire time of your disability, even if that disability should continue for many, many years—the remainder of your natural life.

Get this free book

The Phoenix Mutual Company, which offers you this opportunity, is a 125 million dollar company. For over three-quarters of a century it has been helping thousands of men and women to end money worries.

But you're not interested in us. You are interested in what we can do for *you*. An illustrated, 36-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want" tells you exactly that. It tells how you can become financially independent—how you can retire on an income—how you can provide money for emergencies—money to leave your home free of debt—money for other needs.

This financial plan is simple, reasonable, and logical. The minute you read about it you will realize why it accomplishes such desirable results—not for failures, not for people who can't make ends meet, but for hard-working, forward-looking people who know what they want and are ready to make definite plans to get it. No obligation. Get your copy of the book now.

NEW RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

Here is what a dividend-paying \$10,000 policy will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 65
A Monthly Income for life of \$100 which assures a return of at least \$10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live.
or, if you prefer,
A Cash Settlement of \$12,000.

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of \$10,000. Or \$50 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
Total \$14,823

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of \$20,000. Or \$100 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months.
Total \$29,646

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60.
A Monthly Disability Income of \$100 and payment for you of all premiums.
Plans for women or for retirement at ages 55 or 60 are also available.



PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

Copyright 1929, P. M. L. I. Co.



PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 453 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name _____ City _____
Business Address _____ State _____
Home Address _____ Date of Birth _____

It's a Great War

(Continued from page 49)

hands clasped the upraised knee. His finger nails were manicured and shining. He looked at Anne. One of the long hands went under the blouse, pulled out a gold cigarette case. He held it toward her.

"Une cigarette, mademoiselle?"

"No, thanks," said Anne. Adventure lurking in the man's eyes . . . A good time not to know French . . .

"A-ah!" The Russian raised mobile eyebrows toward his sleek hair. The long fingers put the gold case back under the gray blouse. The dark eyes turned to the window, infinitely bored . . .

Anne leaned her head back, half closed her eyes. Freedom . . . Adventure, hovering . . . The click click of the rails under the wheels . . . American officers in the next carriage, laughing. There was a French girl with them, short-haired, with painted, red lips. Anne had paused in their doorway when she got in, considering whether to sit there or here . . . Better here, with the sleepy French . . . The woman's laughter in the next compartment, mingling with the men's . . . Drowsy . . . Free, for a week . . . Free to sleep alone . . . Without twenty-six women talking, talking . . . Centuries since one had slept alone . . . When this war was over, never sleep any way but alone . . . The French officer snorted, groaned, opened his eyes and closed them, shifted himself. The line across his forehead deepened to a frown. "Taisez vous, méfiez vous," said a sign above his head. "Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent . . ." The voices of American officers were speaking haltingly, in French, in the next carriage . . . "Taisez vous!" . . . Rails, clicking . . . A flat wheel, bumping, underneath you . . . Bumping toward Paris . . . No windows open . . . Air, thick, getting thicker . . . A Russian, opposite, staring . . . Anne yawned, her mouth wide open. He turned his head away. American men, quite human—three in the next compartment with a cocotte . . . But American women—mon Dieu . . .

* * *

Blue lights, making splashes in the pale mist . . . Tracks whirling past in semi-darkness. Engines whistling like frightened screech owls . . . Anne wiped the window, peered out. A chain of flat cars, covered with artillery, painted brown, and green, under a green light . . . The little Frenchman in the corner rubbed his hand against the window, looked out. More blue lights, touching the mist. Something seemed to be closing in about one . . . "Les environs de Paris." The little Frenchman subsided, closed his eyes. In the corner opposite the Russian officer slept, mouth open, one high cheek bone resting against the wall, his sleekness fallen from him. On his long chin a beard had begun sprouting . . . Anne gazed at moving

grayness . . . Flashes of blue . . . Mystery . . . Paris . . . War . . .

* * *

The rue Saint Honoré. Anne walked out, slowly, still tingling from the cold water in that great tub. Alive in every muscle . . . What else mattered? The coffee had been black and strong and full of chicory, no milk, no sugar . . . The bread brown, crisp—no butter . . . It was war, the femme de chambre had said, as she set the tray down . . . What did it matter? You were free at last, and this was Paris . . . Dresses, in shop windows, soft and colored. Anne stopped. Were there then still women who wore pretty dresses? If only you could buy one, put it on, recapture the anonymity of a civilian . . . She looked at her reflection in the plate glass. Ugly hat . . . Silly cape, flapping behind your shoulders . . . Through the glass, handkerchiefs, diaphanous, frail things with colored borders . . . Anne stepped in, chose one, stuck it into her military pocket, its green corner showing. Nice to have just that little corner pretty . . .

Hats. Heavens . . . Black, green, blue velvet, shining in deep folds . . . That one of maroon would look well . . . What had got into her? First time she'd ever wanted nice clothes . . . Lace fans, with sticks of tortoise shell and pearl . . . Would there ever be a time again for things like—Lamps, with shirred pink shades, gold fringe . . . Lamps that would give a nice soft light . . . Lamps, in a world of blaring electric bulbs . . . Chairs, with soft, taffeta cushions, in a world where chairs did not exist . . . Underclothes. Soft, filmy things, made with embroidery and pale pink ribbons . . . Ah, that was one thing you could—

A bell clanged as she pushed the shop door . . . "Combien?" Anne pressed the soft package under her arm. Lovely things, inside an old newspaper . . .

The Place Vendôme. Why, it looked just like the etching in the hall at Downham—Napoleon reviewing his troops before that house there . . . Napoleon's column, towering . . . Made of cannon . . . Napoleon had fallen . . . Anne walked past the column. The things of war, behind you . . . The rue de la Paix ahead . . . Pearls, diamonds, emeralds, opals, gleaming behind glass windows . . . Anne paused, hungry, eyes feasting. Queer . . . Never before had she had any desire for jewels . . . Crystal phials of perfume . . . Oval cakes of soap, wrapped in crimped paper . . . "L'Ambre . . . Muguet . . . Verveine . . ." She went into the shop. Soft carpet . . . Little tables of gilt, covered with glass . . . hangings of taffeta, peacock blue and gold . . . Girls in gray costumes . . . She sat down at a table, bought a small cake of soap that smelled deliciously of almond . . .

And a large round one, smelling of ver-bena . . . Wicked . . . Soap, at Downham, had always been white or green, entirely pure and smell-less . . . "Mademoiselle n'a pas besoin de parfum?" No, Mademoiselle had no need. Anne smiled. Her mother considered it a little bit immoral even to put powder on one's face . . . She sniffed her little packet with its gold seal . . . Wicked . . . Delicious . . .

* * *

New French apartment house of cream colored stone. Before the windows balconies, carved balustrades around them . . . Above the entrance on the Avenue Montaigne the Stars and Stripes hung, idly. Under it an American soldier stood guard. He stopped Anne. Oh, she wanted to see the colonel, did she? He led her into a small room. Two women sat behind a table. One, like some bright red bird, looked out from under a mass of curly, short black hair. She leaned forward, her elbow on the table, her chin across her hand, her head thrust forward. The other woman was tall, light haired. Her dress of black satin hung from her shoulders in a strange, new fashion. No "waist line" at all . . . She lolled back in her chair, looking at Anne, tolerant, amused . . . Then she gazed at the other woman, who was still leaning forward. "Did you want something?" the dark woman speaking . . .

"To see Miss Porter," Anne said.

"Ah! I see. Wait a moment. Sit down. John! John!"

An American soldier dodged in from the hallway. "John, dearie, go up and tell Miss Porter there's a lady here. There's a good boy!" Anne smiled. A military headquarters or a boarding school, which? "Yes, ma'am." John grinned, came to a military salute, went out. Anne could see him, through the glass doors, leaping two steps at a time up the stone stairs. The little dark woman sat down at her table, her back to Anne, her feet up in her chair. The black hair made a barbaric, fan-shaped halo at the top of her neck. "I told the colonel I wished he'd get an apartment near us," she was saying. "I think he'll get so awfully lonely out in Passy . . ."

"Anne! How wonderful! You've come!" Joan burst in. The exotic flavor of the place melted before her. She stood for the respectability of home, Joan. Of people you knew . . . Her old-fashioned clothes . . . Her frank face . . . "Have you met these people?" she was saying. "This is Miss Featherstone,"—the dark one—"and this is the Marquise. They run the whole place." Joan led Anne upstairs. "Oh, Anne, I'm so glad you've come. I know you'll like the colonel." Anne followed, silent. If a major could be so damn military, what could a Regular Army colonel—

"Gosh," she said, "I'm scared . . ."

* * *

He was a large man, with a high forehead, heightened by middle age. He jumped up, smiling, and came round his desk, holding his hand out. "So glad to see you . . ." A hand that squeezed yours . . . Why, this man was really glad to see you . . . Kind eyes . . . Nice teeth that showed when he smiled . . . A mouth—something soft and red about the mouth when he stopped smiling . . . You felt a little doubt about that soft mouth . . . The colonel was showing Anne how nice the view was from the balcony . . . Telling how, on a fine day, the sun would stream in through these tall windows . . . It took the French to know how to make good windows . . . So—they agreed on windows . . . Anne smiled. A colonel—why did the old major at the hospital think he had to be such a grouch, then? In the corner, before a typewriter, a pretty girl sat. Girl with a pale face, and lightish hair that curled round her face . . . Blue eyes that stared, childlike, at Anne—long lashes with turned-up ends that dropped suddenly toward the soft cheeks. Pink lips, that pouted a little when the colonel called her. "My secretary . . ." The girl shook hands feebly . . . "How j'oudo?" The colonel pulled up an arm chair for Anne. He tipped his swivel chair back, putting the fingers of his soft, white hands together.

"What we're thinking about, Miss Wentworth, is to push the whole, big game along. That's what we're here for. That's the one thing that matters. I believe you'd be doing more toward that here than you could down there at Bordeaux. Colonel Duncan, the Chief Surgeon, was a classmate of mine at the Military Academy. If you say so, I'll write and ask him to transfer you." Anne looked at the horse-chestnut trees outside the window. Leave the old major, with his militarism, his bombast . . . He didn't mean it, really . . . A decent sort, the major . . . "Lots of work here—" The colonel, looking at her . . . Work—after months of sitting, doing nothing . . .

"Yes," said Anne, slowly, "if you think it's the right thing to do, I'll come . . ."

* * *

Monday at last. Anne got up. Good to be getting up to do a job again . . . This lying in bed for breakfast, feeling Paris outside—trouble was, you didn't get up till lunch time . . . She washed. No more baths, they cost so . . . The Saint John was getting too expensive . . . Have to look up that old lady that the Marquise said—Have to hurry . . . It would take you twenty minutes to get to Avenue Montaigne . . . She turned from the Champs Elysées at the Rond Point. Would be there at eight, sharp . . . They were pushing the Air Service with tremendous energy, Joan said . . . She hurried. The guard before the door at number 45 Avenue Montaigne smiled at her. Anne said "Good morning," walked in. Almost used to guards now . . . Almost forgotten to think it funny that fif- (Continued on page 52)

LEGIONNAIRES!



American Legion Band of Post No. 27, Harrisburg, Pa.
Conn instruments are favored.

More Honor for Your Post!

MAKE your Post a leader in Legion activities... Start a band or a peppy drum and bugle corps. That's the way to arouse real enthusiasm when you march in local parades or take part in the ceremonials at the big conventions.

Band Organizing Plan, Free

Remember how the bands and bugle corps added life to last year's big conclave. Didn't you wish that your Post could share honors with these splendid musical organizations? It can. It's far easier than you might imagine. The same plan that has solved the problem for other Posts is at your service without charge. Conn's experienced factory organizers will handle all details, including financing of equipment. Start with beginners and in 60 to 90 days you can have a playing band that will do your Post credit.

It's Easy to Learn On a Conn

Conn instruments are so easy to blow and so perfect mechanically that progress is quick and sure. It pays to make sure of success by starting with Conns. Choice of Sousa and the world's greatest artists. Product of the world's largest maker. Patented features that cannot be secured elsewhere. Yet the cost is no greater than for other so called standard makes.

FREE TRIAL, Easy Payments

on any band or orchestra instrument. Write for free book and information. There's no obligation.



CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST
MANUFACTURERS of
BAND INSTRUMENTS

C. G. Conn, Ltd. 903 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send details of your band organizing plan (). Also free literature and details of free trial offer on (Instrument)

Name.....

St. or R. F. D.....

City, State..... County.....

It's a Great War

(Continued from page 51)

teen men should stand, doing nothing, all day long . . . Perhaps that was why things went so slowly in the Army. You had to feed the fifteen while the rest worked . . . The headquarters deserted . . . She went up the white stone staircase, down the scratched parquet floor of the hall, opened one of the wide, white doors into the adjutant's office. A soldier stood with a broom in the middle of the red plush carpet. Another sat on one of the mahogany desks, smoking a cigarette, dangling a duster.

"Ain't nobody in yet," said the soldier. "Won't be here till round nine. Half past nine if you want to see the adjutant."

"Ten, more likely." The other spat into the fireplace, began to sweep. "It's a great war," he added.

* * *

A field clerk sat behind a big desk in the adjutant's office. They called him Brock. He was a slim, anæmic person with a bad cold. His hand was limp inside Anne's when she shook it. "Pleased to meet you . . ." The limp hand went right back to sorting papers . . . Along his desk, ten baskets full of papers . . . "Don't see where that letter went," he said. "It's the thing the kernel ought to see first . . ."

"Lettice might know," said a soldier in the corner. "She had it Sat'dy . . ."

"Yes, Lettice might know," Joan said, sharpening her pencils. She took notes, she explained to Anne, each day at a meeting of the chiefs of the divisions. Anne must learn to do this, so they could take turns. . . . Lettice was the colonel's private secretary—the pretty girl, in the corner of his office, yes . . . "What letter was it that got lost?" Joan asked.

"Translation of a letter from the French Ministry of War, saying that our request for 12 Breguet planes had been refused. Saying they hadn't got any Breguet planes. Our scout at their factory says they just built sixty . . . Say, anybody remember anything else it said? It might have got filed under something else."

"You can be pretty sure it said that they assured us, my dear sirs, of their most distinguished consideration. It might have got filed under 'consideration', Brock . . ."

Everyone laughed . . . "It's a great war," said the soldier in the corner . . .

* * *

"Hello, count, come in! Pull up a chair!" A tall, slim young Frenchman, in the black and red uniform of a French sergeant of artillery, stood in the door, saluting. His cap at the angle of men who play good polo. "This," Brock waved his hand toward the figure in the doorway, "is the Dook of Burgundy and Montmorency. Dook, shake hands with

Miss Wentworth. The Dook runs the colonel's automobile." His long, flabby hands went back among the papers . . .

"Mademoiselle!" An impressive bow from the young Frenchman. He sat down next Joan Porter, heaved a deep sigh . . . "He really is a count, you know," Joan, saying . . . "Mademoiselle parle Français?" The young man leaned toward Anne.

"Slightly."

"Ah, mademoiselle, will you have the goodness to explain to M. le Colonel, on my part, that I have today received a letter from the commander of my regiment, who tells me to return to the front. I am pilote, you understand, and I am blessé. I fell, une horrible vrille, many thousand meters. I landed in a tree. It is that tree, mademoiselle, that saved my life. Now they want to make me fly again. I cannot fly, mademoiselle! If I fly, the first time that I shall mount, puif! I shall fall, and this time I shall be killed!" He waved a long, white hand before his face, "J'ai le cafard . . ."

"You tell 'em, Dook!" said Brock.

"What's the cafard?"

"Stay over here long enough and you'll get it," said Brock. "It's the feelin' you get between times, when you ain't havin' a good time . . ."

"Be good enough, mademoiselle," the young Frenchman, earnestly (did not his life, his happiness, depend on this?), "to insist before the colonel that he should write to the Ministère de Guerre immediately! He has need of me, mademoiselle. I know Paris. Intercede for me, mademoiselle!" The young man smiled, laying his hand over his heart. "Mademoiselle est charmante. Un galant homme ne refuse jamais rien à une jolie femme!"

"Gosh," said Anne, "what's his game?"

"Oh, this same thing happens about every three weeks," said Joan. "Yes, I'll remind the colonel, André. Je lui dirai. Run along." The count rose, made a deep bow, turned in the doorway, saluted three times, palm outward.

"Vive la France!" said Brock . . .

* * *

"Say," said Brock, "give me that!" Anne reached down for the piece of paper that she had thrown in the waste basket. She was transcribing a report on Liberty motors.

"It's nothing," she said. "I made a mistake. I'm starting the page over."

"When you got things like that to write you don't put your mistakes into the waste basket." He held a match below the piece of paper. Anne watched the flames curl.

"Oh!" said Anne, "I see . . ."

* * *

Morning. Fifteen lieutenants were

standing round the adjutant's office. Nervous . . . Hadn't they gone without their breakfast to get here at nine sharp? Arrived from the transport just last night . . . What was this girl doing, coming into this army headquarters, taking her hat off? Anne looked at them. Must be the bunch that they'd cabled for six weeks back . . . Wouldn't they sit? No. They were feeling far too military . . . Reporting for duty in France . . . The War, at last . . .

"How is America?" Anne dusted her desk. An eager young man, with boyish curly hair, earnest brown eyes, turned toward her.

"It's awful," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Everyone wants to get over. Everyone goes without sugar, economizes, worries. Gee, I'm glad to get here! Say, how long does it take to get to the front, anyway? D'you think we'll get there by tonight? Barnaby's my name, Lieutenant Barnaby . . ." Anne smiled. "Takes more than a day to get an order," she said.

An hour later the adjutant came in. They stared at him. Hell, whipcord trousers? Flaring blouse, cut like a Frenchman . . . Sam Browne belt all covered with shiny brass hooks . . . Spurs . . . A knobby little whip . . . Gee, they'd stop on their way to the station—get a whip like—One of them stepped forward, very stiff, saluting: "Sir, Lieutenant Brown reports—"

"Be with you in a minute, lieutenant." The adjutant whirled his swivel chair round, "Brock! Oh, Brock," he shouted. Fifteen minutes of finding papers, scuttling with them through a glass door covered with silk curtains . . . The adjutant dashed out. The lieutenants, watching . . . God, what trousers—Army Regulations—He dashed in again. Picked up a telephone—queer little thing, all in one piece . . . "Mademoiselle Allo, Mademoiselle." He stood, embracing the little mouthpiece. Mademoiselle Allo evidently was important . . . Good God. The lieutenants turned, looked at a woman who came in, looked away, looked back. Legs . . . Say, if skirts were like that in the U. S. Black curly hair, all short, standing up from her neck behind in a half circle . . . Some gay Fijian . . . Eyes gleaming at you from under a mane of black hair . . . She perched on the stenog's desk . . . Gosh, her knees showed . . . Knees, in the U. S., were—Miss Featherstone turned her quick, birdlike glance toward Anne.

"They want an automobile each day for Sergeant Smith?" she said. "What's that for?"

"To go to the Quartermaster's to get candy and the cigarettes." Anne smiled.

"But must they have a car every day? Ah, here's the adjutant. Chauncey!" She hopped down and ran forward . . .

"Eunice!" Lind's hands went out. The militarism melted from his slim

back. "What can I do for you, dear?" The lieutenants shifted. Good as a show, this . . . Girls, with legs. And short hair . . . The girl was arguing about sending a Cadillac for cigarettes and candy each day. Why couldn't they get a big supply? "But the sergeant can only get so many cigarettes per officer per day," the adjutant explaining. "What else could they do? Now listen, darling, you won't get your candy . . ." Little Barnaby shifted from one leg to the other—began to wish he'd stopped to get his breakfast . . .

The lieutenants had waited two hours when their turn came. They reported solemnly for duty with the A. E. F., sir . . . Their chests squared, heads back. It meant a good deal to report for duty with the Expeditionary Forces . . . "Take their names, Miss Wentworth, will you?" The adjutant turned to talk to Brock across his shoulder. Anne wrote . . .

"I guess that's everybody." Her head moved back and forth to see if she had noted all the eager faces . . .

"You all report tomorrow morning at ten," said the adjutant. The fifteen paused, gaped at him. What? They weren't going to the front until tomorrow? O-oh, pshaw . . . They saluted, turned, filed slowly past Anne. She smiled at little Barnaby. The boy was too much disappointed to smile . . .

"Good Lord, Brock!" The adjutant tipped his chair back. "What the hell are we going to do with *that* bunch?"

* * *

Young Barnaby and seven of the others were sitting, waiting . . . They had come every day at first, then every other. Gradually some had dropped out. It was ten days now. "Oh, yes," Anne came in from a meeting, "I have something for you." She hunted among papers on her desk, pulled out three orders, stamped with round stamps. "Lieutenant Sprague?" she said. Sprague wasn't there. "Lieutenant Caldwell?" Caldwell, it seemed, was missing. "Lieutenant Hopkins?" Hopkins stepped up nonchalant in new whipcord trousers, flaring coat tails . . . "Where are the others? I've got orders for you. Let me see, we better put initials on them . . ." Anne bent over, made squirls with her pen through the round stamps. "The French like plenty of initials," she said . . .

"The others?" said Hopkins. "I-er-er-praps I can find 'em." He took his order.

"Suppose you do," said Anne. Barnaby strolled toward the door.

"Well, boy," he said, "another day in Paris . . ." Anne looked up at him.

"Nothing for you yet," she said. "I'm sorry." Barnaby's eyes shifted, did not meet hers. His eagerness had vanished.

"Oh, shucks," he said. "I'm havin' a good time."

* * *

Waiting . . . All the chiefs of the departments, (*Continued on page 54*)

"down in three"

THEY'RE not *all* luck, by any means, those par holes and birdies!

For just as the imported "Black" Dunlop, for \$1, is acknowledged the world's finest golf ball, so the Maxpar is considered the best 75c ball made in America today. And in addition to its long flight and trueness in putting, it has a phenomenally tough cover.

Start with a Maxpar on your very next round, and see if you are not "down in three" more often.



75¢
DUNLOP
MAXPAR

A marvelous laxative Science puts it in Chewing Gum Form...



used now the world over

EVERY day over a million Feen-a-mints are sold to ex-users of pills and salts—to men and women everywhere who have come to trust this marvelous *cleansing* method of relieving constipation.

Chew it like delicious mint gum. By chewing you release a tasteless new laxative—naturally, gradually. This laxative is not absorbed by the system, like ordinary laxatives, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. There is no drugging of the system or habit-forming after-effect. Laxative action is gentle, thorough and refreshing.

Keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children especially enjoy its flavor. You cannot find a druggist who does not sell Feen-a-mint—with full approval, too!

FEEN-A-MINT

The chewing laxative

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION A-9
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

Please send free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

Name _____

Address _____

It's a Great War

(Continued from page 53)

sitting in a circle, waiting . . . Anne sat at a small table in the end of the big salon. Before her on the table lay her note book, pencils . . . The room was large, French, white pannelled, mirrored. The chiefs of the departments sat in red plush arm chairs, their polished puttees crossed above the crimson carpet. They came like this each day, and waited. Anne watched them. They were a little bit annoyed by waiting. Had hurried to get here on time, and now—Professor Dangerfield, sitting chin up, eyes gazing at the ceiling . . . Major Salmon and the captain next him yawning, shifting. Hadn't they walked from their hotel, and got here? Didn't the colonel ride everywhere in a great car? Irritation in the air . . . You felt it . . . The door opened. Everyone rose. "Keep your seats, gentlemen, keep your seats!" The colonel, smiling. The majors and the captains took their seats after he had sat down. They smiled. By God, a military superior who could treat you as an equal! Fine man!

A sharp explosion. Everyone started, listened. Anne stopped writing. An air raid? In the day time? Startled faces, turning slowly from one to the—"As I was saying, gentlemen." The colonel's voice . . . The colonel's smile . . . The meeting went on. Another explosion. It came from somewhere toward the river. The majors and the captains shifted in the plush chairs. The colonel never looked up.

People strolled out onto the balcony after the meeting. The sky was clear and blue. Against the blue, little clouds, tiny white ostrich feathers, uncurling, floating . . .

"That's shrapnel," said the colonel. "If there were a plane up there you'd see it." He paused. Again the short, sharp report from somewhere toward the river. "Don't understand it," he said.

The French stenographers sat in the cellar all the morning. One had lived through the war so far, they explained, by extreme carefulness in the matter of alertes. One was not now going to get killed for the Americans . . . Anne, Joan, Lettice, even Miss Featherstone, worked steadily, heatedly, without pause.

"They say down at the Ministère de la Guerre"—Monks stopped for a second in the adjutant's doorway—"they say there's a long-range gun firing on Paris." Everyone laughed. Impossible, from such a distance . . .

"Say, it's a great war!" said the soldier in the corner.

"Lieutenant Preston! Where did you come from?" Joan shook hands with a

strange lieutenant who was sitting in the office when they got back.

"Ran down from Amiens today," said the lieutenant, "just got here. Colonel Wells is in talking to the colonel—"

"What's happened up there?" asked Anne.

"Hard to tell," he said. "We kept meeting droves of Tommies, wandering round under no command at all so far as we could see. Near Montdidier a German motor-cycle scout rode past us, going so fast we couldn't see where he went. It gives you the feeling, altogether, of a bad dream."

Colonel Wells strode in with Lind. He and Joan shook hands. They talked a minute. Then they went out.

"My God, they're close," said Lind, as he sat down at his desk . . .

Evening. The Gare du Nord was dingy, dimly lighted, filled with train smoke, people. French soldiers slept near the wall, their shabby blue uniforms stretched along the filthy pavement, heads resting on small, bulging, brown bags made of canvas. Their packs, heavy with dangling boots, bottles, canteens, shovels, slanted against the wall. Around, among them, over them, the crowds walked, stepping across them, as if they, too, were baggage. From beyond a barricade of sandbags came the puffing of engines and the noise of little screaming whistles. . . . Anne and Joan dodged between the people and the sleeping soldiers. They went to the canteen of the American Red Cross in the freight shed. "We need everyone we can get," Bird had said at dinner . . . A pleasant lady in blue gingham with a starched white coif came out to meet them. "Just go right out and meet the train, and kind of herd them into the waiting room," she was saying . . . She gave them arm bands, aprons, white coifs.

A crowd stood before the door that led out through the barricade of sandbags. Old, old men, carrying bundles . . . Peasant women, seated on sacks, stout, stalwart creatures, looking about them, bewildered, frightened . . . Children dodging among them, hatless, dirty. Children carrying babies . . . Babies crying . . . One of the women put her hand on Anne's arm. "Ah, mademoiselle." Her face was brown and wrinkled from much toil in the open. Tears in her dark eyes. "Mademoiselle can perhaps find my little girl. I took the train, you understand, with my other children. The English soldiers told us to take the train. It was the only thing to do, to take the first train. And when I found myself on the train, my child, my little Marthe, was not there. The train moved. One locked the door. I could not descend. The little one has without doubt stayed at Noyon. One said that the Germans were coming.

Mademoiselle, je vous en supplie, trouvez-la! Ne m'abandonnez pas! Mon enfant! Ma petite Marthe!" Anne asked the name, bending over to listen to the hoarse voice with its quaint accent. She patted the woman on the shoulder. Told her to wait there, that she would hunt, that she would bring the child back if she could find her . . . She pushed through to the little opening among the sandbags . . . A train puffed in. Lights from the railroad carriages sent blue rhomboids slanting down through smoke and steam along the narrow platform. Overhead, in the damp, smoke-laden air of the vast trainshed, darkness.

Doors opened, people piled down, pulling bundles, lumpy string bags, children . . . Children cried, and women pulled them along, crying . . . They swarmed along the platform. From behind the waiting peasants passed the guard, and swarmed in, searching for their lost ones, talking, talking. A stout peasant woman in a black shawl stopped before Anne. "It is all very well," she shouted in hoarse French, "to be obliged to leave your home a first time. But when it is a question of going away a second time, mademoiselle, that is too much! Here are two times that the Boches chase us from our homes!"

"I have lost everything," said a slim woman beside her. "My home, my child, my cow, my little pig. I have nothing, nothing!" She put her hand to her forehead, her head falling forward. "Prenez courage! Consolez-vous!" a stout woman thumped her on the shoulder, shouting at her. "The Americans are here. The Americans will protect you," she said. "They will protect all of us!"

Anne woke up, as it were. So she was to protect all of them . . . "You must go there," she said, "to the salle d'attente. There will be food there . . ." She spoke in French. She moved toward the station. Might just as well have spoken English . . . They looked at her, bewildered . . . More were coming . . . And more . . . Crowding down upon her . . . She must do something for them; . . . "Mademoiselle est infirmière! Venez! Venez! Par ici!" A stout woman seized Anne's hand, dragged her through the moving, talking people, shouting something at her. She did not understand . . .

A pregnant woman staggered between an old man and another woman, her head tossing from side to side. "Oh, la! la! J'ai mal!" she kept saying, groaning . . . The stout peasant pointed at her. "Depêchons nous!" she was shouting. "Vous voyez, mademoiselle!" Mademoiselle saw. She turned round, started to make way for them. "Get out of the way! Get out of the way! Quick!" Anne walked ahead down the platform pushing the people aside with her arms, talking to them in English. "Quick! Quick!" Better stick to English . . . They knew what you meant . . . Just keep going, like a snow plow . . . Forward, forward . . . Thank God, there was the sign. Croix Rouge Américaine . . . Under it, a door . . . At the

door stood Mr. Bird, shining, military, sorting out people, pointing this way, that way. "Here's a woman who's going to have a child right off! For God's sake go and get somebody!" Anne said. Bird scooted off toward the canteen.

The waiting room, thick with the smell of human beings . . . Anne steered the woman toward a cot in the corner. People packed closely . . . Foul air, shut in . . . An old woman lay on the bed, snoring, her head thrown back, her mouth wide open. A wisp of gray hair hung down over the cot's edge . . . Anne clutched her shoulder, shook it. The old woman sat up, staring, trembling . . . "Les Boches," she muttered. "Les Boches. Ah, quelle horreur! Jésus!"

"No, only a lady who's going to have a baby," Anne said. Queer where her French had gone to . . . Some facts of life, though, you didn't need French to explain . . . She pointed to the groaning woman behind her. She smoothed the elder woman's dirty hair, patted her shoulder, smiled at her. Funny that one could smile . . . She pulled a double blanket from the bed, twitched out a hairpin, attached a corner of the blanket to a hook on the wall. She beckoned to a French soldier. "Votre bayonnette. Votre fusil, ici." The soldier stood, smiling, while she hooked the blanket over the long, wicked, pointed thing. Oui, mademoiselle, he was to be the corner of the barricade, he understood . . . He stood there, smiling. Anne held the free end of the blanket against the wall, making a hollow square about the bed. The wall, the soldier, Anne . . . Inside, the woman . . . Why in hell didn't Bird fetch somebody . . . The woman screamed . . .

Bird came, at last, bringing the dignified elderly lady from the canteen and a pail of steaming water. Anne held the blanket aside to let the lady in. "Get nitrate of silver," she was saying to Bird across her shoulder. "Nitrate of silver . . ." She disappeared behind the blanket, spoke to the two stout peasant women who were inside . . . Again, the woman, screaming . . . At the corner the little French soldier stood solidly, the blanket drooping from the long bayonet above his head. His eyes twinkled.

"Ordinarily I am engaged with death," he said pleasantly, "but tonight I am engaged with birth. Tonight one is born, tomorrow one dies! Pfuit!" A strange, squawking noise behind the blanket . . . Some young animal. "Tiens! C'est le petit gars!" The French soldier nodded, grinning. Anne smiled. Her knees, trembling.

"There's another train coming, Miss Wentworth, will you meet that? I'll hold the curtain." Mr. Bird took the blanket from her stiffened fingers. His eyes, twinkling . . . "You're a sport," he said . . . Another train pouring its hundreds onto the dark, smoky platform . . . Anne shooed them, like frightened sheep, toward holes under sandbags. At the canteen counter they stopped and were fed.

"Anne! Come here a minute," Joan called from a (Continued on page 56)

Sillimanite Is (Nature's Finest Insulator) Your Guarantee of Champion's Superior Performance



THE greatest single factor in spark plug efficiency is the insulator. For on it ultimately depends the maintenance of peak efficiency, irrespective of operating speeds, temperatures and pressures. If the insulator is of inferior quality, engine performance and economy are greatly impaired. ¶ Champion sillimanite is a rare mineral used exclusively in Champion Spark Plugs. ¶ Possessed of a natural high resistance to electric, heat, and mechanical shock, it is ideally adapted to withstand the ravages of combustion, intense pressures and temperatures of modern engines. Sillimanite insures the motorist of the full, even production of power which he expects from modern engines. ¶ With such obvious superiorities Champion Spark Plug excel and outsell throughout the world.

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

TOLEDO, OHIO • WINDSOR, ONT.



One Tooth!

YET IT CAN AFFECT THE APPEARANCE, THE WHOLE WELL-BEING, OF YOUR CHILD

SHORTLY after the twenty "baby" teeth are in place another one unobtrusively takes its place among them. It is the six-year molar, the most important tooth of all.

The six-year molar assures the proper relationship between the upper and lower jaws—determines the proper growth forward of the jaw—and helps in the even placing and developing of the permanent teeth.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is believed to be one of the decaying baby teeth. As a result a child's looks may suffer because of the improper development of the jaws. Such loss also often impairs the full usefulness of all the teeth.

... Is that not too great a price to pay for neglect of "baby" teeth?

Begin protecting the "baby" teeth from acids at The Danger Line from the time they first appear. No tooth-brush can furnish this protection completely. Your dentifrice must.

Squibb's Dental Cream is made with over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, more than enough to protect by neutralizing the acids in the pits and at The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, nothing that can injure the sensitive mouth of a child. It is pleasant to the taste and harmless if swallowed.

It is essential to have your dentist inspect your child's teeth regularly. By exercising this precaution, and by forming the habit of using Squibb's Dental Cream at least twice a day, you will help him maintain a sound permanent set of teeth which should serve him through life. At your druggist's, 40c a large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

It's a Great War

(Continued from page 55)

corner near the counter. She knelt over an old man who lay, crumpled up, along the dirty board floor. By her side stood a small girl with a blue and white checked handkerchief over her head, a bundle in her hand. The child's breath came in and out in long, trembling gasps. She held her lower lip between her teeth. Across her dirty cheeks, tears had worn pink streaks. "He's fainted or something," Joan said. She lifted the old man's head onto her lap. "Some brandy . . ."

The buvette was at the other side of the station. Anne ran . . . The woman behind the bar poured brown stuff into a thick glass. Anne felt for her purse. She'd left it in her coat. She had a fifty-franc note in her pocket. The woman shook her head. No means of giving mademoiselle the money, she said. She consulted another woman. Mademoiselle had nothing else? No, mademoiselle hadn't. Wouldn't madame be good enough to hurry? It was for someone who—Madame turned to the soldiers in the buvette. Would any of them, perhaps, have the money for fifty francs? The soldiers made merry. Quelle blague! For whom did she take them, they, with their cinq sous par jour! They, who were just returning to the front! There was a laugh. Eh, bien—

they shrugged their shoulders—c'est la guerre! Ah, voilà! The Américaine seizing the cognac, putting down the fifty-franc note, running . . . Fifty francs for a cognac! Six months' pay! These Americans know nothing at all when it comes to silver. Toques, ceux-la! The poilus groaned and shook their heads, watching this strange young woman as she ran off. Anne poured the cognac down the old man's throat. He gulped, opened his eyes. The child beside him gave a little cry, dropped down on her hands and knees, her face near his. The old man's eyes took on a queer, glazed look. So dolls had used to lie in one's lap, staring upward . . . "Gosh," said Anne suddenly. "I'll bet he's dead."

Joan Porter was laying his head down very carefully on the dirty boarding of the station. She closed the old man's eyes, and laid her handkerchief across the tired, white face. "I'll go and get . . ." Anne picked up the child in her arms, stood next the dead man. Unless you stood here, people would walk on him . . . The child stopped sobbing . . . She put her head down on Anne's shoulder and went to sleep . . . The child was heavy, heavy . . .

(To be concluded)

San Jacinto Corn

(Continued from page 17)

They swept over the torn barricade as if it had not been there. Through keyholes in a pungent wall of smoke they saw gay-clad little figures, with chinstraps awry, running back, kneeling and firing, and running back—toward some tents where greater masses of men were veering in every direction. The Texans surged on. The pungent wall melted, for the Texans were using their knives and the bayonets of Mexican guns they picked up.

The surprise lacked nothing. Santa Anna had thought Houston would not, could not, attack. In his carpeted marquee he was enjoying a siesta when a drowsy sentinel on the barricade descried the Texan advance. Cos's men were sleeping off the fatigue of their night march. Cavalrymen were riding bareback to and from water. Others were cooking and cutting wood. Arms were stacked.

When the barrier was overrun a general of brigade rallied a handful of men about a field piece; all fell before the Texans' knives. An infantry colonel improvised a skirmish line to cover the organization of the battalions in his rear; colonel and line were obliterated. A cavalry colonel got together a following under cover of some trees; a Texas sharpshooter killed him and the following melted. Almonte, the chief-of-staff, rounded up four hundred men and suc-

ceeded in retreating out of the panic zone. Santa Anna rushed from his tent commanding everyone to lie down. A moment later he vaulted on a black horse and disappeared.

General Houston rode among the wreckage of the Mexican camp. He was on his third horse, and his right boot was full of blood. "A hundred steady men," he said, "could wipe us out." Except for a group of Regulars, the army had escaped control of its officers, and was pursuing, clubbing, knifing, shooting Mexicans wherever they were found. The fugitives plunged into the swamp and scattered over the prairie. "Me no Alamo! Me no Alamo!"

As the sun of Austerlitz set General Houston fainted in the arms of George Hockley, his friend and chief-of-staff. The commander's right leg was shattered above the ankle. The other Texan casualties were six killed and twenty-four wounded. According to Texan figures the Mexicans lost 630 killed, 208 wounded and 730 prisoners, making a total of 1,568 accounted for. This is nearly 200 more men than Santa Anna had with him, however.

The battle proper had lasted perhaps twenty minutes. The rest was in remembrance of the Alamo. The prisoners were herded in the center of a circle of bright fires. "Santa Anna? Santa Anna?" the Texans demanded until offi-

cers began to pull off their shoulder straps. But no Santa Anna was found.

After a night of pain General Houston propped himself against a tree and Surgeon General Ewing redressed his wound, which was much more serious than had been supposed. While the surgeon probed fragments of bone from the mangled flesh, the patient fashioned a garland of leaves and tastefully inscribed a card "To Miss Anna Raguet, Nacogdoches, Texas: These are laurels I send you from the battlefield of San Jacinto. Thine, HOUSTON."

All day bands of prisoners were brought in. But no Santa Anna. This was more than vexing. Santa Anna might reach Filisola and return with thrice the army Houston had just defeated. With the President of Mexico in his hands, however, Houston could rest assured that he had won the independence of Texas.

Toward evening a patrol of five men rode into camp. Mounted behind Joel Robinson was a bedraggled little figure in a blue cotton smock and red felt slippers. The patrol had found him near the ruined Vince's Bridge, the living picture of dejection. He said he had taken his ridiculous clothes from a deserted house. He looked hardly worth bothering to escort five miles to camp and would have been dispatched on the spot but for Robinson, who was a good-hearted boy, and spoke Spanish. Robinson and his prisoner chatted on the ride. How many men did the Americans have? Robinson said less than eight hundred, and the prisoner said that surely there were more than that. Robinson asked the captive if he had left a family behind. "Si, señor." "Do you expect to see them again?" The little Mexican shrugged his shoulders. "Why did you come and fight us?" Robinson wished to know. "A private soldier, señor, has little choice in such matters."

Robinson was about to turn his charge loose among the herd of prisoners when the captives began to raise their hats.

"El Presidente! El Presidente!"

An officer of the guard ran up and, with an air that left the Texan flat, the prisoner asked to be conducted to General Houston.

Sam Houston was lying on a blanket under the oak tree, his eyes closed and his face drawn with pain. The little man was brought up by Hockley and Ben Fort Smith. He bowed gracefully.

"I am General Antonio López de Santa Anna, President of Mexico, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Operations. I place myself at the disposal of the brave General Houston."

This much-unexpected Spanish was almost too great a strain upon the pupil who, when opportunity presented, was still receiving instructions in that language from Miss Anna Raguet.

"General Santa Anna!—Ah, indeed! Take a seat, General. I am glad to see you, take a seat!" Houston waved his arm toward a black box and asked for an interpreter.

"That man may consider himself born to no (Continued on page 58)"

This Coupon
Will Bring You
Substantial Savings
on America's
Finest WATCHES!

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Dept. NQ-4 South Bend, Indiana

☐ Please send me your free catalog of Advance Watch Styles and details of your offer:

☐ Please send me free catalog of Jewelry and Diamonds.

Name

Street or R. F. D.

State

City

factory prices!

—the Great Studebaker Watch Factory at South Bend
Offers You America's Most Amazing Watch Values!

"I WOULDN'T take TWICE the price I paid for my Studebaker Watch"—"You saved me at least 50%!"—"The Studebaker 21-Jewel Watch is the greatest watch value in the world!" This is the way hundreds of our customers write us every month. Do YOU want to own one of America's finest watches? You can do it by the most unusual method ever devised in the history of watch selling. The Studebaker Watch Company, directed by the Studebaker family, whose name has meant square dealing for three-quarters of a century, offers you factory prices on the finest watches obtainable anywhere—and most liberal credit terms! Send coupon above for details TODAY!

Own A 21-Jewel
STUDEBAKER
The Insured Watch
Cash or Easy Payments

Imagine being able to purchase one of these magnificent thin model 21-Jewel Studebaker Watches out of your present income! Take advantage of our offer and if you agree with us that we are offering America's most astonishing watch value—you can pay for it cash or in easy monthly payments. An elaborate 6-color catalog telling you how to judge watch value will be sent free of cost. Simply mail the above coupon TODAY!

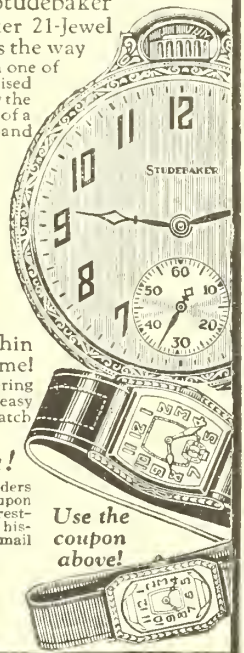
Newest Styles!

We will send you a Studebaker Watch on approval—no obligation to keep it. Pocket Watches, Strap Watches and Bracelet Watches are offered this unusual way. Don't buy a watch until you have seen our catalog and compared our values. Send the coupon!

Send for FREE Book!

Thousands of America's business leaders endorse Studebaker Watches. The coupon will bring you details of the most interesting money-saving opportunity in the history of watch selling. Fill it in and mail it TODAY!

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Watches :: Diamonds :: Jewelry
Dept. NQ-4
South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario



Use the coupon above!

BE A RAILWAY
BE TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

EARN UP TO \$250 Per Month
Expenses Paid

Unusual opportunities in this uncrowded profession. Pleasant, fascinating work. Advancement rapid. Travel and recreation near home. Men 19 to 55 can qualify. WE ASSIST YOU TO POSITION upon graduation, paying \$120 to \$135 per month and expenses or refund your money. You can easily prepare in 3 months' spare time, home instruction. Send for free booklet now. It tells how Traffic Inspection can make your future a certainty. Write today. STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
Div. 24 Buffalo, N. Y.



BIG MONEY for YOU!

The Big Book of Big Profits is ready for you—the finest produced in 25 years of our business history—showing a Complete Line of Guaranteed Shoes for the Entire Family at Lower Prices—direct from factory to you!



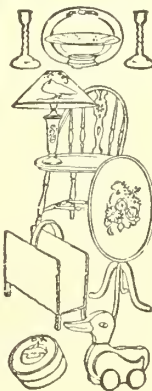
The Mason Shoe Factory

IT'S EASY TO EARN \$15.00 EVERY DAY

Our new, big FREE CATALOG—SALES MANUAL and COMPLETE SELLING OUTFIT—

will help you earn Big Money regularly—MASON Men will tell you so! Write us NOW! MASON SHOE MFG. CO. Dept. H-22 Chippewa Falls, Wis

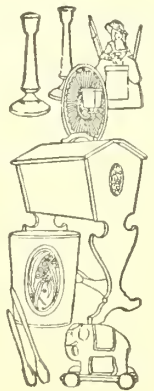
Free
96 PAGE CATALOG
Write Today



Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.



Fireside Industries
DEPT. 44-M ADRIAN, MICH.



AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

Why tolerate dandruff? It can be checked

Here's a simple, sane treatment—recommended by physicians for 60 years and proved effective by millions of men. It combines nature's two most effective remedies for dandruff: *cleanliness* and *pine tar*.

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly. (The final rinse should be cold to close the pores.) Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases, do this every other day until the scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then, to prevent recurrence, keep up regular weekly Packer shampoos. You can't reasonably expect now-and-then care to keep your scalp dandruff-free—and it won't! Sample cake and book on hair health—10¢. PACKER'S, Dept. 25-1, 101 W. 31st St., New York.



Instead of this:
Send 10¢ for sample of

PACKER'S Tar Soap

\$6,000 to \$10,000

a year is

Entirely Practical

as a link in our chain of

Wholesale Distributors

Times have changed—distribution systems have changed—become a wholesale distributor from your own car or truck and make money. We have an especially attractive opportunity in every centrally located distributing point for someone of real ability and unquestioned integrity—Prove to us that you are qualified and we'll make you an Exclusive Wholesale Distributor; give you personal cooperation and start you on the way to an independent and profitable automotive product business of your own. Our leading distributors now making up to \$10,000 a year and better, started in with but a few hundred dollars and grew with us. We are growing faster than ever before—advertising and giving the strongest cooperation ever given distributors. No one considered unless responsible and the capacity to operate successfully is proved by a good business record. Write to Sales Director, Bowes "Seal-Fast" Corporation, Indianapolis, Ind.

It's a BULOVA—Sent with a Mesh Band! For \$1.00

TAKE 12 MONTHS TO PAY

Send \$1.00 with order and tell us a little about yourself: (A) How long at present address, (B) Age, (C) Married or Single, (D) Name of Employer, (E) Position, (F) How long employed. All information held **strictly confidential**. We make no direct inquiries of anyone—not even from your employer.

10 Days Free Trial—Satisfaction Guaranteed

This genuine Bulova watch comes to you post-age paid—no C.O.D. to pay on arrival. You take no risk—satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

\$2.975 DGS-

15 jewel BULOVA gent's wrist watch. White Gold filled case; "dust-tite" protector; radium dial and hands; latest woven mesh wristband. Guaranteed, \$1 now. \$2.39 a mo. Nationally advertised cash price, no extra charge for credit.

Catalog FREE to Adults

New catalog of genuine diamonds, standard nationally advertised watches, fine jewelry. Write for it now.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 14-W, 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

San Jacinto Corn

(Continued from page 57)

common destiny who has conquered the Napoleon of the West; and it now remains for him to be generous to the vanquished," said General Santa Anna.

"You should have remembered that at the Alamo," Houston replied.

General Santa Anna made a bland Latin answer that loses much in translation. What excuse for the massacre of Fannin's men? persisted Houston. For the first time in his amazing life Santa Anna's power of self-command deserted him. Lifting a nervous hand to his pale face, he glanced behind him. A ring of savage Texans had pressed around, with ominous looks on their faces and ominous stains on their knives. Santa Anna asked for opium.

The drug restored the prisoner's poise and he proposed an armistice. Houston accepted, dictating the terms which provided for the evacuation of Texas by the Mexican armies. Santa Anna wrote marching orders for Filisola and the other generals. Houston beckoned to Deaf Smith and the orders were on their way. Texas was free.

The preservation of Santa Anna's life was an immediate and serious problem. Santa Anna dead would be another dead Mexican, but Santa Anna alive and

in Houston's power would be a capital diplomatic asset for Texas. Houston ordered the captive's marquee erected beside the tree under which the Texan leader lay. Santa Anna retired to change his clothes, and General Houston produced an ear of corn from beneath his blanket and began to nibble it. A soldier picked up a kernel and said he was going to take it home and plant it. A genius had opened his lips!

Houston's great voice summoned the men from their cordial discussion of the proper mode of executing General Santa Anna. "My brave fellows," he said scattering corn by the handful, "take this along with you to your own fields, where I hope you may long cultivate the arts of peace as you have shown yourselves masters of the art of war."

Irresistible. "We'll call it Houston corn!" they shouted, and for the moment forgot Santa Anna.

"Not Houston corn," their general said gravely, "but San Jacinto corn."

Thousands of tasseled Texas acres today boast pedigrees that trace back to the San Jacinto ear. Three days after the corn incident Houston had forgotten the name; in his official report he nearly wrote it the battle of Lynchburg.

To Tolerance—and Beyond

(Continued from page 13)

brought back by the A. E. F. as very desirable acquisitions for America.

Whenever we get well acquainted we judge people on their personalities and like or dislike them for what they are. Prejudices disappear by knowledge, by understanding. Understanding leads us from intolerance to tolerance, and then later from tolerance to equality. I don't mean that we will actually like everybody—the Bible tells us to love our neighbor as ourselves, but we haven't learned to do it two thousand years after Jesus and three thousand or more after Moses. I mean merely that we will treat people fairly for what they are if we get to know them. We treat them as enemies or at least as suspicious characters because we don't want to know them.

When I was in France I was especially impressed by the high walls about private gardens, by the remnants of city gates and walls at Paris, at Nîmes, by the great medieval châteaux with their moats and towers, by the thick masonry walls that protected one room from another in the château of Blois. There was a time, not many hundred years ago, when the men in that castle had to defend themselves from room to room, when one city of France was armed against another, when the various sections of France, with their different dialects, were so many warlike and warring provinces. Burgundy and Paris were the

Yale and Harvard of the day, except that they used swords and lances instead of footballs. Now the many districts of France had as great need of each other then as they have now, in economic, political and cultural fields. But they did not realize it. Now they are all parts of one nation, and rivalry between them would be as ridiculous as it would seem to us if the police of New York City should march down to capture and loot Philadelphia.

None of these nations or races or even churches is composed of people exactly like each other and different from every other crowd. Every convention of scientists, or of business men, or of artists crosses boundaries of church and nation; many of them cross race boundaries, too. Congenial people exist on both sides of every antagonistic boundary. We can all find friends wherever we may go as surely as the American Army could acquire sweethearts and wives in every country of Europe. Heart calls to heart and mind to mind the world over. But not unless we know each other.

I remember when I first conducted a Jewish religious service, as a young student, in a town in the West. There was no synagogue in the city, so we had engaged a Lutheran church, and the pastor came to me in all friendliness before the service. But I could see that something was troubling him, and finally

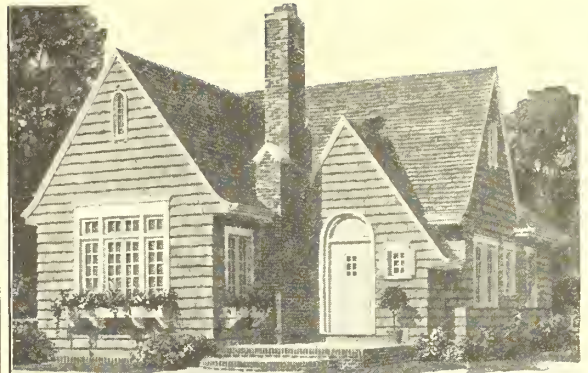
he told me. The church had a new carpet, and he was afraid that I might spoil it by offering sacrifices! I actually had to explain to an educated man, a minister of a Christian church, that sacrifices were abolished when the Temple in Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans in 70 A. D., and that since that day prayer has taken the place of sacrifice in synagogues the world over. I am glad to say that that man attended some of my services, and that he learned what the modern Jew is really like, and how near Jews and Christians are in their essential doctrines and in their mode of worship. There was no question of influencing one another; all that stood between us was lack of understanding.

The American Legion is a unique group in the way of tolerance. It includes all kinds of people in the United States—all creeds, all races, all kinds of national origins—for all had their representatives in the World War. Intolerance has no place in the Legion; even tolerance has little place there, for all American service men and women are equal in the Legion. It is hard to understand that now and then posts of the Legion have shown the same lack of tolerance, and lack of understanding, for other Americans. Fortunately, this is contrary to the official policy of our national organization, and has steadily declined with the growing knowledge of this policy. But for some years it hurt the Legion in the estimation of many broad-minded Americans.

Naturally, as a minister I am especially interested in the religious side of life, and as a minister of a minority religion I come into contact daily with instances of tolerance and of intolerance in religion. When my Christian co-workers in a university elect me their president for a year, when the Y. M. C. A. puts me on its list of speakers, or when I hear a crowd of students at a football game shouting "Kill the Jew!" at a rival player, I see the many forces for and against equality at work. Religious liberty, guaranteed by the Constitution, is constantly being challenged by one or another group of people who are so certain that they possess the Truth that they are willing to burn or banish the exponents of Error. But there are too many partial truths in the world for most of us to be sure which of our opponents are going to burn forever. There is a Persian saying that all religions are but different carpets leading to the same throne. All seek divine Truth in their different ways, and all have found, as yet, only that share of Truth which may be grasped and held by one-sided and half-grown human intellects. In this country as a whole we have really achieved a kind of religious tolerance, which on the one side is challenged by the intolerant, and on the other has been passed by the understanding and the just.

One place where equality took the place of this tolerance was the United States Army in wartime; another is The American Legion of today, which by electing a Jew as National Chaplain demonstrated (Continued on page 60)

You can build your own HOME!



Take 5 to 15 Years to Pay, Like Rent
The PATRICIAN—5 rooms, bath.
Average Monthly Pay-
ments \$45

BUY your home direct from our huge mills at wholesale. Get the full benefit of our rock-bottom prices. Write or wire for details.

Build on your lot. You get free architecture, easy-to-follow plans and instructions. You profit by our experience with over 200,000 building jobs. Many home-builders save \$2000 by our plan.

We finance you! Besides furnishing highest quality Plan-Cut materials for a complete home as specified, we also loan cash to help build. Repay monthly like rent. No re-financing problems. Satisfaction guaranteed by resources exceeding 3 million dollars.

Gordon-Van Tine homes have finest appointments, such as oak floors throughout, linen closets, medicine cases, phone nooks, clothes chutes, built-in features and colorful deluxe kitchens. Enjoy year-round comfort: Thermo-Sealed insulation saves $\frac{1}{4}$ fuel cost. You get these and other outstanding modern features without additional cost because of extraordinary savings in our 5 huge mills.

Get Free Book of 100 Home Plans. Tear out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us.

Gordon-Van Tine

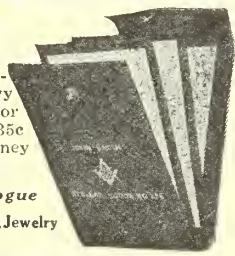
World's Largest Specialists in Home Building Since 1865
1395 CASE ST., DAVENPORT, IOWA

SEND FOR BOOK OF 100 HOME Plans!



PIN A DOLLAR BILL TO THIS

Get this genuine leather 5 window card case, with gold corners, Masonic emblem stamped in heavy gold. Your name or other stamping 35c extra per line. Money back guarantee.



Please send catalogue

- ☐ No. 10 Books, Monitors, Jewelry
- ☐ No. 11 Lodge Supplies

Established 1859

Redding Masonic Supply Co.
200 Fifth Ave., Dept. L. C. New York

"Everything Masonic"

DO YOU

WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then be-

come a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address
Stephenson Laboratory, 9 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

EASY TO PLAY

BUESCHER

True-Tone **SAXOPHONE**

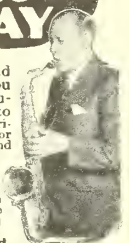
Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. In one hour, you can learn the scale. In two weeks play popular music. In 90 days you should be able to take your place in a band. The Saxophone is unrivaled for entertainment at home, church, lodge or school. Good Saxophone players are in big demand with high pay.

FREE TRIAL—You may have 6 days' free trial on any Buescher Saxophone, Trumpet, Cornet, Trombone or other instrument. Small amount down and a little each month makes it easy to own any Buescher. Mention instrument and complete catalog will be mailed you free. [638]

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2836 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

Free Saxophone Book tells just what you want to know about Saxophone. Write for copy.

EASY TO PAY



ATTENTION: LADIES' AUXILIARY AMERICAN LEGION

\$30 to \$50 per week earned by most of our agents during their spare time selling beautiful Christmas greeting cards. Easy selling, no experience necessary.

Samples sent free on request.

Write today for full particulars.

DORAL INC.

327 Washington St.,

Buffalo, N. Y.



TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"

RAILWAY
POSTAL CLERKS

\$158 to \$225 Month

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

Franklin Institute, Dept. A189, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me, without charge, (1) 32 page book "Government Jobs" with (2) list of Government Jobs now obtainable, full particulars telling how to get them, (3) send full information regarding preference to Ex-Service Men.

Steady Work—No Layoffs—Paid Vacations

SEE YOUR COUNTRY

Common Education Sufficient

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Name _____

Address _____

The Hunter's Guide



DRY BACK OR MONEY BACK

This Button is Your Guarantee of Satisfaction

Every DRYBAK button bears this "DRY-BACK or MONEY BACK" guarantee. If you want a hunting coat distinctly different, with features unknown to ordinary coats, and for less money—get DRYBAK.

Drybak

No coat offers as much for \$8.50

You can't get wet in a DRYBAK. It's comfortable, easy to wear and full of conveniences. Easily washed rubberized blood proof game pockets that will not crack in cold weather; gusset sleeves for ventilation and easy quick shooting. Special inside left pocket for small thermos, license, etc. Coat built with DRYBAK thoroughness and quality. Lasts as long as you hunt. No. 87 B.P. \$8.50. Send for catalog, fabric sample and guarantee button. Note these exclusive features, at this price, then ask your dealer for DRYBAK.

mail the coupon to-day

THE DRYBAK CORPORATION, 93 Worth St., New York City

GENTLEMEN: Send me complete DRYBAK proof material. Name _____ Address _____

AL1

ACCOUNTING

The uncrowded, highly paid profession of Accountancy offers marvelous opportunities to ambitious men and women. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first easy lesson. Both will be sent free.

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY, Inc.
A Division of the
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Dept. 68, 3411 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Now It's Easy to Organize a Drum Corps



PUT your post in limelight at conventions and celebrations. Boost year 'round attendance. Get new members with thrilling martial music. Organize a drum corps with aid of valuable new Leedy booklet "The Roll-Off"—42 pages of information answers all organization and equipment problems. Shows all drum major signals. Scores of interesting photos and much historical data. Sent FREE to Legion members. No obligation. Write for your copy now.

Leedy Mfg. Co.,
1033 East Palmer Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Send for Free Booklet

To Tolerance — and Beyond

(Continued from page 59)

its recognition of this particular five percent of the American forces who fought during the World War. Majority rule in religion is impossible, for religion is a matter of each man's conscience. The minority group in religion is as worthy of respect and recognition as the majority, if it carries its share of the duties of citizenship. That is why the law was amended, allowing the appointment of more chaplains during the war.

Time after time in the service this complete equality and this friendliness of us all in the American service was brought home to me, and I suppose to all the readers of The American Legion Monthly. When I conducted services for the Jewish holy days in Nevers in September, 1918, we were offered the Y. M. C. A. hut for the purpose, and the canteen was closed during the hours of service. I asked the senior chaplain of the area, a Methodist, to deliver one of the New Year sermons and found that this was the third year in succession that he had preached to a Jewish congregation on the New Year, once on the Mexican border, once in a cantonment at home, and now in the A. E. F. At the chaplain's headquarters near Chaumont, where we received our gas-mask drill and other instructions on arrival in France, I was asked one evening for advice to apply if any of the chaplains present were to attend a dying Jew on the battlefield or in hospital. Later on I was to stand beside many a Christian soldier in his last moments, and in the same way some of these Christian chaplains attended Jews, and led them in the recital of the traditional confession of faith, "Hear O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One." Impossible in peace-time, this was only natural in the American Army. The climax of our common service was in the burial party at the cemetery at Bony, where a group of five chaplains

of the Twenty-Seventh Division worked together as comrades in the sad work of finding, identifying and burying our dead. At the end of the work we held a three-fold service, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, for the men who had fought and died together. Even now among the crosses that tell of the burial place of Christian soldiers stand occasionally the six-pointed stars that represent soldiers of the Jewish faith.

So in the Legion. The National Committee on Ceremonials, on which I had the honor to serve, included also a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister, so that any prayer we drafted and revised together might be recited in any post or by any Legionnaire. When that committee met at the Kansas City convention in 1921, the Protestant and I were assigned a room together; then our Catholic brother found himself crowded out in that immense convention, and we had a cot installed in our room for him.

When the Preamble to the National Constitution of The American Legion begins with the words, "For God and Country," that at once brings us beyond the stage of tolerance and toward the stage of complete equality of all who seek for God and who serve their country. Most of the Old World today is still on the road from intolerance to tolerance—some of it still in a situation of bitter intolerance, which reminds us that once Quakers were whipped out of New England and that today a Quaker is President of the United States. But the United States as a whole, and The American Legion in particular, is in a more advanced stage of civilization. We have passed beyond tolerance; we are well on the way to equality. Our great instrument toward that purpose is understanding, which is bringing us to recognize our neighbor, not by his label of creed or race, but for his true worth as a man and an American.

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 23)

The German lines were north and east of us.

On the morning of July 16th we slung packs and were on our way. First we went up a steep hill, then down a long winding road. The hillside below us was tiered up and laid off in truck gardens and flower plots. French people were working in the gardens. They were the first civilians we had seen for a month and a half.

We were headed southwest.

XIX

THE stone markers along the road said: ← Château-Thierry Paris → Our whole battalion occupied a park-like space on the banks of the Marne,

which ran parallel to the road bearing these markers.

The only name we could see was Paris. We heard that at last we were going to Paris for our long-expected leave, that we were to have at least a month and that a special area right near Paris had been assigned to us.

Late in the afternoon—nearly dusk, July 16th—a line of pale gray camions were seen coming over the hill from the east. We watched them pull in like so many ghosts. They seemed to stretch out for miles. They came to a halt.

Soon whistles were blowing and orders were given to fall in with all equipment. This was even better than we expected. We were not only going to Paris but we were going to ride there.

We lined up in a column of twos alongside the camions with their same old Hindu-god drivers.

"Come on, you men, get aboard the camions. Sergeant"—I had been made an acting sergeant—"take charge of this group."

We packed in, about twenty of us, and shoved our equipment as far forward in the passageway as we could.

In an hour we were on our way, headed for Paris. We sang our favorite songs and were in general good spirits.

Goff said: "I wonder will they pay us when we get to Paris?"

Mowry: "Boy, I'm going to get drunk and stay drunk!"

Watrous: "We sure rate this rest. We were supposed to go to Paris after we pulled out of the old trenches . . ."

Brown: "The only rest we'll get will be in some grave."

It was a starlit night. We were traveling in a southwesterly direction. Looking away to the rear I could see star shells and signal rockets still going up. They seemed small and dim from this distance. The artillery had a hollow booming sound—not the crash that is heard at the front.

Our camion came to a sudden halt. The one in back of us closed in and stopped with a creaking of brakes. They had no headlights. We crossed a bridge and then I noticed a change in direction. We swung off the beautiful smooth white Paris Road onto another road—a gravel and dirt road. Out of the end of the camion I watched the white road fade away in the distance. I did not say anything but I felt a creepy sensation in the back of my neck.

For the next hour we rode under heavy shellfire. At times we would stop and pull up alongside the embankment. Then we would go forward at a great speed. One truck would go at a time. This was at crossroads, where the shelling was heaviest. I began to admire the Chink drivers because they *could* go if given a chance.

All night long we bumped over this road. The fellows did not have much to say. I guess they knew by now that this was not the road to Paris.

The next morning we were still rattling along. Every few hours we were allowed to stop and get out to stretch our legs. We passed through the town of Dammartin that day and it was in flames. There had been an airplane raid the night before. The town was in ruins. We had a hard time getting through the streets on account of the wreckage.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, in a flat, dusty country, the camions came to a stop. Orders were passed to fall out with equipment. We were at our journey's end as far as the camions were concerned.

We hiked for hours steadily—no five or ten minute rests at the end of the half hour or hour. We just hiked. There was no straggling.

Far in the east—the way we were headed—we could see the dark outline of a woods. We were out in the open country, in the hot sun, and the sight of the trees, although a long way off, gave

us hope. No man fell out in this open country.

The sun was setting before the head of the column entered the wood. It seemed as though they were being swallowed up in the shadows. Men would strain their necks to look ahead and they would say, "How near are we?" We all hoped there would be a place for us under some tree.

We entered the woods at last. The men looked to the right and left. They began to try to break ranks again. Standing beside the road were officers from battalion headquarters. They were shouting to the passing company commanders, "Don't let your men fall out along this road. The whole division is behind you."

There was a road coming in from the right and another from the left. Artillery was coming up from the right. They crossed our line and swung into the middle of the road. That crowded us over more as we had to keep out of the way of the horses. Our line broke at this point because the men had to duck in between the artillery to get across. They finally caught up.

Another column of foot soldiers came moving in from the road on the left. They traveled along the left side of our road. I got a good look at them after a while and saw that they were English.

It was the first time that we had ever marched down the same road with the English to battle. Usually our experience with English troops was in some railroad yard. They would be pulled up on one track and we on the next track, both in box cars. Then the wise cracks would begin.

But the English soldiers trudging along the other side of the road in the forest of Villers-Cotterets that evening were not met with any wise cracks. It seemed good to have them along.

The road through the woods led through swampy places at times and here the road was of the corduroy type. The logs that had been laid down, although the spaces between had been filled with dirt, were wet and slippery. The horses of the artillery would slip and fall and we would have to jump for our lives. This would tie up the lines and cause great confusion. The artillery men would holler over to us,

"Hey, you fellows on the side, give us a hand to get this caisson off the road!"

But we just kept right on going. We were not giving a hand to anybody.

Around midnight our company was steered over to the side of the road and orders were passed around to take off packs.

We moved a little farther back into the woods. It was very quiet back there. No firing of any kind. I opened my pack, broke out a blanket, rolled up in it and went to sleep.

XX

HOW long I slept I don't know but I woke up with a start. Day was beginning to break. It had rained while I slept and I was lying in a puddle of water. I was (Continued on page 62)



No More Razor Blades To Buy!

Amazing New Invention Guarantees You 365 Slick Shaves a Year—Makes Old Blades Keener Than New!

KRIS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper—a blade rejuvenator! Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day and makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before! KRIS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic flip-flop action. Pressure decreases automatically every stroke. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

New-Type Razor Blade FREE!

To introduce Kriss-Kross stropper, we are including this month free samples of a revolution in razor blade construction. Made to fit your present razor. Guaranteed to last longer and shave better than any other. Expect a new shaving sensation—Kriss-Kross blades are made of a unique steel, made a new and better way.

Get Details!

This astonishing offer is limited. Send the coupon for information on amazing KRIS-KROSS inventions today. They are sold only through authorized representatives—(or direct from the factory)—and are even more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon today for full details. No obligation.

AGENTS

Make big money as KRIS-KROSS representative. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days. H. King earned \$66 in one day. Spare-time workers, office and factory men make \$5, \$10 extra a day, just showing KRIS-KROSS to friends. Wonderful new "Permanent Income Plan." Check bottom of coupon and mail at once!

Rhodes KRIS KROSS

KRIS-KROSS CORPORATION
Dept. M-414, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Canadian Address:
CANADIAN KRIS-KROSS CO.
39 Wellington Street East, Toronto 2, Canada

Kriss-Kross Corporation
Dept. M-414, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me details of Kriss-Kross Stropper. Also send free sample of your new type razor blade for _____ Razor. (Fill in your make of razor.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

() Check here for agent's money-making plan, full time or spare hours.



A Bigger Job— and You're the Man

Are you hunting a bigger job, or does the bigger job hunt you? Why waste priceless years at routine work, when you can acquire at home in a comparatively few months the specialized knowledge for which big firms pay big money? Thousands of men have greatly increased their incomes by home-study business training under the LaSalle Problem Method. Let us show you how you can do just as well or better. The coupon will bring you complete information, together with details of our *convenient payment plan*; also your free copy of a remarkable book—"Ten Years' Promotion in One." Make your start toward that bigger job today.

— Find Yourself Through LaSalle! —

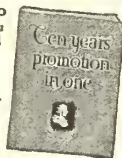
LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 9361-R Chicago

Tell me about your *salary-increasing plan* for my advancement in the business field checked. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Mgmt
- ☐ Railway Accounting
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Modern Foremanship

- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Expert Book-keeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Stenotypy
- ☐ Telegraphy
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence



Name

Present Position

Address

SPARE TIME MONEY

easily earned taking orders for our **Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments**. 21 artistic cards and folders in Florentine, Old English, Water Color, Engraved and Embossed designs. Superb creations in ribboned and parchment folders of costly paper. All with harmonizing envelopes in a beautiful Christmas box. **Actual value \$2.80—Sells for \$1—Costs you 50c.** It's a matter of showing the cards—they sell themselves. **Alma Christ writes** "Sold 60 boxes today. Start NOW."

Samples FREE

Write for free samples and particulars

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 54, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Reduce Your Waistline



Feel Better—Look Better!

GET rid of that excess flesh at the waistline. Wear The **LITTLE CORPORAL "ELASTEX" Belt**. Braces you up. Relieves tired, aching backs. We guarantee THE **LITTLE CORPORAL** to please you.

Write for special **2 WEEKS' TRIAL OFFER** and free literature.

Women: Write for free literature on our new **ELSEE Reducer**.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL CO.
1215 West Van Buren St., Chicago

Dept. V9
Chicago

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 61)

in a confused state. Something was happening. I knew, but I could not figure out what it was. There was one great roaring noise in my head. I looked around and saw the bushes in front of me waving under a hard wind but I could not feel the wind.

I got out of my blanket and crept over to one side where I saw some other fellows. They were as dazed as I was. As my mind cleared a little the roar changed to terrific explosions, close to us, and yet there were no shells falling.

We crawled back farther into the woods and there, in an opening, was a battery of 155's. They were blazing away for all they were worth. They were producing the wind that shook the trees. We had been sleeping about twenty-five feet in front of their muzzles.

I went back and got my wet blanket and equipment from under this battery fire and went on a hunt for something to eat. Ransom, the mess sergeant, was over in a sort of hollow. Our supply wagons had come through but not the rolling kitchen.

The mess sergeant had some galvanized cans and was cooking up coffee in them over an open fire. The wood was wet and he was having a hard time. He went through his supplies and found some tomatoes and a few cans of jam. He also had a couple of square cans of evaporated potatoes. He told us he had no way of cooking the potatoes but if we wanted them we could have them.

Dried raw potatoes do not make a very good breakfast. I tried some of them. It was like eating so much wood.

This was the morning of July 18, 1918—the date of the big drive on the German lines between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. The artillery had opened up about four a. m. Without any preliminary firing everything started with one big bang.

A short distance from where we were was a large stone building. It was being used as a dressing station and a concentration camp for prisoners. As early as 7:30 in the morning this place was jammed—wounded men, both Germans and Americans, were stretched all over. Long rows of prisoners stood or sat along the road leading up to the building. Ambulances were coming and going. German stretcher bearers, under guard, were carrying in the wounded also.

As the prisoners passed by we would say, "Finish!"

Some of them would shrug their shoulders. They did not seem to be worrying much.

Mowry, Brown and I strolled out to the edge of the woods to see what was going on. It was a new thing for us to be looking on at the war from the sidelines. As I reached the last trees Brown, who was ahead, yelled, "Hurry up if you want to see something!"

And there, across a great stretch of open rolling country in front of us, swept the French cavalry. On came the

first wave in perfect formation, horses at full gallop, each trooper carrying a long lance with colored ribbons flying from the spear-like head. Stretched out to the left as far as the eye could see came wave after wave . . . Up the hill they came, over the top, and down . . . Then they would appear on the next hill with never a break . . . Shells burst in their midst . . . Horses and riders would go down . . . But the line went forward, always forward, at a steady gallop . . . It was a real battle scene like the kind you read about in books. As Brown said, it looked like the charge of the Light Brigade.

This was a new kind of war to us.

XXI

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon we knew our time had come. We slung packs and moved out of the woods and across the open field to the east. Prisoners and wounded men were still coming in. Toward dark we entered another woods on a hill where we were to stay for the night. We did not dig any holes but simply lay on top of the ground. Orders were passed, "No lights!"

Then began a night of nightmares and no sleep. Overhead German planes circled and dropped bombs. It's not a pleasant way to spend the night—lying on your back, looking up into the sky and expecting every minute to have a half-ton bomb hit you in the eye. If you turn over it seems worse. When you are looking up you figure you got a chance to duck.

We were up at daybreak. Orders were passed to make up combat packs and fall in. We knew what that meant.

Spud Mowry was next to me fixing his pack and I asked him whatever had become of Captain Vare.

Mowry said, "He was made a major and put in charge of the Third Battalion right after Lindsay was wounded in Belleau Woods, and he still has charge of it."

Some of the fellows were getting good-natured and were trying to give away their extra junk. They would holler:

"Anybody want a pair of socks?"

"Here's some extra underwear."

We left the woods in a column of two, moving directly east. We came to a road which led down into a dark valley. A thick mist hung over this valley. The air was heavy and had a tinge of mustard in it. Orders were passed back to put on gas masks. This made things all the more miserable.

As we went down, the floor of the valley spread out and disappeared in the mist. Off to the right of the road I noticed a number of strange, mound-like figures. It was difficult to make them out through the misty eye-pieces of the gas mask so I slipped my mask off, leaving the pinchers on the nose and the rubber in my mouth.

The French cavalry I had watched

yesterday galloping over the hills to battle with lances held high and ribbons flying now lay dead before me. Lying close together, side by side, was the Frenchman and his horse—not one or two, but hundreds. They were stretched out all over the field as far as I could see for the heavy mist. I had a sort of choking feeling in my throat, and it wasn't from gas.

But there was something queer about their appearance that I couldn't quite make out from the road. I stepped over and examined more closely. Then I saw. Each Frenchman had his gas mask on and each horse had his gas mask on. I looked closer. They weren't dead. They were sleeping calmly. A horse with a gas mask on is a funny sight.

Gradually the road wound up and out of the valley. After reaching the highlands we took off our masks. Over on the right rose steep banks and we headed straight for them. At the foot of these banks ran a double-track railroad. The hill had been cut down to make a road-bed. We crossed the tracks and climbed up the bank. A narrow wagon road ran alongside the hill parallel to the tracks. The road widened out at places and there were deep cuts in the hill. At these places were batteries of deserted German field pieces with stacks of ammunition. We passed battery after battery. The shells marked with yellow stripes were mustard gas shells and there were a lot of them.

German dead lay thick along this road and near the battery positions. You could see where a shell had hit in a stack of shells. They were scattered all about. There were several mangled forms among these shells. Most of the dead were elderly men.

In a small dugout in the hill sat a live German soldier with his back to the wall and one leg up on a board. The leg had been shattered. He called for help as we passed but we went on. All about him were piles of empty shells. The guns still had their mouths pointed to the west.

The sun was now up and the mist in the valley down below the railroad track was rapidly clearing away. The birds were singing. High up above us, on the ridge, moving in the same direction as we were, was a long string of artillery. They seemed to be in a hurry.

The railroad was now running level with us. There was a break in the hills on our right with a divide between them out of which came a road. The road crossed ours and ran down under the railroad through a tunnel and out across the valley below. A gun was placed on this road with its muzzle pointing directly into the tunnel. There was a heap of empty shells all around it. On the other end of the tunnel and far down into the valley were the mangled forms of Frenchmen and their horses. These were dead all right. In places they were piled in heaps.

We passed on and into the town of Vierzy. This had been a good-sized town but now it was a total wreck. The Germans had occupied it for a long time.

The streets all had German names and the dugouts had German names over the top.

We passed out of Vierzy on a road leading to the south. We rested along the low stone wall of a cemetery. Troops were moving back and forth along this road. Officers passed by. They seemed excited. One was saying, "How can we attack without artillery? . . . The artillery have not reached their positions . . ."

We fell in again and headed south. About a fourth of a kilometer farther we halted again. Word came for the platoon officers to report to the captain. Soon they came back. The platoons were separated. We marched up ahead about two hundred feet and turned off the road into a wheat field. We crossed this field to another road. It was a wide temporary road made through the wheat. It ended on our right at a large airdome. The airdome was on fire. Outside of it three airplanes were standing. After crossing this road, which was really a landing and starting place for planes, we split up and formed our combat groups.

Tanks now come up from the rear and pass through us. The German artillery swings into action. Most of the fire is directed at the tanks, but as usual they shoot high and the shells burst among us. We curse the tanks.

We move forward . . . The tanks are about three hundred yards ahead . . . The German artillery and machine guns are working fast . . . And there is no sound behind us of our artillery answering . . . The wheat through which we are moving is full grown . . . We advance continuously, at a walk, without getting down . . . Our bayonets are held down so they will not flash in the sun . . . They get tangled in the long wheat and we have to tug to get them loose, pulling up the wheat . . .

The machine-gun fire before the town of Bourèsches was bad but the fire now is a thousand times worse . . . It is like a hailstorm . . . My body is bent forward as though forcing myself through a heavy rain . . . My free hand clutches my blouse, pulling it tighter about my body . . . There are little crooked paths through the wheat . . . At the end of each little path lies a dead soldier . . .

Sergeant Winslow has the group next to me, on the left . . . He is leading . . . All of a sudden he swerves around, facing our group . . . He has a terrified, surprised look of agony on his face . . . His hands clutch the air one moment, then they wrap themselves about his stomach . . . His teeth gnash . . . Biting the air, he staggers back and falls, close to my group . . .

Brown runs over to help him but Winslow is dead.

A man comes tearing across the field in front of us, headed straight for our group. He is without helmet or rifle. His hair sticks up and there is a wild look in his eyes. He passes through our lines waving his arms and shouting. "Come on! . . . Come on!" He is insane.

The tank ahead turned slightly to the right. We turned also. The wheat here had been cut (Continued on page 64)

LEATHER PUTTEES For Protection, Comfort and Smart Appearance



FOR the man who camps or does cross-country motoring—for drivers of cabs, busses or trucks—for the delivery man whose appearance must typify snappy service—leather puttees are indispensable. In addition to their smart appearance, they are comfortable and safe—no hooks or laces—nothing to catch or snag—on or off in a jiffy.

WILLIAMS leather puttees are carefully made by experts to insure perfect fit and absolute comfort. Made of the finest solid leathers in all styles and prices. Most good dealers carry WILLIAMS puttees, WILLIAMS Sam Browne belts, and garrison belts.

Ask for WILLIAMS puttees at your sporting goods store, shoe store, or the nearest army goods store.

The Williams Manufacturing Company
Portsmouth, Ohio

WILLIAMS

LEATHER PRODUCTS

**Learn to be a
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT**

At home, by mail. Big fees. Pleasant, healthful work. Experts earn \$50 to \$200 a week. You can earn while learning. Write today for details.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE SCHOOL
34 Plymouth Bldg.
Des Moines, Ia.

LEGION UNIFORMS

We specialize in American Legion uniforms. Write today for our special Legion catalog which is beautifully illustrated in colors. It's free to Legionnaires—and no obligation.

S. Abrahams and Company
Juniper and Vine Sts., Phila., Pa.

**New Invention
Banishes
CAN OPENERS!**

No more stabbing and hacking with obsolete can openers. Amazing simple new machine opens any can at the turn of a crank. Holds can for you, lifts out lid slick, smooth and clean in 3 seconds automatically! A revolutionary, lifetime device. Beautifully nicked and handsome as a piece of fine cutlery. Simple in construction. Guaranteed for 5 years. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Friscula, etc. Write today for Special Introductory Advertising Offer.

AGENTS: Men and Women
make \$6 to \$12 an hour, full or spare time. Big Commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Write for FREE TEST Offers.

Central States Mfg. Co.
Dept. L-1003
4500 Mary Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Let This Little Wizard On Figures

Pay You \$65 weekly In your spare time!



Swift as lightning, Ve-Po-Ad, my amazing new vest pocket adding machine, solves all figuring problems. AND YOUR MONEY PROBLEMS, TOO! Men all over the country are making BIG MONEY selling this little wizard on figures for only \$2.95. Ve-Po-Ad duplicates work of \$300 adding machines. Adds, subtracts, multiplies any numbers with absolute accuracy. Million dollar capacity, yet weighs only 4 ounces and is only 5 inches long and 3 1/4 inches wide. Made of metal—lasts a lifetime—fully guaranteed.

EXCEPTIONAL PROFITS FOR YOU

At \$2.95, Ve-Po-Ad sells like magic! Your profit over 100 per cent on every sale. \$65 a week is easy just showing it in your spare time. Less than 10 sales a day pays full-time workers over \$100 a week. No experience necessary. Harry Fuller, new man, made \$26 first day. Shapiro, California, made \$475 in one week.



FREE Sample Machine

Live-wire agents who write NOW will get FREE VE-PO-AD offer and MONEY-MAKING PLAN. Do you want to make \$1,000 clear profit in the next few months? Then write to me today—NOW—and let me show you how, by return mail. A post card will do. But write at once.

C. M. CLEARY

173 W. Madison St., Dept. 73C, Chicago, Ill.



Styled On Fifth Avenue—TIES & SHIRTS PAY BIG

MAKE STEADY MONEY

weekly selling this combined line. Public Service offers the best money-maker in this country for full time or spare time workers.

Splendid Fifth Ave. Styled shirts. Beautiful fabrics to satisfy every taste. Sell on eight to men and women at factory prices. Biggest assortment in the business. Collect your commissions in advance. Finest new Fall Outfit FREE. Start earning more money at once. Write TODAY.

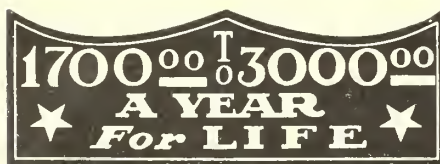
PUBLIC SERVICE MILLS, Inc.
4939 Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.
Canadian Office, 110 Dundas St., London, Ontario, Canada

EXTRA MONEY—Easy!

Sell Christmas Cards! Make 50c on each \$1 Box of 24 Finest Assorted Engraved Designs. 40% on personal greetings. Deal Direct with Manufacturers!

Write for Samples and Details.

THISTLE ENGRAVING & PUB. CO., Dept. N., 20 Vesey St., New York



U. S. Government Jobs

Railway Postal Clerks.

Mail Carriers.

Postoffice Clerks.

Census Clerks.

Ex-Service Men Get Preference.

Mail Coupon today sure.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A185, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32 page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable and full information regarding preference to Ex-Service men, (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name _____

Address _____

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 63)

and we advanced across the stubble. The machine-gun bullets were beating the ground at my feet. Unconsciously I would raise my feet and step forward as though stepping over something.

We approached a road lined with trees. Some one in my group cried, "Look!" I turned. He was pointing up at a tree on the road. The figure of a man showed through the leaves. The men dropped to their knees and fired. A German machine gunner and his gun crashed to the ground. No orders to fire had been given.

Across the road a tank stood motionless. The front of it had been damaged. Through an opening in the side we could see the charred body of the operator. The inside of the tank had been lined with shells, and a direct hit had set them all off. It was still smoking as we passed by.

Word came from the right to swing back in the original direction. This meant we had to cross back over the road with the trees again and out into the open stubble field. I was on the left flank now. This meant that I had to go far enough out in the field to permit the other groups to get in.

I started across on a run and as soon as I figured there was enough room for all I faced to the east. The men crowded up, and first it was "Give way on the left," then "Close over on the right."

The machine guns were soon trained on us again and the men dropped fast. Two hundred yards ahead was an embankment that meant certain protection.

Spud Mowry was over on my right, about ten men between us. I saw Spud stop, turn and crumple down. He had been ripped open with machine-gun bullets. He died instantly.

One hundred yards from the embankment we broke into one wild dash. It was a sunken road with a high bank on its eastern side. We hit the bank and fell. We lay down awhile and then started to climb the bank.

An officer came up—the adjutant from Battalion Headquarters. He said, "Where are you men headed for?"

I looked along the bank for one of our officers but there were none in sight. Not one had reached the sunken road. In fact, I discovered that we had only fifteen men left of our platoon.

I said, "None of our officers are here and I don't know just where our objective is but they are still fighting up ahead."

"What company are you out of?"

"O7th Company."

Adjutant: "Then this is your objective right here. The town of Tigny lies just ahead. Men from your company are in front of it but the town is not to be occupied. Dig in here. You will have to keep a lookout on your right as that flank is open."

We dug in without losing any time.

After we were all set Eberle and I crawled over the bank and made our way toward Tigny, which lay a little to our right front. We found remnants of the second, third and fourth platoons. They were all dug in, so we crawled back to our own holes.

As we were talking two planes shot out of the sky and circled over our positions. One was chasing the other. One had a black cross underneath and the other a circle with a design in it. Around and around they went like cars on a roller coaster. They were both shooting and in certain positions their bullets would go plunk-plunk in the road and in the bank. Then we would crouch down in our holes wishing they would go some place else and do their fighting. Finally one of the planes headed straight for the ground and hit straight on, nose first, with a crash. It burst into flames. We caught a glimpse of a black cross just as it hit the ground. We watched the flames consume it and for a long time afterward a thin column of gray smoke arose from it. Nobody left the plane.

The German artillery was still banging away. At three in the afternoon our artillery opened up and rained shells into the woods to the east. They kept up a steady bombardment and it piped the Germans down.

At five in the afternoon a runner came up from the first-aid station for a detail of four men to carry back a wounded man to Vierzy, so we had to let four of our men go. We asked them to bring us back some water if they could. I carried an extra canteen and I gave it to them.

One of the fellows came back and he told us about his trip.

He said, "Who do you suppose the wounded man was that we carried back to Vierzy?"

We said, "Who?"

"Major Bayes . . . After we set him down in the place they're using for a hospital he thanked us and said, 'Boys, they call me Johnny the Hard . . . But I'm hard no more.'"

XXII

WE WERE told that the French would relieve us shortly after dark, but midnight came and no relief. Two a. m. came and there was a bustling down the road from the left. The French had arrived.

We left immediately and started out for Vierzy. While we were passing the first-aid station we were stopped and asked if we would carry in one of the wounded men that was lying there. We couldn't refuse. There were no stretchers so we laid our rifles out on the ground and fastened a blanket around them. It took two rifles. The bayonets were left on and enclosed in their scabbards. The man was laid on the blankets face down and we hoisted him up to our

shoulders. It took four of us to carry him on this kind of a stretcher.

So we headed for Vierzy—Seton, Eberle, another fellow and myself. He was a heavy man we were carrying and we were not all of the same height. The bayonet end, although covered, would cut into our shoulders and we would have to change positions every now and then. The wounded man would groan a little, especially when the rifles came together. This made the blanket sag down and squeeze him. Also the rifles would sort of bang against him. It was tough going and we did the best we could to keep the rifles apart and the blanket taut.

The road was rough. We were hungry, thirsty and tired, and growling. First one, then another, would express his opinion:

"Hell of a note if they can't at least furnish stretcher bearers to carry in the wounded . . ."

"Back of the lines there's a bunch of gold-brickers that run around with a stretcher and look wise . . . Just as soon as a little trouble starts you can't find them . . ."

"I haven't had any sleep since we left the Marne . . . My legs are about ready to cave in . . ."

"Jesus! This rifle is cutting into my shoulder . . ."

"It wouldn't be so bad if we had a regular stretcher . . ."

"Let's leave it down a minute and switch positions . . ."

We found a level spot and started to lay the wounded man down. As he was about to touch the ground he spoke up. "Take it easy, will you, fellows?" And at the same time he sort of pushed his elbows forward so that they hit the ground first and then he gradually lowered himself down. Then he said, "Sorry to put you fellows to all this trouble."

Farther down the road we stopped again. We heard a car coming and in a few minutes a small Ford ambulance came in sight. It stopped when it saw us and we all thought, here's our chance to get rid of the wounded man. We put him down alongside the road and I went over. There were two men on the seat.

I said, "There's a wounded man here and he's in very bad shape. Will you take him back to the hospital with you?"

"Can't do it. We got orders to report at Tigny and pick up a raft of wounded."

"Take him along anyway . . . Christ, we're all in and can't carry him any farther . . ."

"Can't do it. We'll have more than we can handle as it is. Besides, we're liable to get blown up the way they are shelling this road . . ."

"Give us a regular stretcher anyway. This guy is in bad shape and these rifles are raising hell with him . . ."

"Can't do it. We haven't got any extra stretchers . . ."

I noticed a couple of stretchers fastened to the car and I whispered to Eberle, "Keep talking to him until I get a stretcher off the side . . ."

So Eberle said to the driver, "How far back is it to Vierzy?"

"It's only about a mile . . . Go down to the next road you meet and turn to the right . . . There's a graveyard on the corner . . . When you get into town anybody can show you where the wounded are being taken care of—it's a hell of a place . . ."

Then I whispered to Eberle, "Let him go . . . We got the stretcher . . ."

Eberle said, "Well, I hope you get through all right," and they drove off.

We opened up the stretcher alongside the wounded man and I said, "Say, can you roll over on your back until we switch you over to this stretcher? It won't be so hard riding . . ."

"Jesus! His guts are sticking out . . ."

Wounded man: "I can't get up, fellows. The bandage is stuck to the blanket and every time I move it pulls me apart . . ."

He had been shot in the belly and the bandage had slipped down.

"The only thing we can do is to move both him and the blanket."

We unfastened the blankets from the rifles and lifted him over, blanket and all. He never made a murmur. He put his arms forward a little so they would reach the stretcher first and then lowered himself down. Then he said, "Just a minute, fellows," and he pushed down on his mid-section. "All right."

We finally climbed the hill into the town. A high stone wall ran along the east side. An M. P. hollered at us, "You better keep close to the wall . . . The road is under shellfire . . ."

We asked where they were taking the wounded and he pointed out a church to us. In front of the church was a stream of water coming out of a pipe or fountain. Two hundred men, at least, were trying to get at it. We were going to make an attempt to buck the line with the wounded man, making the claim that he wanted a drink, but it looked too hopeless, so we went on into the church with him.

We asked a fellow standing inside where we should put him. He said, "Put him there any place."

We didn't, though. We saw a doctor bandaging up another fellow so we asked him, saying that it was a bad case. He said, "Set him down here and I'll see what I can do for him."

We set the wounded man down carefully. He didn't make any move with his arms. I bent over to hear if he was breathing. There was a creepy feeling in the back of my neck. I touched him on the shoulder and he slowly turned his head toward me.

I said, "Do you want a drink or anything?"

He said, "No, thanks," very softly.

While in this advanced hospital I learned that Major Vare, our original captain, had been severely wounded while crossing the wheat field the morning before.

As soon as Eberle and I got outside we started to hunt for water. There was no chance of getting near the place out in front. Over at the other side of town we located an old well in a yard. It was a chain well with a series of little buckets on it. (Continued on page 66)



"I have had a lot of comfort in living in my Bossert House."

C. W. NICHOLS

BOSSERT HOMES are on the estates of some of the most prominent people in the country and have been highly endorsed by their owners.

People today want all the conveniences and none of the bother . . . this is why they see Bossert for everything from beautiful homes to garages or summer bungalows.

Ready Cut Houses Without That Ready Cut Look

Write for our illustrated catalogue

BOSSERT HOMES

LOUIS BOSSERT & SONS, Inc.
1375 Grand Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soft, Easy Fitting

You get handsome appearance with ease that makes your feet rejoice in this remarkable shoe. Genuine black kid, sturdily built for hardest knocks. Latest scientific Arch Support ends aches, foot weariness, relieves ailments. Special heel seat prevents wrinkled Little lining. Features of \$5 more shoes twice the for sizes price. Sizes 5 to 15. 13, 14, 15 Ask your dealer.

M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 1, Goldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers write at once!

INVENTORS

who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives these facts; sent free. Write.

Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D. C.
Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

save 1/3 to 1/2

New FREE book quotes Reduced Factory Prices. Lower terms—year to pay. Choice of 5 colors in New Porcelain Enamel Ranges. New Circulating Heaters. \$34.75 up. 200 styles and sizes. Cash or easy terms. 24-hour shipments. 30-day free trial. 360-day test Satisfaction guaranteed. 29 years in business. 700,000 customers. Write today for FREE book.

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
2066 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Cabinet Heaters \$34.75 up

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE

WE HAVE issued an officially approved facsimile parchment copy of the famous Declaration, suitable for framing.

You may have one of these, *Free* of charge, upon written application to

INQUIRY BUREAU



197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

Please send me **FREE** facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. (I enclose 5c. to cover postage.)

Name

Address

A.L.M. OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN BUSINESS

Carry this Shirt Factory in Your Pocket!

Make \$85 a Week

Men or women! Here is a wonderful opportunity to make big money easily—in a pleasant, dignified business of your own. No experience needed. Represent Sinclair Mfg. Co. Call everywhere. Carry our pocket outfit that displays entire factory output. Show finest, biggest selection of Comfort-Built Shirts. Snappy new patterns. Best quality fabrics. Low factory prices astonish everybody—bring many orders. Big profits. Full or spare time.

SAMPLES AND SUPPLIES FREE

We show you how to secure orders easily. We deliver and collect. You are paid daily. Write now—make cash profits at once. SINCLAIR MFG. CO., Dept. 200, 739 N. Kingsbury St., Chicago

CORRECT your NOSE

30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Obtain a perfect-looking nose quickly. At home, while you sleep. **GUARANTEED!**

FREE BOOKLET

68,000 doctors, users praise Anita Nose Adjuster. Gold Medal Winner. Write today.

Anita Institute, K48, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

WANTED! Man with Car

To Run Store On Wheels

Sell the largest, finest quality line of daily necessities from your car. No experience necessary. Hundreds now making **\$200 TO \$500 A MONTH**

Our proposition is entirely different from all others. Our advertising half sells the goods for you. Premiums, samples and gifts all make business come your way. Business is permanent, pleasant and profitable.

BE A DOUBLE MONEY MAKER

Two entirely different lines, 241 items, a sale at every home. Two lines mean two profits. We will give you liberal credit. Write for details about our new proposition. FURST-McNESS CO., Dept. 467, Freeport, Ill.

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 65)

We worked the handle around and around and finally a little trickle of water came. It looked muddy so we kept turning. It cleared up a little so I tasted it. It was wet so I got the cup out and let it fill and Eberle got his out and was filling his as I was drinking mine.

An officer came over to us. "Don't you know better than to drink that water? That well is full of gas."

I said, "Well, I guess I'm dead then," and finished the cup.

We inquired around until we found out that our company was to assemble back in the woods where we first came in, so we headed for there. We struck out across the valley to the west. The railroad ran above us on the left. We passed the tunnel where the French cavalry had made the charge in the face of the German gun. It was cleaned up. There were still broken lances, helmets, and gas masks lying around. Toward the woods was a long stretch of earth that had been freshly dug and covered up. On top was a crude wooden cross. One word was on it: "Chevaux."

We stopped at the place where we had stored our rolls. They were scattered around as part of the company had passed back. I found mine with Spud Mowry's under the tree where we had

left them. We opened Spud's as we knew the salvage detail would be along soon and they would get anything of value. There was nothing in it but clothes.

Eberle picked up the new overseas cap, "Here's the cap Spud was going to christen in Paris . . . I guess I'll keep it to remember him by . . ."

With our rolls under our arms we headed for the Forest of Villers-Cotterets. Judging by the number of rolls still there, we figured we were among the first ones back.

We located the galley and I shook hands with Vogel. We had hot coffee, a dish of beans, bread and jam, and we felt like new men.

I said to Vogel, "Well, the rest of the fellows ought to be in pretty soon . . ."

Vogel's face took a peculiar twist and he said, "I guess they're all in that's coming." He pointed to a group here and a group there.

"How many?" I said.

"Seventy-two out of the two hundred and fifty men."

"How many of the original company?"

"Twenty."

We had been gone only one day. I thought of the pile of rolls back on the hill.

(To be continued)

The German Veteran Speaks

(Continued from page 42)

It is not pleasant reading. We follow at one point a group of shell-shocked men who suddenly flee the lines, pick up the arms and legs of dismembered corpses and dash wildly into a nearby village, waving their gruesome weapons about their heads. No, "Way of Sacrifice" is scarcely parlor reading.

The book obviously was written for propaganda purposes—as a plea for peace. That it has weight in that respect can scarcely be denied. Werner, the hero of the story, hated war from the very beginning. He hated it, in anticipation, while his regiment was moving up; and he hated it in reality—hated it with a burning, frenzied hatred—when he saw his comrades mowed down. Sometimes Werner would talk to his fellow-officers on the subject, and they would while away dugout hours with philosophical musings about war.

The fervor of Mr. Unruh's pacifist message handicaps him as a novelist. His book, while written with fire and eloquence, makes difficult reading. It is almost rabid at times, and it lacks the technical cohesion necessary to a good novel. Indeed, it would not be too much to set the book down as a shell-shock work—a cry of war-tattered nerves.

"Prisoners All," an autobiographical story by Oskar Maria Graf, differs vastly from Unruh's chronicle of horrors. Mr. Graf makes himself the hero,

using his own name. The first third of the book carries the reader through the author's boyhood, up to 1914. Graf was an iconoclastic youth with literary ambitions. While in his teens he began to absorb socialistic ideas and ran around with half-baked revolutionists. In 1914 he yielded to the spirit of the hour and enlisted—but without any special illusions regarding war. Graf's military service was restricted to behind the lines. What did he think about war? Well, he detested it; but he makes clear—in the same cold-blooded tone—that his resentment was largely directed against army discipline. "Prisoners All" is a repulsive bit of work. It is commendable only for its utter candor. To the veteran its chief interest lies in its portrayals of what happens to a socialism-imbued mind when submitted to military discipline. So far as reaction to the military machine is concerned, "Prisoners All" is not unlike Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." The Andrews of Dos Passos's story stands out in happy contrast when measured against Private Graf. Andrews felt at least an occasional pang for the sufferings of his fellows; Graf, by his own statement, felt solely for himself.

Rudolf Binding, German poet and novelist, served throughout the war as a German staff officer. Excerpts from his diary and letters, written during the con-

flirt, have been issued in book form under the forbidding title, "A Fatalist at War." The volume makes powerful reading. Mr. Binding, we gather, was somewhat sympathetic to Prussian principles when the war started. His experiences changed him considerably in that regard, however, and the book depicts this transition. His first flash of rebellion comes at the introduction of poison gas by the Germans. "I am not pleased with the idea of poisoning men," he writes. Subsequent chapters carry him through the campaigns in Flanders, at Ypres, in Galicia, and finally at the Somme. The author's thoughts are vividly penned. He deplores the suffering he sees, and one feels the sincerity of this expression.

Writing in diary form gives Mr. Binding certain privileges over his novelist-fellows. The book is full of vignettes of actual experiences—contacts with British prisoners, living conditions of the German troops, suffering due to lack of food—and it builds to a bitter conclusion when the author suffers a complete collapse just before the Armistice.

Last of the group, but last only in point of time, comes Erich Maria Remarque's scalding indictment, "All Quiet on the Western Front." This novel, already a sensation in Europe and England, shows signs of exceeding that popularity in America. The story is devastating in its strength. The author is first of all an artist; and being an artist, he has no room for pettiness. The hero of the tale, a German lad in his teens, serves through virtually the entire conflict; his soul is seared by blood and slaughter, and he dies, at last, a few weeks before the Armistice, on a day so uneventful amid a cataclysm of killing that the German high command can only report: "All quiet on the Western front."

It is difficult to pick out any part of the book for specific mention. The whole picture is very closely knit. Paul Baumer, the hero, enlists casually, gaily; he serves behind the lines for a time; then he is thrown into action. The process of disillusionment is bitter, and before his first year of service ends he

emerges hardened, grim, and hating war with an implacable hate. But it is war and war only he hates. He exalts the comradeship of soldiers; he chafes only lightly at army discipline; he wastes no time excoriating the stupidity or cruelty of an occasionally bull-headed officer—in fact, he is far more bitter against non-coms.

These six German war books are all sombre in tone. They have less buoyancy, less laughter than the average war novel or diary by a British or an American veteran. Americans, especially, will be struck by the almost utter lack of humor. There is none of Nason's infectious gaiety here, none of the high-spirited dauntlessness which so delighted the reader in Wharton's "Squad." The answer, possibly, lies in the long tenure of service and hardship suffered by the Germans—four years, as against our own eighteen months. However, one suspects that the lack of light-heartedness may also be partly traceable to the German attitude toward militarism. The picture drawn by these authors is that of a Germany which regarded war more as a habit than as an adventure. The American despised war—but when he did have to fight he fought gallantly, audaciously, and with a smile. To Germany, for the most part, it was just one more war—a routine proposition—something to be fought and won if possible, sternly, stolidly, with no romance, but with plenty of efficiency.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHIA. By Arnold Zweig. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. New York: The Viking Press.

PRIVATE SUHREN. BEHIND THE LINES WITH A GERMAN RIFLEMAN. By George von der Vring. Translated by Fred Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WAY OF SACRIFICE. By Fritz von Unruh. Translated by C. A. Macartney. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

PRISONERS ALL. By Oskar Maria Graf. Translated by Margaret Green. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A FATALIST AT WAR. By Rudolf Binding. Translated by Ian F. D. Morrow. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by A. W. Wheen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 45)

favor in some way. I have noticed that the Then and Now Gang is strong for mutual helpfulness."

WHILE we're on the subject of marriages in this issue, "Legionnaires" Florence Gertler Miller, ex-sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps Reserves, who spoke her piece regarding Marinettes in the July Monthly, offers another interesting bit of post-war data:

"Since the Company Clerk is always after information of a different sort, here's a thought that has just occurred to me. According to the latest information I had on the subject, not one of the girls who served in the Marine Corps

and who has since married, has 'doubled up' with a civilian. A good many of us were not true to the Corps, on account of having married ex-soldiers or ex-sailors, but I have yet to hear of a team not one hundred percent ex-service!"

Incidentally, there's a chance for some up-and-coming Legion post in New York City to sign up a live member, as Mrs. Miller remarks. "I am sorry to report that at present I am not connected with any Legion post, though I keep in touch with Legion affairs through my husband's membership. I was a charter member of Belleau Woods Post (all ex-lady-leather-necks) of Washington, D. C.

"I am now (Continued on page 68)

One of many beautiful new styles

Factory to you
SAVE 50%
Try it
30 days Free BEFORE YOU BUY

Latest Screen Grid Push-Pull Electric or Battery Radios

Enjoy a powerful new Miraco 30 days in your home—at our risk. No obligation to buy. Send for latest literature and amazing special wholesale Price Offer.

10th Successful Year

MIRACO
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Compare with Costliest Sets!
America's big old, reliable Radio Factory springs its 10th anniversary sensations! Latest 1-dial, Perfected Screen Grid, Push-Pull, Super Dynamic Electric AC and new battery sets of finest construction, costliest features—at astounding low factory prices. Compare with radios at 2 to 4 times the price—unless Miraco is MORE SELECTIVE, RICHER, CLEARER, TONED and gets MORE DISTANCE, don't buy it! Delighted thousands report programs from Coast to Coast, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, with magnificent clear, cathedral tone, 1 year warranty. Choice of beautiful consoles with dynamic speakers. Insure satisfaction, save lots of money—deal direct with a big, old maker of line radios—10th successful year. Write and be convinced!

Send postal or coupon for Amazing Special Offer. No Obligation.

USER-AGENTS! Exclusive Territory. Big Money. Write!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP'N
Builders of Fine Sets—10th year
464-BB Miraco Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send amazing special wholesale price offer.
☐ Interested in exclusive territory prop'n.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually.

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 9381-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

PRIZE WINNING DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS UNIFORMS

You can still get them in time for the Louisville Convention.

Write now for 44-page Catalog No. 210
THE FECHHEIMER BROS. CO.
America's Foremost Uniform Tailors
CINCINNATI, OHIO

You Need This—

COMPLETE HOME GYMNASIUM. It gives you facilities at home for playful, health-building exercise—to strengthen weak muscles—to reduce flesh—to keep children contented while indoors. Fits in spare space—it is so compact.

GYM JUNIOR
Patented
The Home Gymnasium

is of durable tubular metal construction, attractively finished. Hundreds have been purchased for homes, clubs, offices, hospitals, hotels, etc. Reasonably priced—and obtainable on easy payments.

Write for Literature

FLOOR BARS FOLD UP WHEN NOT IN USE

Punching Bag
Rowing Machine
Chest Weights
Parallel Bars
Wrist Developer
Massager
Wall Ladder
Chinning Bar
Swimming Machine

GYM JUNIOR CO.
540 Gregory Ave.
Weehawken, N. J.



Vivid and Entertaining

THIS COLLECTION of 2,200 official war photographs is the largest ever published in one volume. Hundreds of Government photographers battled with death to secure this pictorial story of our participation in the World War. It is a graphic picture of our Army, Navy and Marine Corps in action. Here is a complete story—the training camps; the French villages; the big offensives, Cantigny, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and the others; a special Navy and Marine Corps section of hundreds of pictures; a score or more of Air Service photographs; Tank Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations, and every branch that contributed to the winning of the war—all in pictures.

This beautiful collection of Official War Photographs satisfies a desire which you have to reminisce and recall experiences of the days of 1917 and 1918. Then, to be apprehended with a camera in your possession was a most serious offense. How often did you remark, "I wish I had a camera?" The Government, in taking and preserving these photographs of the World War, has made it possible for you to possess a pictorial review better than any one you could have compiled.

The actual size of this portfolio is 9 x 12 inches. The portfolio contains 1,000 pages and is handsomely bound in an ART LEATHER COVER that will preserve the contents for generations. Each page of the portfolio is supplemented by official orders, official maps and official statistics, written by General Fox Connor, Chief of the Operations Division, A. E. F.

ORDER YOUR COPY of this beautiful portfolio—TODAY. If after ten days' examination in your own home, you are dissatisfied with the portfolio, return it to us and we will refund your money.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail This Coupon NOW!

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

You will please send me, all charges prepaid, portfolio containing 2,200 United States Official Pictures of the World War. I will pay the railroadman \$12.15 when the portfolio arrives. This is not, however, to be considered a purchase. If at any time within ten days I am dissatisfied with the portfolio, I have the privilege of returning it and you agree to refund my money.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Then and Now

(Continued from page 67)

trying to find an active post to join, but the only two I can find that are open to women are gob posts and of course you couldn't expect a Marine to join one of those!"

ZERO hour for the opening of the Legion national convention in Louisville, Kentucky, approaches. As the convention will be held September 30th, October 1st, 2d and 3d, this is last call for men and women who expect to attend the following reunions which will be held during that same week in Louisville:

38TH (CYCLONE) DIV.—All former members are requested to write to F. J. Helm, 6310 Wentworth ave., Englewood Station, Chicago, Ill., for outlines of reunion program.

21st ENGRS., LIGHT RY.—More than two hundred men have already lined up for the Louisville meeting. Particulars may be obtained from "Yardmaster" William Bruckman, The Bruckman Brewing Co., Ludlow ave. and Rapid Transit, Cincinnati, Ohio.

113TH SAN. TRAIN, 38TH DIV.—Fourth annual reunion Sept. 28th, just prior to Legion convention. Former members are requested to send names and addresses to James D. Lewers, 137 N. Peterson ave., Louisville, Ky.

309TH SAN. TRAIN, 84TH DIV.—Former members of Field Hosp. and Amb. Companies composing this train, address John J. O'Brien, 2017 Lowell ave., Springfield, Ill.

483D AERO SQDRN.—All former members of the "Old 71st" stationed at Romorantin, France, and men who worked in Air Service Hq., 45 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, address Al G. Bloom, Circuit Clerk, Moberly, Mo., regarding reunion in Louisville during Legion convention.

CAMP HOSP. No. 91, LA BAULE, FRANCE.—All officers, nurses and enlisted men of personnel or patients who passed through hospital are requested to report to Paul H. Wadlow, 1216 Barret ave., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP. No. 57.—Located in Paris during war. Reunion of all officers, nurses and enlisted men during Legion convention. Address Lillian McElwain Callaway, Box 598, Long Beach, L. I., N. Y.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22.—All former members, including nurses, desiring to attend reunion during Legion convention, address George D. Liebel, P. O. Box 508, Lexington, Ky.

A. P. O. 762.—Former members interested in reunion at Legion convention, address Cornelius Desmond, 345 Madison ave., New York, N. Y.

NAVAL RAILWAY BATTERIES, A. E. F.—All former members interested in holding reunion during Legion national convention in Louisville, address H. H. Gawthrop, 29 N. Montgomery st., Trenton, N. J.

EIGHTH ARMY CORPS VETS. ASSOC. (Philippines and China)—Reunions of former members of the 60 regiments and annual banquet at Louisville during Legion convention. A roster of members of this association is practically a roster of all general officers during the World War—including General Pershing. Address George S. Geis, nat'l pres., 424 Book bldg., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Reunion of officers and crew at Legion convention. Address Milo M. Sorenson, D. D. S., Capitol Theatre bldg., Racine, Wisc.

327TH M. G. BN., 84TH DIV.—Reunion during Legion convention. Address Fulton Mandeville, 724 S. 4th st., Louisville.

312TH F. S. BN.—Reunion at Louisville, Sept. 30-Oct. 3. Address J. C. Locke, 717 E. Emerson st., Okmulgee, Okla.

31ST RY. ENGRS.—Reunion during Legion convention. Address D. E. Benjamin, 4115 W. Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.

73D SPRUCE SQDRN.—Members interested in reunion during Legion convention, address Clarence Kellerman, Lawford Theatre bldg., Havana, Ill.

FIELD HOSP. AND AMB. Co. No. 10.—Get-together during Legion convention. Address Urban B. Jones, Gen. Del., Nevada, Mo.

Co. A. 37TH ENGRS.—Reunion during Legion convention. Louisville. Address Harry L. Mathews, Mitchell, Ind.

Co. L. THIRD BN., EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, MD.—Ex-Top Sergeant Marcus C. Redwine will give banquet to all former members who attend Legion convention. Write to him at Winchester, Ky.

CAMP HOSP. No. 30, ST. MAXIENT, FRANCE—Reunion of former personnel and patients at Louisville, Sept. 30-Oct. 3. Address Betty Fetzman Hallgren, 43 Filley st., Windsor, Conn.

LA SOCIETE DES VERNEUIL SOLDATS. (Buddies of Base Spare Parts 1, 2, and 3, M. T. C. 327)—Reunion during Legion convention. Headquarters at Kentucky Hotel, Address Elmer W. Roetter, 5900 Magnolia ave., Chicago, Ill.

Following are additional reunion and other notices of interest to veterans:

FIFTH DIV. SOCIETY.—Sixth annual reunion at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1-3. Address Frank F. Barth, editor, *The Red Diamond*, Suite 602, 20 West Jackson blvd., Chicago.

35TH DIV.—Reunion at Hutchinson, Kans., Sept. 27-28. Address Fred Henney, secy., 35th Div. Assoc., Hutchinson.

315TH INF.—11th annual reunion at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 9th. Address Benjamin Kann, Adjt., Montfaucon Post, 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore, Md.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF.—Annual reunion of regimental society at Wichita, Kans., Sept. 1-3. Gen. Reeves will attend. Address C. H. Paulson, secy., Memorial bldg., Topeka, Kan. **363D INF. ASSOC. (91ST DIV.)**—Eleventh annual reunion in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 28. Address Joseph M. Cahen, 19 Kearny st., San Francisco.

11TH F. A.—Reunion at York, Pa., Sept. 1st. Address J. T. Carroll, pres., Vets. Assoc., 11th F. A., 211 Federal bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

112TH HEAVY F. A.—Veterans interested in regimental association and proposed reunion address H. K. Wilder, pres., Room 807, 202 W. 40th st., New York City.

328TH F. A.—To complete roster, all men are requested to report to Adjt. L. J. Lynch, 209 Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

322D F. A.—Annual reunion at Hamilton, Ohio, Sept. 14th. Address 322d F. A. Reunion Assoc. Hq., P. O. Box 280, Hamilton.

54TH REGT., C. A. C.—Annual reunion Aug. 31st-Sept. 1st, at Willard Beach, South Portland, Maine. Address L. R. Foulke, 484 Main st., Biddeford, Maine.

314TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Second annual reunion at St. Louis in October. For particulars address H. C. Woods, cor. secy., 2665 Morgan st., St. Louis.

FIFTH U. S. CAV. VETS. ASSOC.—Second annual reunion in Denver, Colo., Sept. 8-11. Address J. M. Patrick, 714 Jackson st., Sioux City, Ia.

316TH F. S. BN. VETS. ASSOC.—Former members interested in joining association, address V. A. Kemmerer, 308 Printing Center bldg., 1220 Maple ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

109TH INF., 28TH DIV.—Former members of all units are requested to send names and addresses to 109th Inf. Vets. Assoc., Dept. of Pittsburgh, Lloyd B. Blough, comdr., 7043 Fletcher way, Pittsburgh.

130TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Old Fourth Illinois. Third annual reunion at Carbondale, Ill., Sept. 28-29. Address Maj. J. H. Coady, Paris, Ill.

M. G. Co., 34TH INF.—Members interested in reunion, address Henry Rauscher, 639 Hinman st., Aurora, Ill.

BASE HOSP. No. 116 (*erroneously reported in August as No. 114*)—11th annual reunion at Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9. Address Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

351ST AERO SQDRN.—Former members write to W. R. Macleod, Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., suggesting place and date of proposed reunion.

638TH AERO SQDRN.—All former members interested in reunion this fall, address Paul W. Stafstrom, Box 237, Oakville, Conn.

FORT MCARTHUR, SAN PEDRO, CAL.—11th annual reunion of all men who served at this station, at Upper Reservation, Sept. 28-29. Address Oliver C. Hardy, 535 Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

AMBULANCE DRIVERS.—Former members of S. U. 575 and 577. A. E. F. interested in proposed reunion address J. A. Finster, *Cleveland Press*, Cleveland, Ohio.

SUPPLY Co. 318, Q. M. C.—Annual reunion in New York City, Oct. 5th. Address William A. (Speed) Leckie, 1809 Beverly rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MINE SWEEPING DIV. SQUAD, No. 10, SEC. BASE No. 8.—Former members interested in reunion, address Harry Levy, Lighthouse Depot, Staten Island, N. Y.

CAMP MERRITT AND PORT OF EMBARKATION BAND No. 1.—Former members interested in reunion in St. Louis, Mo., this fall, forward names and addresses to Fred W. Wiethuechter, comdr., Musicians' Post, The American Legion, 2526 North Market st., St. Louis, Mo.

Co. B, 355TH INF., 89TH DIV.—Sixth annual reunion at Benkelman, Nebr., Sept. 16-17. Address R. E. Moore, Benkelman.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

U. S. S. Buena Ventura. Former members of crew who were on ship when it was torpedoed in Bay of Biscay, Sept. 16, 1918, and who knew Edward C. BENDOWSKY.

KIRKPATRICK, Robert, Army serial No. 141-6345, Claim A-3540398 (pending). Enlisted Apr. 4, 1917, served with Co. L, 125th Inf., discharged May 26, 1919. Last enlistment Fort Sam Houston, Tex. Left Fort Crook, Omaha, Nebr., May 2, 1925, when he was last heard of. Very nervous, discontented; was wounded, gassed and shellshocked. Age 27, light brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, 5 ft., 10 in., weight, 165 lbs., neat appearance, small scar under nose and two tattoo marks on chest.

THOMPSON, Walter Edison, M. P. Barracks, 13th and G sts., San Diego, Cal. Last heard from in Mar., 1919. Weight, 135 lbs., hazel eyes, light brown hair, lips and is thick-tongued.

LUCAS, William F., Army serial No. 36879, former pvt., Ninth Co., Air Serv. Casuals; also with 139th Aero Sqdrn. Enlisted Oct. 16, 1917, at Columbus Barracks, Ohio. Discharged July 22, 1919. Disappeared five or six years ago.

SMITH, Alberto Wesley (called Wesley), Army serial No. 3772594. Served with Co. H, 53d Inf., Sixth Div. Discharged June 21, 1919. Age 32 years, height 5 ft., 7 in., weight about 150 lbs., light brown hair, brown eyes, light

complexion. Knows tree surgery but probably seeking common labor.

SIXTH U. S. INF., Co. I. Former members knowing Fred Dean ADAMS, Base Hosp. No. 6 at Bordeaux, France, from Nov. 1 to 18, 1918.

U. S. S. Fresno. Members of crew during World War period.

UTILITIES DET. 2, M. C., CAMP LEWIS. Comrades remembering James H. BOWER.

CALN (first name unknown), Base Hosp. No. 122, Camp Greene, N. C.

FR. MORGAN, ALA. Men stationed at this post during summer of 1918.

CAMP PIKE, ARK.—CAMP UTILITIES DET. Members recalling Fitzhugh Carl O'NEAL. Veteran is deceased and widow and children are in need of Government aid.

420TH TEL. BN., Co. E, A. E. F. Rhode Island State College from Aug. 1 to Oct. 1, 1918, also at Camp Merritt. Comrades remembering Harry C. SIMPSON.

GRANT, Robert L., Co. K, 14th Inf. GIROUARD, Dona W., 164th Inf.

THIRD OFFICERS TR. CAMP, CAMP ZACHARY TAYLOR. Information wanted from a comrade named MORRIS, MORSE, or MAURICE.

BREEN, Capt., Co. I, 19th Inf., Ft. Douglas, Ariz., 1919 and 1920.

SHANNAHAN, Capt. Wm. A., Third Btty., 64th C. A. C.

Co. K, SEVENTH REGT., THIRD DIV. Former members remembering Kiriacos KARAHALIOS. Co. B, 138TH INF., from Sept. 26 to Oct. 30, 1918. Former members, particularly Capt. Loyd O. BRIGHTFIELD, Sgt. CONKLIN, Sgt. CRABTREE, Ray Cox, Jess SMITH, Cpl. GRACE, AMBROSE, Jess HAMILTON, Eldridge S. BELL, Leroy HOWESON, HOLCUMB, HODGKINS, BOW, remembering James C. BARRETT.

76TH DIV., FIELD ARTILLERY, also Utilities Construction Div., Camp Devens, June, 1918. Men who remember fall from a ladder of William APPEL and the condition in which it left him. Appel fell from top of the Field Artillery Barracks while painting smoke stacks.

BOSWORTH, Captain Robert G., ex-adjt., Saurer Artillery School, and Pvt. James Warren GIBBS, patient in Base Hosp. No. 8, Savenay, who remember Clyde FULLER.

THE COMPANY CLERK

A Personal View

(Continued from page 27)

Military Training Camps. The newspaper spreads go to prospects of the college football teams in their coming battles rather than to Army or Fleet maneuvers.

My impression is that the younger generation think war a silly, murderous nightmare, and that never before has this view been so strong among youth. They see war as out of date, themselves as wiser than their elders. They do not propose to have another war.

However, that has been the view immediately after every war. Then, another generation, further removed from the last war, comes up, and one day finds that it is having its turn at the age old life-and-death gamble. That is the generation of the son whose future worries Mrs. R.

Still, proud as he is of his father, I wonder if the aspiration nursed in his ten-year-old head is not to be good at sports and own a car instead of scratching for cooties and going over the top. He would be an unusual American boy if he had not rather play ball or go fishing than drill in a military company as do boys in many other countries.

So little does military glory and adventure appeal to American boys that it always has been, and is now, hard to get them to drill in peace for war, although they are quick enough to go, all untrained—and not knowing what war means—when the next war, which was never going to happen, arrives.

Now another quotation from Mrs. R's letter:

"The blood of those who died should cry out from the grave that they themselves should not be remembered and honored more than the cause for which they died. Else why should they have died?"

Sturdy language—sturdy as the blows of her Revolutionary ancestors. They had a cause. We honor them in honoring that cause, for they personified the cause. It was the same cause in principle as that in the World War. They fought in order that self-governing men should say when they should go to war and for what—against the idea of a king who would send his subjects to war at his will, the cause being his own.

The only way we have ever been able to get Americans to fight was for causes. They had to be self-convinced that war was the only way to defend a cause. Maybe they were deluded, maybe they were not reasoning straight. But it was their own reasoning. They did not do it because somebody told them to.

Therefore, we have never been prepared for war. We did not think of fighting until the cause aroused us. That was the way of the Federal and Confederate, as well as the Revolutionary, ancestors; and brought untrained armies facing each other at Bull Run, the first battle of the Civil War.

As for taking other people's property we certainly (Continued on page 70)

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers

LOFTIS Dept. D-36 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.

BROS. & CO. ESTD. 1858

DIAMONDS WATCHES

Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed

CASH OR CREDIT

"Diamonds Win Hearts"

Buy from the Importer

Loftis Saves You Most Money

Loftis Gives You the Best for Less!

Our Diamonds are radiant, sparkling, blue white gems, all of selected quality, and set in beautiful solid 18-k white gold rings, exquisitely engraved and pierced. Exceptional values—order today!

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Credit terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. **ALL GOODS DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT.** Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U.S.A.

Big Values in Wedding Rings!

No. 897—Elgin "Legionnaire", solid 18-k white gold. \$8.00
New Elgin for men with white or green gold-filled case and \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50. All platinum, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00.

No. 824—The "Elite", solid 18-k white gold. \$8.00
Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50; 6 Diamonds, \$32.50; 7 Diamonds, \$42.50; 9 Diamonds, \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00.

No. 898—Mod-ern watch, 16 Paris style, 16 jewel movement, chromal, \$17.50. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00. All Platinum finish case, \$25.00.

Standard Railroad Watches on Credit at Cash Prices
All Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
Hamilton No. 992, \$55 Elgin's Latest Raymond, \$55 Illinois "Buen Special" \$50
Terms to Suit Your Convenience

Send Today for FREE Catalogue
Write for big free book of 2000 illustrations and descriptions of Diamond Rings in Platinum and Solid Gold, Dinner Rings, Pins, Brooches, all Standard Makes of Pocket Watches, Pearls, Dresser Sets, Silverware, Clocks, Kodaks, Leather Goods. Also many inexpensive novelties.

Make Steady Money

SELL "ROSECLIFF" SHIRTS

Ties also

Your OWN Shirts FREE!

Free Outfit

Rosecliff—a real house—gives:
1. One year guarantee
2. No substitutes—we ship exact
3. Silk embroidered initials Free
4. Big commissions in advance
5. A shirt for every size and taste
—8 More Money-Making Features establish our Leadership.
Sell The Best!
Write for your outfit NOW!
Rosecliff Shirt Corp.
Dept. C9, 1237 Broadway, N. Y.

UNIFORMS

WRITE FOR CATALOG NO. 50.

ALUMINUM HELMETS \$3.00

POLISHED OR ANY COLOR

GEORGE EVANS & Co.

132 N. FIFTH ST. - A. L. DEPT. - PHILADELPHIA.

GOV'T. POSITIONS

\$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY

MEAT INSPECTOR

() Railway Mail Clerk () Meat Inspector
() P. O. Clerk () Special Agent
() Post-office Laborer () (investigator)
() File Clerk () Steno-Typist
() Matron () Immigrant Insp.
() General Clerk () City Mail Carrier
() Chauffeur-Carrier () Border Patrol
() Skilled Laborer () Typist
() Watchman () Seamstress
() Postmaster () Steno-Secretary
() RFD Carrier () Auditor

Instruction Bureau, 110, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me particulars about qualifying for positions marked "X", salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.
Name.....
Address.....

AGE 18 TO 55

A Personal View

(Continued from page 69)

took no other nation's in the World War. As for doing unto others as we would have them do unto us, there is Canada. We have twelve times Canada's population.

According to European practice which makes war for gain, it would not have been unusual if we took advantage of our strength over Canada when England was at war with Germany. That thought, too preposterous for consideration by any American, I heard often mentioned in 1914 in Europe—in fear by the Allies, in hope by the Germans.

But our soldiers were soon fighting on the same side as the Canadians for the cause against a king who made war of his own will.

For more than a century the United States and Canada have been practicing as nations the same neighborly spirit

that Mrs. R. is teaching her son in his relations to his fellows.

The bitterest fighting we ever did was when one group of our States had a cause against the other. So, if her son is like his ancestors, Mrs. R. need not worry lest he go to war for glory instead of a cause.

In honoring our World War soldier dead we honor their having given their lives not for glory but for a cause. If their comrades do not honor them, who will? And never, after any war, have we had so few martial heroes. We have broken our old rule by not giving those who had high command high civil office.

If this ten-year-old knows what war today is like he will see there is no glory in it. He can know that best by military training which will show him the power of tanks, machine guns, gas,

high explosive shells, bombs and all the other kinds of hell he will have to face. Then only a mighty cause will convince him that the time for the life-and-death gamble has come.

And if this son should go to war, and he should fall for that cause—and fall, perhaps, because he was not trained and backed with preparation—she will feel that in honoring him and the quality of his giving we are honoring the cause for which he fought. Our national record need not disturb her or any mother lest we shall be so well prepared that we shall want to use our weapons. When we had the strongest navy in the world we broke up ships we were building in order that we should not be a threat. And now that our navy is second, when we are so rich, we are taking the lead for still further reduction.

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 31)

she had a habit of opening the shutter . . . the one right behind you, sir . . . to signal this Lieutenant Grice. I didn't know that, so . . ."

He was interrupted this time by two exclamations. Justine St. Denis said "Ah!" disapprovingly. The cry that emitted from Major Rennels sounded more like a bursting shell.

"Why, the insolent pup!"

The inspector general took off his glasses; he looked reprovingly at the major, then replaced them on his nose. "Yes?" he prompted Bright. He continued to eye Rennels interestedly. The commander of Circé district refrained from further interruption until Bright reached the account of what he overheard in the garden. At this point Rennels broke in again hoarsely.

"I forgot to mention that occurrence to you, Colonel. It was a purely personal matter between me and my adjutant. I admit we had a misunderstanding. This man was snooping or he wouldn't have overheard it."

"May I ask," Colonel Cutterson inquired, "what this, ah, misunderstanding was about?"

"Yes, sir. I prefer to tell you in private."

"Proceed," the inspector directed Bright.

"It was *him* that proceeded," Bright said hotly. "Proceeded off to Le Mans fast as he could, with Whitfield all murdered up on the floor. The adjutant went, too. Only he took this girl Josephine with him in the major's car . . ."

"Non, non!" Justine St. Denis cried.

"I don't believe that either," Rennels agreed. "She wouldn't go with *him* . . ."

"She went," Bright said more calmly. He remembered that these were not the tactics he had planned to use with either

Rennels or Grice. He had meant to question them regarding Josephine in the presence of Marcel Rude. "You go bring in that dumb goldbrick that's crying all over the car, Duclose," he commanded. He forestalled the colonel's protest. "Yes, sir, yes, sir, I know you're in charge here, but if you'll leave me get this one-armed guy in for a minute . . ."

"Control your police instincts, Sergeant, at least enough to be military."

Bright subsided. "I can wait, sir," he suggested. "There's a high ranking officer of some kind coming down from our Paris office to finish settling up this thing."

"Finish?" Colonel Cutterson observed him with critical dignity. "I don't see that you've even *begin* settling it. I certainly don't need any high-ranking officer to assist me. I prefer to do it now . . . at once . . . alone. If you have a witness detained in the car . . ."

"Go bring Rude in, Duclose."

"The sergeant forgets I am responsible for the prisoner Menz," Duclose answered. He frowned as fiercely as his pleasant face would permit at Major Rennels's former orderly. The major growled.

"I'll remind you he's more answerable to me than you!"

"He won't escape," Bright promised.

When Duclose returned, hurriedly, he was accompanied not only by the unfortunate Rude but by the solemn young lieutenant of military police, escorting Lieutenant Grice. The policeman carried Courier Bathhurst's dispatch case under his arm. Bright took it without comment. The lieutenant retired at once, as if he did not relish the company.

"Sit down and wait in that corner,

Frenchie," Bright directed the secretary. He indicated a chair near the dazed St. Denis. "No talking to him yet, mister." The horse buyer, recognizing Rude, had started up with a friendly gesture. "Here's your adjutant, sir," Bright informed Major Rennels.

Grice had hesitated at the door. When the inspector motioned him forward with the riding crop he advanced slowly. Rennels spoke first.

"Look here, Grice," he began with a show of temper, "this man says you took a woman to Le Mans in my car."

Grice looked about frantically as if thinking of departure. Then he swallowed hard twice. "Why, yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I don't intend to tell." The adjutant did not lift his voice.

"This man says it was Josephine."

"Why, yes, sir. I suppose it was, sir."

"Suppose what?" the inspector put in. "I don't seem to understand what this is all about."

Grice, turning, laid the matter in the colonel's hands. "It was Miss St. Denis," he explained rapidly. "The major had been annoying her . . ."

"What!" The shout was Rennels's.

" . . . with attentions, sir," Grice persisted, "that's what it amounted to. She told me so. She spoke to him about it, somehow brought my name into it . . . that . . . er . . . angered him."

"Which is easy to understand," Bright grunted.

"As a result he ordered me to stay away from her."

"Did you?" Colonel Cutterson asked.

"No, sir," Grice admitted. "The next day," he turned to Bright . . . "that was the day after we got back from fishing and you came to headquarters to see Sir Harry . . . (Continued on page 72)



POST CAPS FOR THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION

Every Legionnaire going to Louisville to attend the 1929 Convention should wear the official Legion cap. Beautifully tailored to your individual measurements, the Post cap is very fairly priced and within the reach of every Legionnaire. This cap with its handsomely embroidered Legion Emblem, your Post numeral and state name in full, is a complete uniform in itself.

The 1929 Emblem Catalog, beautifully illustrated in colors, describes not only Post caps, but membership buttons; officers' and members' ceremonial badges; automobile decorations; pennants; flags and banners, all of which have been specially designed for use at the Convention.

Your copy of this booklet is ready to mail without cost or obligation. Write for it today.

THE AMERICAN LEGION • EMBLEM DIVISION • 777 NORTH MERIDIAN STREET, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Send my free copy of The 1929 Emblem Catalog: Name_____

Address_____Town and State_____Post No._____

NOTE—Two weeks are required for delivery of Post caps. Play safe and write for catalog today

9-29

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

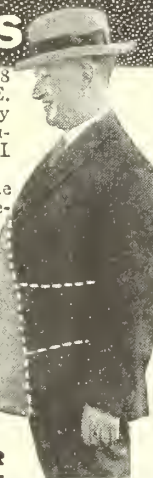
Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LONDON & WARNER
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Landon & Warner, Dept. B-11, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....
Address.....



10,000 Women Near You Want This Invention

Agents!

MAKE \$90 A WEEK EASY

Something new, just out, a whirlwind seller—the amazing Kristee Comfort Foot-Mat. Greatest aid to housewives of the age. Kicks the feet, takes strains and aches away when washing, ironing, doing dishes, cooking, etc. Made of durable, soft, velvety pure sponge rubber. Women everywhere welcome with open arms and buy on sight! Simply show it and take orders. **FREE OUTFIT** Everything needed to start right out making money, given Free. No experience needed. We show you how. Send for Catalog of this and 47 other Quality Rubber Products. Direct from Akron, the Rubber City. Write quick for FREE Outfit and all particulars. **KRISTEE MANUFACTURING CO., 169 Bar St., Akron, Ohio**

"Cushions the Feet like a Pillow"

Agents-\$6 a Day

Made By Our Sales Agents

Sell new line **Insured Hosiery** for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Guaranteed to wear and satisfy or replaced. Finest line silks. All at lowest prices.

NEW AUTO GIVEN

We furnish producers with **New Ford Car**.

Silk Hose Given

Our plan gives you silk hose for your own use. Write today for Sales Outfit. We deliver or you deliver—suit yourself. No experience needed. Spare time satisfactory. Credit given. No license to pay. Extra bonus. Write for samples.

BETTERKNIT HOSIERY CO.
B-105 Columbus, Ohio

RADIO FREE CATALOG

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

196 pages of radio bargains. New Screen Grid, all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as \$15.95. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 11 CHICAGO

U. S. HEADQUARTERS
Springfield's Restocked
to Col. Whelen's Revised Specifications
Gunmakers & Gunsmiths

Full line American Arms & Ammunition
Imported Arms, Ammunition & Parts
Webley-Scott-Mausser-Luger-Merkel Bros. Mannlicher, etc.
Largest stock in America of fine new Rifles, Trap, Field Guns, Side Arms, Air Rifles & Pistols, Target Arms, Telescopes mounted. Send 25c in stamps for 128 page Arms Catalog.

A. F. STOEGER, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 70)

the major happened to catch me coming away from here." He cast an apprehensive glance in the direction of Justine St. Denis.

"Coming away from here?" Bright prodded him. He recalled St. Denis's antipathy to his daughter's American admirers.

"The major said he'd court martial me or send me to the States. I wanted a permanent commission in the Regulars, sir. So I started to Le Mans to ask for a transfer. I just happened to take the lady along."

"Then what?" Cutterson scratched the calf of his left leg with the spike of his riding crop.

"Major Rennels discovered me that night in the Classification Camp and had me arrested for A. W. O. L. Meantime this sergeant had arrested Miss St. Denis. That's all . . ."

"Oo-la-la!" a voice interrupted.

The group turned. It was Brigadier Bonnet. With one hand he was holding the enfeebled St. Denis firmly in his chair; the fat finger of his other hand the gendarme was shaking reprovingly at Marcel Rude. Both the horse buyer and his secretary had started up angrily at Grice's last words. Both began to talk excitedly in French.

"Our good friend believes you mistreat his daughter," Bonnet explained, indicating the distraught St. Denis. "I tell him: 'No! It is a mistake!' This one," he continued to shake his finger threateningly at Rude, "can not comprehend much you say. Only the name Josephine so many times. He wants to tell you, mon Général," he saluted Colonel Cutterson twice, "and you," he included St. Denis, "that these two American officers have shown the unwanted attentions to Mademoiselle . . ."

"Another ass!"

The inspector general turned and looked critically at the major.

"This poor man certainly has the right to talk," he then decided. "Sergeant . . ."

"He'll get a chance, sir." Bright turned on Rude. "Time to confess," he advised in French. "You been screaming you was ready."

Rude's face reddened. The obstinacy which Bright had remarked twice before spread across it. "I have nothing to confess," he contradicted. "Nothing!" he repeated doggedly, as if he had made up his mind.

"Well!" Bright was taken back. "I can do it for you," he threatened. "The trouble with you is, you're dumb." He reverted to English. "This guy's a thief, sir."

Rude coughed twice, sharply. "He lifted his boss's roll, sir. Hundred thousand francs. I found this envelope outside the hotel window where they stayed." Bright spread out the torn container from the Domfront Horsemen's Bank, the piece of evidence

that he so nearly destroyed as worthless in Bordeaux. "It rained the night before I got there, but you'll notice this ain't ever been wet. Figure it out for yourselves."

The horseman had stood up stiffly; he advanced almost menacingly on the inspector, who held the envelope.

"That is mine!" he protested. "It 'eld my money . . ."

"Don't rock the boat," Bright countered. "Sure it's yours. Look here. It's cut open at one end. The other's got a heel mark on it. Now, Colonel, how would a one-armed guy tear open an envelope?"

When he paused Colonel Cutterson asked blandly: "Are you propounding a riddle?"

"Excuse me, sir. Well, a one-armed guy might put one end in his teeth and rip the other end open with his hand. Or he might do like this guy did . . . hold it under his heel." He took the envelope unceremoniously and placing it on the floor, stepped on it lightly, pushing his thumb under the flap at the other end. Rude, who had stood by silently, his round, clocklike face showing nothing except an almost doltish attempt to fathom the language, suddenly shouted:

"Non, non, non!"

Bright ignored him.

"He skipped as far as Brest . . . going to sea for his health, I guess, when along comes another party and lifts the francs off him. Oh, never mind, mister. I got 'em back, all right. Here they are. Count 'em. You'll find some missing." He offered to the trembling St. Denis the roll of paper money that he had taken from the Blackbird.

"Mine?" St. Denis cried. He grasped the bank notes in both hands. "Mine?"

"What's left of 'em."

"I don't quite see," Cutterson interrupted, "what this has to do with your outrageous conduct toward Major Rennels."

"It all hooks up, sir." Bright spoke a little too eagerly. "There's this to explain yet, sir." He picked up Courier Bathhurst's dispatch case from the floor at his feet.

He repeated briefly the facts of its disappearance from St. Denis's safe. He was conscious that every man in the room stared with awakened interest at the bag as he laid it on the table. Watching their faces, he saw Rude twist a wry mouth and Menz, the orderly, shrug slightly.

"H'mmm," the colonel commented. He turned the case to the light, examining the black streak on it where the padlock had been pried loose. "The girl did that?" he asked bluntly.

"No!" It was Duclose who answered. Bright looked at him quickly. The corporal's round face was flushed.

"Don't know who did it," Bright admitted. He attempted to explain.

"Very interesting," the colonel said when the sergeant finished, "but what's it got to do with . . . what now? What do you want?"

St. Denis had arisen from his chair. Bending down his ear, he asked Bright to repeat what he had been saying. When he had heard, he shook his head and sat down again without speaking.

"Anyone else know the combination of that safe?" Bright asked.

"This Rude . . . yes," St. Denis admitted.

"Anyone else?"

The horseman hesitated so long that the clock in the parlor, which began to strike in the interval, completed ten full notes before he replied.

"No, no one else." He shrugged, as if a word more or less of truth did not matter.

Bright, looking down at him, knew he had lied and wondered why. His mind went back distressingly to Josephine. He had been listening unconsciously for her voice; so far he had not heard it . . . but there was no time to think of her now.

"Excuse me, sir," he said abruptly to the inspector general. "Just a minute." He went quickly from the room. Standing near the door, he had been conscious of a soft, surreptitious motion as if someone stood outside listening. But the parlor and the hall beyond were empty. The outer door was closed. He hesitated, peering about the ill-lighted space. He was conscious again of a sound, this time on the stair. He ran lightly to the landing. At the top he saw Josephine's aunt retreating along the upper hall. She still wore her white lace cap and black shawl, but carried no cane now; she walked with surprising alacrity.

"Her!" he grunted. "Old curiosity at work?"

He returned thoughtfully to the lower hall.

"I want to ask Menz here some questions," he began as he entered the office. The former orderly, startled by the suddenness of his attack, shifted his gray and brown eyes from the floor. "What's under your hat, Menz?"

The private did not reply; he had taken a cue from Rude, Bright guessed. His face was half defiant, half sick.

"He has admitted to me," Duclose cut in soberly, "that it was he who assaulted you in Le Mans, Sergeant."

"Well, that's good of him. But I wouldn't get out no extry about that. Sure it was him. How come, Menz?"

The man's voice still carried the vague trace of accent that Bright had remarked half a dozen nights before when he first spoke to him briefly in the dark outside Rennels's quarters.

"I was absent without leave," he acknowledged. "I was in the hospital and escaped."

"Just a moment, Sergeant, just a moment!" The inspector general returned to his manner of forced patience. "You have neglected to warn him that anything he says may be used against him. You usually follow that procedure?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"You do not? I shall make a note of that admission, Sergeant. Why, warning a witness is a constitutional guarantee . . ."

"Yes, sir. That goes all right in story books and such, but I never heard of a real cop doing it. But if you say so . . . listen, Menz, whatever you say can be used against you, see? But don't let that influence you one way or another. Now how'd you happen to climb all over me the other night in Le Mans?"

The prisoner answered willingly; Bright thought almost too willingly.

"We escaped from the hospital in an empty ambulance. We have just jumped off when you . . ."

"I saw you jump off."

"You saw us?" The man was startled.

"You and your partner. Who was he?"

"A fellow." He still spoke readily. "Frank something. Corporal out the engineers. He had asthma."

"Yes," Duclose affirmed. "I have investigated that at the hospital. This man and the one in the next bed departed together after ten o'clock check. The other is returned the following morning. Named Frank Welsh."

"Why'd you leave?" Bright, listening for the answer, tried again to isolate the accent that slurred the man's speech. It was so soft, so faint that he could not. "I wish to come back to Circé."

"To him?" Bright indicated Major Rennels.

"Not to him." The man was less loyal this time. "I wish only to leave that madhouse. The food is not enough, nothing is right. I see the car, I know it is Major Rennels's. I see the lighted house there . . . I thought maybe he was . . . thought maybe he was . . ."

"Fishing?" Bright prompted.

"Yes, sir."

Rennels snapped his teeth; the inspector general cleared the annoyance from his throat.

"We thought you were a M. P. going to pick us up," the soldier added. "That's all."

"That's all except you knocked me out," Bright corrected. He paused, and stepping aside, spoke quietly to Duclose. "That slipper," he reminded the corporal, "the one of Whitfield's I told you to keep. I'll need it in a few minutes."

Duclose nodded. "I shall procure it at once."

Bright, returning to Private Menz, demanded: "Why didn't you take Whitfield's dispatch case that night? You wanted it, didn't you?"

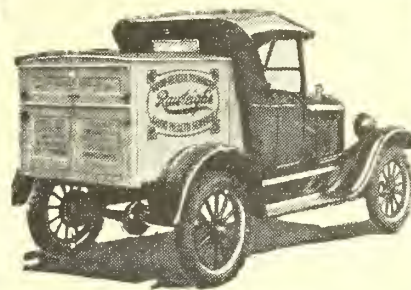
"No, I didn't want it. I didn't know you had it."

"Who'd you think had it?"

"Why, the courier." Menz fumbled for words. He moistened his lips and for the first time looked helplessly at the faces about him. Rennels had stepped nearer, in the meantime, and was listening closely.

"What courier?" Bright grasped the advantage. "How'd you happen to know there was a dispatch case?" The man faltered. He saw his mistake.

"I heard (Continued on page 74)"



WANTED!

500 Ex-Service Men

Introduce and supply demand for Rawleigh's Good Health products—175 necessities used daily every home. Sales have increased each and every year for 40 years—37 million Products sold last year.

Many ex-service men make big income. Last year R. A. Adams, Colo., a disabled veteran, sold \$10,500 worth Rawleigh Products; J. B. Lake, who served with the Marines, sold \$9,000 worth; R. B. Wright, Calif., \$10,000; H. C. McDonald, N. C., \$6,000; A. M. Stoddard, Vt., \$6,500. If you have only average industry and intelligence and will follow the same old time-tested Rawleigh Methods these men used, you should do as well. We supply the best sales and service methods which secure the most business everywhere. Quick service—10 great factories and branches—one near you. No experience. But little capital needed to start your own business. You are sole owner and manager. Write quick for choice 5 big lines.



THE W. T. RAWLEIGH CO.
DEPT. I-18ALM, FREEPORT, ILL.
MUCH THE LARGEST INDUSTRY OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 88c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage. **Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave. Dept. L-339 Chicago, Ill.

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no readymades. Our match sent FREE for you O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 259 Chicago

Does YOUR Job Pay \$50 Every Week

As a *Railway Postal Clerk* you can average \$53 a week the year 'round. I help you get the job if you are a citizen—18 to 50. Steady work, pleasant travel, vacation and sick leave with pay, regular advancement.

Send for my FREE BOOK

Tells how I help you get this and other Civil Service jobs: Post Office, Customs House, Internal Revenue, or Panama Canal Clerk; City or Rural Carrier; Forest Ranger; etc., etc. For 8 years I was Secretary-Examiner of Civil Service Commission; have helped thousands. **SEND TODAY** for my FREE 32-page book. Ex-service men get preference.



ARTHUR R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert
Patterson School 639 Wiener Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.



A Necessity

*to those who would
preserve each copy of The
American Legion Monthly*

A NEW binder suitable for preserving one volume—there are two volumes yearly—of six numbers of your magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY.

THIS binder is strong, artistic in design, beautifully embossed in gold, and made of blue artificial leather.

THE Locking Device is convenient and simple—the actual binding can be made in a few minutes. It requires no hole punching—does not mutilate your copies—is easy to operate—can be quickly detached.

IN gold on the front of this binder is embossed The American Legion Emblem and THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY logotype. On the end, embossed in gold, is the title, THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, and the volume number—I, II, III, IV, V, VI or VII. The present volume is No. VII. If you desire to bind a complete set—all your past copies of the MONTHLY—binders can be purchased for volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII.

THE price of this new binder is \$1.00 each, postpaid, in the United States. In foreign countries, add to remittance estimated postage.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,
P. O. Box 1357,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$_____, (Insert proper amount computed at \$1.00 for each binder.) Please send, postpaid, the new binder for Volume I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII of The American Legion Monthly. (Check or circle binder or binders desired.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 73)

about it in Paris." He turned appealingly to Rennels. "I heard Mr. Whitfield talk to you about it, sir. About the maps. He said the courier was smuggling them from Spain . . ."

"Who told that?" Bright asked.

"Mr. Whitfield," Menz repeated.

Bright eyed him thoughtfully. For a moment no one spoke. "Where'd you enlist, Menz?" Bright wanted to know next. A new, comfortable expression settled on the sergeant's face.

"San'tone," the orderly said, "enlisted in San'tone."

"Where'd you live before that?"

"Harlingen. That's in Texas."

"Yes," Bright looked hard at his dark face. "Where you born?"

Again Menz hesitated before he replied. "Mexico," he admitted at last.

"You ain't a citizen!"

The man answered heatedly, "I am."

"Got your papers?"

"In 1914. I live in Texas many years."

"Menz ain't a Spik name," Bright commented.

"My father was not Mexican. It is an American name, German-American."

Bright inhaled deeply. This explained the strange accent; German and Mexican, just enough of each to taint his English. "Menz," he repeated, "John Menz."

"No!" the man spoke quickly. "Not John, Rudolph."

"Rudolph?" Bright looked at him in surprise. The man with the eyes like these who accompanied St. Denis to the Pyrenees had been known as John. "Your name's John?" Bright said sharply.

"No!"

"Ever use the name John?"

"Never."

"You're wrong for once, Sergeant," Rennels chided. "Think he don't know his own name? You'll find it on his service record, Rudolph Menz."

"I've known men who had two names," Bright said. "Where in Mexico was you born?"

"On a hacienda on the Rio Tamisa, near Tampico."

"If you will, please tell me," Colonel Cutterson interrupted, "what this has to do with the murder of Major Rennels's friend?"

"You'd be surprised," Bright answered with enthusiasm. "This man was born near Tampico and Sir Harry gets bumped off here in Circé. Well, that fits all right. How long did you know Whitfield, Menz?"

"I didn't know him. I was only dog-robbering for the major."

"Ever hear the major call him 'mister'?"

"No, sir."

"Everybody called him 'sir,' didn't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see you call him 'mister' whether

anybody else does or not. When you knew him before he was called 'mister'?"

Menz hung his head. His thumbs working in his belt, twisted nervously. The inspector general cleared his throat. He was about to speak when Bright snapped his fingers for silence. The lieutenant colonel accepted the affront with a gasp.

"Just a minute," Bright proceeded rapidly. "You come clean, Menz, understand? Clean as a general's reputation! Tell me one more thing. How long did you know the Blackbird?"

"Blackbird?"

"The Turk . . . half-breed . . . whatever he is . . ."

Menz stepped backward, his thin, pale face blank with surprise.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Shake down your think-box," Bright admonished. "How long you known him?" Menz faltered and the sergeant continued quickly: "You knew this Turk before and you knew Whitfield. Sure you did. Before he got rich enough to be a sir and everything. When folks called him 'mister.' Where'd you first meet him?"

"Paris," Menz was obviously confused. "Paris. Never . . . saw him before that."

"Never even heard of him? Answer straight, Menz. Never knew nothin' about him in Mexico?"

The former orderly scowled and looked up quickly from under his dark lashes. "Everybody in Mexico has heard of him!"

Rennels leaned forward, his teeth showing. Cutterson coughed into his olive drab handkerchief. Bright breathed deeply.

"Go on!"

"I'll tell you," Menz began. Bright, observing his knees, dragged up a chair. The soldier slid into it gratefully. "Thanks. I can tell you about Mr. Whitfield . . ."

"You knew him?" Major Rennels shouted.

"Everybody in Mexico knew him," Menz repeated. "In Mexico you can't get justice. No, not justice. My mother is a Saenz. You have heard of that family in Mexico? No?"

"Ask the corporal," Bright said. "He knows history."

"They owned land," Menz explained seriously. "much land near Tampico. Twenty years ago Mr. Whitfield came there first . . ."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty. I am born in 1889."

"Remember what happened twenty years ago?"

"No, sir. I am told. Mr. Whitfield and my father sign papers. He would make us rich."

"And instead he lifted the land out from under you!" Bright interposed. "And you been achin' to get a clout at

him ever since! Sure, I see it. Oil, Tampico oil, right at the bottom of it. Oil's worse'n salvage to raise hell."

Menz spoke rapidly, with anger in his voice. "He took the property to which he had no right. My father dies, working to get it back. My mother moved then with us to Texas."

"Us?"

"I have a brother."

He stopped, as if that were all the story. Even Colonel Cutterson was leaning forward, listening.

"So it was you did it!" Rennels charged hoarsely. "You damned gutter rat! You killed Sir Harry?"

"Hold on," Bright warned. "Don't go accusing people till you can prove it, sir! That ain't good police business."

"He had a chance!" Rennels cried. "He admits he hated him..."

"So did Grice admit that. It seems lots of folks hated him."

"Grice had nothing to do with the murder! You know that! This man hated him. Had a chance to kill him there at my quarters. Who else would want to? He could have been there waiting..."

"No," Bright objected, "that's the trouble with amateurs. They never get all the facts. Sure he had lots of chances to kill him, plenty at your headquarters and plenty in Paris. But he didn't. This man was in the hospital at Le Mans when that Britisher was dropped. I saw him beating it from there only five, six hours after Sir Harry got murdered."

"He did it! Did it somehow..."

"The major is right, Sergeant." It was the inspector general. "There are the facts. Whitfield's dead and here's a soldier who didn't like him. A board of inquiry, now..."

"Sir, if you pull a board of inquiry on this case it'll spoil it for good. If there's anything that plays merry hell with a case it's a board of inquiry..."

"Sergeant!"

"Yes, sir."

"Arrest this private for murder or I will. We'll have no further nonsense."

"Very good, sir. You do it. But St. Denis doesn't recognize him."

"What if he doesn't?"

"Because the same party that's mixed up in this case was the one that kidnapped St. Denis in Bordeaux. I do know that much."

Cutterson waved his riding crop for silence. He turned briskly on Menz.

"You admit that you knew this British gentleman before? That you held an old grudge against him? That you knew all about this musette case? Very well, that settles it."

Menz, choking, wiped his eyes on the back of his hand.

"Just a minute, sir," Bright interjected. "Listen, Menz. You was in cahoots with that fat Turk! You tipped him off to the dispatch case? Don't stall."

"He isn't a Turk," the orderly said stubbornly. There were tears on his face. "He's a Syrian. Those were his papers. This devil Whitfield..."

"Hold on!" Rennels warned.

"I'll not hold on! Damned if I will!

You can shoot me! Think I don't know why you're putting the blame onto me? You quarreled with Whitfield... lots of times... you lifted his money more'n once..."

"Private Menz!" Again it was Colonel Cutterson. "Control yourself, Major!"

"I seen him! Seen him that last time in Paris... time Whitfield had been drinkin' too much absinthe..."

"I'll have you court-martialed for this, Menz!"

"Be quiet, Major!" The inspector general commanded. "Your charges are absurd, Private Menz. I declare they convince me of your own guilt. The major may have borrowed a few dollars from this Englishman..."

"Borrowed, hell! Took it out of his pocket! I know! Think I'm going to be hung for murder?" He met Bright's eye, and staring into it, went suddenly quiet. "Got enough to be blamed for right," he muttered. "Sure I was in cahoots with your Turk. I talked to him in Paris. He came around hunting Whitfield. I told him about the courier. Whitfield had stolen from him same as he had from my folks..."

"You are confessing?" Colonel Cutterson demanded icily.

"Just a minute," Bright protested. He crossed to Justine St. Denis. "Mister, is this the man who kidnapped you?"

The horseman stared at Menz, then shook his head sadly.

"That is neither here nor there," the colonel retorted. "Private... what's your first name?"

"Rudolph, sir."

"Private Rudolph Menz, I place you in arrest for murder." He eyed Bright before he continued. "You see, Sergeant, I can make an arrest without spying on the personal affairs of..." he stopped with the word "officers" unsaid. Feet were scuffing in the corridor.

Bright ran to the door. Josephine was conducting two men through the parlor. The first was Inspector Gibon of Bordeaux. After him walked a tall, loosely built individual in shabby civilian clothes. He removed his hat as he reached the door to the office, revealing a head of close-cropped, slightly curly, blonde hair.

St. Denis shouted huskily.

"Non, non, non!" He drew back against the desk. "There is the assassin! Non, non, you do not let 'im into this 'ouse..."

The new prisoner looked at him without expression. Bright observed with confusion that he, too, had one gray eye and one brown.

XIX

JOSEPHINE, hearing her father's exclamation, had followed quickly into the office. With her aunt beside her, she stared at the tense group. The man with eyes so like those of Menz came in docilely. His face, which was beardless, bore a grave, determined, not unpleasant expression. Once he looked covertly at (Continued on page 76)

Electricity!

Learn
in
12
Weeks



Great
School
of
Coyne

Be An Electrical Expert

Come to Chicago—the electrical Center of the world. Come to Coyne—learn electricity in 12 weeks. Thousands of dollars worth of electrical apparatus. Complete training on everything from door bells to power plants. Radio, Aviation Electricity and auto courses included without extra charge. Fit yourself to earn \$200 to \$500 a month. Get started now—our employment department will assist you to earn while you learn and to a big pay job on graduation. Big newly enlarged course. I pay your railroad fare to Chicago.

WRITE for FREE BOOK and details of special offer and Life Scholarship. Mail coupon.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
H. C. Lewis, Pres. Founded 1899
500 SO. PAULINA ST. DEPT. 69-04 CHICAGO, ILL.

H. C. LEWIS, Pres.
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 69-04
500 So. Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE your big catalog and your special offer of free railroad fare.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Cash in Your Pocket Every Day

SELL LONGWEAR TROUSERS and BREECHES

To Mechanics, Clerks, Chauffeurs, Truckmen, Sportsmen, and others. Every man buys these wonderful values—1 pair, \$1.95; 2 pairs, \$3.75; 3 pairs, \$5.50. Big cash commissions. 24 hour delivery guaranteed. We supply everything. Write TODAY for FREE order-getting outfit. Dept. LA9.

LONGWEAR TROUSERS
489 BROOME ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

RAISE CHINCHILLA
AND NEW ZEALAND WHITE FUR RABBITS Make Big Money We Supply Stock

and pay you following prices for all you raise: Chinchillas average \$3 each. New Zealand Whites \$2 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of Fur Farming magazine, tells how to raise rabbits for big profits, all for 10c. Address

OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO.
BOX 1042, HOLMES PARK, MISSOURI

LATEST CRAZE

PAYS AGENTS BIG MONEY

Show new kitchenware in 5 appealing colors to housewives. Kitchen necessities. Housewives beg for demonstration. Big repeat sellers. No experience or cash needed. Big profits. Beautiful colorful equipment and agents' prices FREE. Write quick.

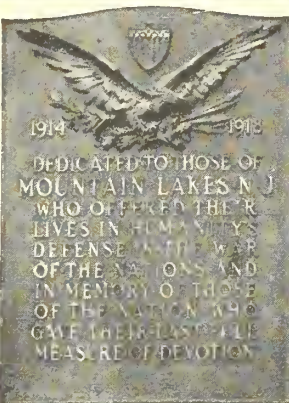
MODERN KITCHENWARE, Dept. 23-M, 176 W. Adams, Chicago

AGENTS! SELL SHIRTS

Bostonian

Start without investment in a profitable shirt business of your own. Take orders in your district for nationally known Bostonian Shirts. \$1.50 commission for you on sale of 3 shirts for \$6.50—Postage Paid. \$9 value, guaranteed fast colors. No experience needed. Complete selling equipment FREE! **GOOD PAY FOR HONEST WORKERS** Big earnings for ambitious workers. Genuine Broadcloth in four fast colors. Write for money-making plan, free outfit, with actual cloth samples and everything needed to start. Name and address on postal will do. Write TODAY! SURE!

BOSTONIAN MFG. CO., Dept. J-18, 89 Bickford St., Boston, Mass.



1914 1918
DEDICATED TO THOSE OF
MOUNTAIN LAKES N. J.
WHO OFFERED THEIR
LIVES IN THE WAR
DEFENSE OF THE
NATION AND
IN MEMORY OF THOSE
OF THE NATION WHO
GAVE THEIR LIVES AS
MEASURE OF DEVOTION

BRONZE TABLETS
HONOR ROLLS·MARKERS
BUILDING TABLETS·ARCHES
MEMORIAL FLAG POLES·ETC

Write for free Brochure·
MEMORIAL DEPARTMENT
THE FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.
2637-27th AVE. SO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN

AGENTS: \$14 a Day

Our wonderful new plan will put you in the big money class. 350 High Quality Products at low prices. Everyone a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.

New Plan—Big Profits

We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Spare or full time. No capital or experience required. Ford Tudor Sedan free of cost as extra reward. Write now.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
2266 Monmouth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio



BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." **LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 9381-H, Chicago**
The World's Largest Business Training Institution



I'll Set You Up in the Oil Business
Without Investment
I want an ambitious, energetic man in every county to join me in the oil business. I'll make him my partner, furnish everything that's needed to do business and **divide the profits \$0.50-50 every week.**

I have hundreds of men now with me on this basis—ready for a hundred more, part or full time. It's a chance of a lifetime. In this business you can make

\$50 TO \$250 A WEEK

Your Share of the Profits

Wengard, in Ohio, made \$430 for his share in one week. Montgomery, in Iowa, made \$216 the first week he started. Hundreds are making \$200 to \$500 every month the year round. It's a great business. Everybody buys oil. You simply take orders on Long Credit Terms for nationally known lines—Cen-Pe-Co Motor Oils—Columbia Paints and Roofing. We ship direct from nearby warehouse and collect. **Pay you every Week.**

Write Quick for this chance. Just say, "I am interested in your proposition", in a letter or on a postcard. Mail it and I'll send complete particulars by return mail. First applications get the preference. **Act Now!**

P. T. Webster, General Manager
Central Petroleum Co. CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 75)

Menz. Bright sensed recognition in his glance; only Menz himself gave no sign.

"Here he is," Gibon announced triumphantly. He spoke in French. "You will learn precisely nothing from him. The local gendarme arrested him in Coutras . . . that is a respectable town near Bordeaux. There, in the Hôtel de la Gare, he demands beer and then argues over its quality, refusing to pay. He swears now, as most guilty men, that he is innocent of this crime. However . . ." Gibon paused in surprise. For the first time since entering, he perceived Private Menz. "You have another prisoner similar to mine?"

"Looks like it," Bright growled.

Gibon rubbed his fat hands together. Some of his satisfaction fled. "This is the one you ask for. Only . . . I must explain he speaks no English."

"He isn't American?"

"Non. Ah, non. Boche."

"Boche?" Bright glanced quickly at Private Menz. "Who is he, soldier?"

"I do not know him," Menz replied.

"Talk English?" Bright demanded of the newcomer. The man shook his head. "Parlez vous French, mebbe?" Bright persisted.

"Nein." The voice was German, the rough, full-throated German of the working man.

Bright snapped his fingers irritably. "Why, we got to talk to him! Gibon's deposition won't do. He don't know enough about this case to fill half a page. Where's Duclose? Somebody in this crowd must speak German. Colonel . . ."

"I speak English," the colonel responded. "If this policeman from Bordeaux took the trouble to arrest this man, he must certainly have questioned him. You may tell him that for me, Sergeant."

"I have detailed that duty to the interpreter in my office," Gibon answered. "I do not speak German."

"Well!" Bright looked searchingly at the new prisoner's eyes, then at Menz. "Alike as two tin helmets," he muttered; then quickly: "Why, *you* speak German, Menz!"

"I?" the soldier was startled. "Oh, no. Very poorly, sir."

"Try it," Bright bade dryly. "Ask him who the devil he is and what he's been up to."

Menz began haltingly. After a few sentences, his flow of words improved. Bright listened suspiciously. He could not understand Menz. But to everything he said, the stranger answered "Nein!" The sergeant was about to ask a question himself when Colonel Cutterson burst out indignantly.

"Let the poor devil alone! He knows nothing. I'll have my own interpreter talk to him. This is absurd, Sergeant! You've cluttered up this place with prisoners. If you bring in any more . . ."

"I've got to, sir."

"Good Lord!" The colonel wiped his mouth on his olive drab handkerchief. He consulted his watch. "I'll give you five more minutes, Sergeant, not a second longer. Take these two men out, somebody. Take 'em out . . . you, I mean!" He barked at the young police lieutenant who had come running in answer to Bright's call. "You go with them, Inspector." He shook his riding crop at Gibon. "I'm sick of looking at their eyes! Only . . ." he paused and became calm, "remember I'm holding Private Menz for murder. Bring in your other prisoner, Sergeant."

The Blackbird scowled as Bright led him quietly into the office. He was breathing rapidly, his fat chest rising and falling, as if he had just run a foot-race. He looked closely at each individual in the room; apparently recognizing none, he returned his attention to the sergeant. Bright noticed servility again on his ugly face. But no fear.

Brigadier Bonnet was first to speak. He appraised the Syrian for a moment, squinting his shrewd eyes; then he snapped his fat fingers and walked deliberately toward him.

"You forgot to pay for lodging, m'sieur," he began aggrievedly. "Your lodging! Seventeen francs. How can our good innkeeper serve food and wine free?"

"What's that?" Bright asked.

Bonnet kept his eyes on the prisoner. "He did not pay Georges Peton at the Hôtel de Paris. Oui, it is he who left the shirt which Peton's wife washes for Peton to wear. A miserable shirt, not worth seventeen francs, even if it had two cuffs."

"This is the pig who asked the way to Major Rennels's headquarters?"

"Oui. The same."

The Blackbird glowered, but so far had not spoken. Bright pulled the dispatch case into view from behind the desk.

"Yours, mister?" he asked.

The Blackbird regarded it greedily. "Mine," the guttural voice pronounced. "Mine."

"Prove it?" Bright swung it by its strap.

"Yes . . . I prove! It holds my papers."

"How you going to prove they're your papers?"

"How? By my mark. The papers, it have my mark on them. My mark which I make for my name, so. The . . . what you call . . . signature."

"What is your name?" Cutterson demanded. "You must have a sensible name. I'm tired of this foolish Blackbird business."

The Syrian lifted his great head. "To be sure I have name. I have no shame in it. I am Tsorarian, the trader. You hear of me? Yes? From Mosul I trade."

"I ain't acquainted very well in Mosul, mister," Bright said. "But about your

signature. Look here," he held out the small piece of paper, torn from the corner of a map, that he had found in the hallway the morning his dispatch case disappeared. When the Blackbird had stared a moment at it, Bright turned it over, disclosing the symbol.

"A three!" Major Rennels exclaimed. He clapped his hand to the divisional insignia on his shoulder. "A three! Why..."

"A broken one," Bright retorted. "No relation to yours, I guess." He kept his eyes on the Blackbird. The man was reaching for the scrap of paper.

"It are mine!" he cried. "The letter *tsode*, is it not? The first letter of my name in the Syrian print. That prove. Come, give!"

Bright drew back the paper slowly. "So that's what it is? Bust the top off a three and it's something else again, is it? Well, French ain't the only funny language."

"It is mine!" the Blackbird repeated stubbornly. "It is stole by the man Whitfield."

"Whitfield?" Bright repeated. "Who's he?"

The other looked at him cannily. "You know him," he asserted. "He is my partner."

"Partner? I'm willing to bet he didn't know it. Who're you that he'd be *your* partner?"

"I?" The stranger drew up indignantly to his short height. "I am the trader who knows all the headmen from Mosul to Khabour River. This Whitfield come. Ten year past. *He* has hear of me. He tell we are partner. There is oil where I trade. Oil... yes... petrol. We hunt, hunt, hunt... find." He spread out his fat arms in an embracing gesture. "It is mine and his. He give promise this... this... something else. Always promise..."

"And he gypped you?" Bright put in. The Blackbird bit his thumb and shrugged.

"The war come and he depart. After it the soldiers sit there. 'Go 'way, Tsorarian, off Whitfield's oil,' they say. They push me. My trade is finish. All gone. And my paper is there... in that."

"How do you know?" Bright swung the dispatch case again indifferently.

"Open and take look. That show all. Everything. We sign. Partner. him and me. It is wrote on the paper. But his servant, what you call clerk, hide paper out of Syria. I have no more partner. My promise to my people are broke. I have hands empty. The headmen spit on me. I go to London. No, this Whitfield is in Paris then. I go there."

He hesitated, scowled again, and cleared his throat huskily. Rennels scowled too, involuntarily. Cutterson scratched a match on St. Denis's desk top.

"What next?" Bright asked softly.

"That is all. That is all. Come, give."

"That *ain't* all!" the sergeant corrected him. "Not by a hell of a ways. That big boy Menz tipped you off to the courier going to Spain. You followed him. He was too fast for you... done

his retreat down that mountain for tactical reasons, like the papers say. You trailed him to the Paris train..."

"No!" the Blackbird shouted. A shade of fear passed briefly over his face.

"You bumped him off with this cute little shell, here. I found it by his corpse. See that scratch? Here's the shell I fired from the gun I took off'n you down at Brest. Look. Same gun, Bad ejector. You killed Bathhurst..."

"No!" The door opened cautiously and Corporal Duclose and the police lieutenant entered. The corporal carried a small flat package done up neatly in a silk handkerchief. Bright, unwrapping it, returned the handkerchief disdainfully to Duclose.

"Recognize this, Major Rennels?" he asked.

He held out a slightly worn felt bedroom slipper for the officer's inspection. Every eye in the room fastened upon it. Major Rennels cleared his throat.

"Why... yes... yes, that's Whitfield's."

"Was wearing it when he was knocked off, sir. Lookie here. On the bottom. See this guy's signature?"

The eyes that had been staring at the slipper turned, one after another, to the fat, dusky face of the Blackbird.

"He put the same mark on Bathhurst... positive, Colonel. I see it myself. You can check up with the Frog cops."

Colonel Cutterson took the slipper gingerly between his thumb and forefinger. He asked: "Do I understand that the Englishman wore this... on his foot? He did? Take it, Sergeant." He handed it back distastefully to Bright. "It seems fantastical," the colonel began.

The young police lieutenant, who had been standing by nervously while the package was unwrapped, interrupted.

"Excuse me, sir. Those two prisoners you sent out, they're having some kind of a row. Yelling at each other in some foreign language... German, I guess... no, not French. I'd understand that." He held up his pocket dictionary. "The new one, him from Bordeaux, says now he wants to confess at once..."

"Bring him in!" Cutterson snapped.

Inspector Gibon escorted his prisoner back into the office. The Blackbird had lapsed into a morose silence, meantime, in which singularly there was still no fear. But as the newcomer appeared in the door, the Syrian sprang forward, muttering. Bright jerked him back into a chair.

"Sit down while you got the chance! You won't have no soft seat on Devil's Island!" He kept one hand firmly on the Syrian's collar. "You want to talk?" he asked Gibon's prisoner.

"Ja," the man answered promptly. "I have things to tell."

"You speak English?" Bright cried in surprise. "Why, you lousy kraut, what kind of a smoke screen you putting up? You claimed a minute ago you didn't speak English!"

"I did not claim. *He* claimed." The man nodded (Continued on page 78)

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

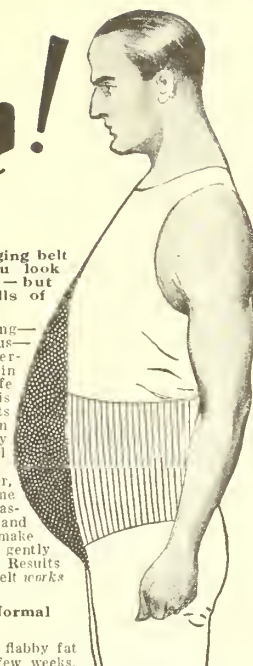
DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Well Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Well Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Well Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath, and such sagging internal organs back into place.

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write at once for detailed description, testimonials from delighted users and special 10-day trial offer. The Well Co., 589 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.



Filters a Gallon Every 4 Minutes



Low Priced—Guaranteed
Amazing new invention—patented Home Filter for fruit juices and beverages. Nothing like it. Removes all sediment, pulp, fibres. Filters a gallon every 4 minutes. **Perfect results guaranteed.** No moving parts. Simple. Practical. Low priced. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands already in use.

FREE HOME TRIAL—Agents Wanted

Try free at our risk and return if not satisfied. Send name and address TODAY for full particulars of this liberal offer. Act NOW. AGENTS WANTED. HOME FILTER CO., 309 CENTRAL AVE., BAY CITY, MICH.

BIG MONEY MAKER

\$4, 5 and \$7 AN ORDER!
Sell the finest line of Fall and Winter Suits, Topcoats and Overcoats. All Wool Serge, Cassimeres, Topcoatings. Quality Worsteds, Heavyweight Overcoatings.

Free Clothes to Producers Cash Bonuses

Complete Giant Outfit, 14 yard samples FREE. Write Today. Dept. AL9

OLYMPIC TAILORS
5th Ave. at 19th St., New York

Get Into The Shoe Business Without Investment!

We start you. Inexperienced workers earn \$5,000 yearly with our direct-to-wearer plan. Easy to take orders. Just show the famous Tanners line of shoes and hosiery for Men, Women and Children. We tell how and where to sell. Patented measurement system insures perfect fit. Big facilities guarantee prompt deliveries. You collect your pay daily. We furnish \$40.00 outfit containing actual shoes and actual hosiery—a larger variety of styles and sizes than any store. Send for free book "Getting Ahead" and full particulars. No obligation. Write now!

Experience Unnecessary!

Tanners Shoe Co.
688 South C Street Boston, Mass.



Everybody Out!

This
Complete Series of

Wally

Post Pep Postals are Government stamped, humorously written, and well illustrated. They bring 'em out for meetings, parades, entertainments, and other Legion functions. The Adjutant's signature—a flip into the mail box—a record attendance—a smile on everybody's face! Is it worth it? Consider the work and trouble these Post Pep Postals save and you'll agree with hundreds of satisfied Post officials that they are "Great!"

Each is a Government stamped card, ready for mailing, and requires no additional postage.

100 Cards \$3.00

Save \$5.00 by ordering 1000 cards
at a special lot price of \$25.00

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana	
Enclosed \$ _____	Please send _____
Post Pep Postals and catalog.	
Send only catalog ☐	
Name _____	
Street _____	
City _____	State _____
Post Name or Post Organ. _____	

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 77)

at Inspector Gibon. "I speak German most easiest. English also gut. Sometimes French." He searched for St. Denis. "With him, who tried to cheat me, I use French. With him," he nodded again condescendingly toward Gibon, "I choose German."

"What's your name?" Bright demanded. "St. Denis didn't try to cheat you."

"He did. My name is Menz. John Menz."

There was silence after that; the prisoner stared calmly around the circle of faces.

"That your brother out there?" Bright asked.

"Ja," again. "The younger brother. I hear what that baron say," he indicated Colonel Cutterson. "He has mine brotter by the nose got! You send him in prison away for murder? It is not right. Nein, not right. It is mine blame. Not mine brotter's. Mine, ja, and his."

He pointed accusingly at the Blackbird.

"I have talk with that schwein, I know. He would let my little brotter take blame. Nein. I tell everything."

"Good Lord!" Cutterson broke in. "What sort of unmilitary gang of foreigners is this?"

"Please, sir, let him go on," Bright appealed.

"I am brotter to him," John Menz repeated. "There are two of us only. We are German-American. He is American soldier, like you. I am sailor in German Navy. That is fair . . ."

"German Navy!" Bright ejaculated. "So that's it!" He took a long breath. It had been a seaman, the neighbors claimed, who vacated that room in Bordeaux where the Blackbird had marked the fireplace.

"Ja, gewiss! I am many years in Vaterland when England makes war. I go quick in navy. Unter-see-boot. Submarine. In Biscay Bay we are sunk. That is one year past. I came on the shore, but what can I do there? Very little. Only in the mountains I can smuggle. Wine, tobac, anything, Spain to Bordeaux. In that town one day I see the little brotter on pass. It is twelve year . . . fourteen, since I talk with him before. But I know him. He know me. We speak of Whitfield, of the hurt he has done us. He tells me he has seen him just now, he is a great man in Paris."

"And your brother went back and sent this Syrian Turk down to you?" Bright supplied.

"Nein!" the German sailor swore furiously. "I tell you mine brotter has nothing to do with. This schwein," he indicated the Blackbird, "he come to me crawling. Will I help him? To be sure I help. I am in the smuggling business, nicht? I, too, have suffered from this robber Whitfield. It should be easy.

He will punish Whitfield. Kill . . ."

"No!" the Syrian objected. He strained in Bright's grip. "No!"

"Ja!" the blonde Menz repeated stubbornly. "I am telling truth. Mein brotter shall not to prison go. This man swear he will have justice. He will kill. That writing . . . so . . ." he leaned over the table and looked closely at the broken 3 on the slipper, "he make it once on my chimney on my house. 'From that,' he explain, 'you know me.' He say always he make that, so his friends know him."

"It's beginning to fit!" Bright ejaculated. Another scuffle in the parlor interrupted him.

Private Rudolph Menz burst into the room with the police lieutenant dragging back at his arm.

"This guy wants to talk, too, sir," the lieutenant said breathlessly.

The former orderly broke into hoarse German, addressing his brother.

"He didn't have nothing to do with any of this," he cried, turning to Bright. "I told this man about the courier . . ." he shook his fist at the Syrian. "He came to the billet in Paris, searching Mr. Whitfield and his promises. My brother never saw him till today . . ."

"Mein little brotter is a liar," John Menz growled.

"It was with me the Syrian talked, nobody else!"

"And you sent him to your brother for help on the border," Bright guessed.

The Syrian broke in eagerly: "That is it! So!"

"I don't understand," the inspector general objected. "I have already arrested this one man for murder. He had a motive . . ."

"Menz?" Bright cried impatiently. "No, sir. I told you that before. He had motive enough, Lord, yes, but he didn't kill anybody. How could he, in the hospital half sick? Whitfield was killed by a coney-ac bottle which this black baby grabbed from his hand. He'd been hiding out a day or so in that big room, waitin' his chance . . ."

"What's this?" It was Major Rennels. "What big room?"

"In your headquarters, sir. This Syrian is the fat party that helped move your furniture," Bright disclosed. "The clerk in the office told me 'bout him. He was lyin' in some easy chair, hidin' out safe and snug when you locked up the front door that night . . . yes, sir, you told me so yourself . . . you locked the door and left the key on the inside. That's how this fellow got away after the murder. He killed Sir Harry while you was over in enlisted men's quarters hunting your chau-foor. I got it all figured out right here, sir," he drew a dog-eared envelope from his pocket. "He killed him at about three minutes past six in the evening while Grice was eatin' his first sandwich down by the kitchen stove. Duclose and me was chewing the

fat just outside the kitchen door that minute and Whitfield was trying to open his bottle."

The sergeant paused, and reaching into his pocket, produced Lieutenant Grice's corkscrew.

"Here's your little souvenir, sir, I don't want it no more. Mebbe you don't either, after all this. Sure, you loaned it to him, just the way you said. This fellow got into Whitfield's room about 5:59 . . . yes, sir, 5:59 . . . you'd walked out on the major after your row over the girl and the major was fixin' to leave his room. Whitfield was out of sight in the kitchen, right then, askin' the cook for his corkscrew, and you was waitin' for your chow. Cook was slow 'cause he had to open some more beer. Right that very minute the Blackbird was ransacking Whitfield's portmanteau for this damned dispatch case . . ."

"For my paper!" the Syrian objected.

"For his papers, Colonel. He's telling you himself. He'd busted open the door between the big room and that little corridor with his boot. You can see the marks, and the screws are pushed out the bolt . . . yes, sir, go back and look for yourself, Major. The fellow just got to hunting good when Whitfield walks in, ready to write letters. What happens then? Well, he surprises this damned Egyptian there in his room and the fat beeper grabs the bottle and hits him with it just back of the left ear. Then," he turned accusingly on the Blackbird, "you dragged his body head-first down the hall and through the passage under the stair, same way you'd come up, and you dumped it on the floor, and beat it right out the front door. Wait a minute . . . there's more to this story! You took your foot in your hand and run down to Brest then, thinkin' to go away on a boat ride. You wasn't the only one planning that. This Frog was trying to do the same thing . . . only he had some money and you didn't. So you lifted his boss's roll off him, and right there's where I come in . . . kind of late, but I got there . . ."

"Why, you damn heathen, get up! Don't grovel all over me! I say, Colonel, pick him up! He's confessed!"

"Well, I declare!" Colonel Cutterson exclaimed. With the handkerchief from his cuff, he brushed the contamination from his riding boot where the Blackbird had rolled against him. Then:

"It's really very simple, if one goes at it in a military manner," he declared. "I thought I wouldn't need anybody down from Paris. It's all cleared up, Sergeant. Only I do feel that this orderly Menz . . ."

"Before you dispose of him," Bright interrupted, "I'd like to take down his statement about Major Rennels the night Whitfield had drunk all the absinthe . . ."

Rennels started. Cutterson said: "Sergeant, there's nothing to that!"

"I think Private Menz had better be given thirty days for A. W. O. L.," Rennels suggested heavily, "and then be put on a ship."

"He'll spend the thirty days making charges, sir," Bright hinted, "whether

there's anything in 'em or not. Where'll I find you, sir, if I need you?"

Rennels snapped his teeth. "You'll not need me. I'll be back in the States. Yes, sir," he turned to Cutterson, "if the colonel will fix transportation?"

"At once," the inspector answered.

"All right, sir," Bright agreed. "Colonel, how about Lieutenant Grice's permanent commission in the Regulars?"

Grice, standing near the window, cleared his throat. "I don't want it, sir! Oh, no, sir! All I want is to get into civilian clothes, sir."

"That settles that." The inspector general removed a pair of brown gloves from the book shelf nearest him. "I'll relieve you of that dispatch case now, Sergeant."

Bright drew back. "I'll return it to the British provost marshal myself," he said emphatically. He swung the strap to its familiar place on his shoulder. "I'm not through with it yet, anyway. There's one more thing to look into."

He crossed to the parlor. St. Denis's sister was sitting alone by the fire. The same curious expression disfigured her face that Bright had remarked the first time he saw her; she wore the same dress, the same shawl; only today, in addition to her cane, she held an old-fashioned ear trumpet.

"Like my souvenirs, auntie?" Bright inquired in French.

She looked up sharply.

"You lied to me, young man. You said it held saw-tooth bayonets!"

Bright laughed. "So it was you who snooped into the case! Broke it, open with the poker, did you, and threw the lock in the fireplace! Well, you ain't as dumb as Rude!"

He returned to the office. Colonel Cutterson was speaking rapidly.

"It was very simple," he was telling Brigadier Bonnet. "I had no trouble working it out. I didn't need any police to help me. This Syrian, here, killed two men. Since the crimes were committed by a civilian on French soil, he is yours for disposition. Your countryman Rude stole the money from St. Denis . . . wanted it to further some love affair, if I'm not mistaken. I'll turn him over directly to you, too. And this German," he spoke scornfully, "this German admits he was smuggling. I'll give him . . ."

"He better be sent to a prisoner of war company for disposition," Bright suggested, "that's how it's usually done."

He saluted sharply. The case was finished; the facts made a complete pattern, a snug, neat fit. He was through. Going down the steps, he passed Duclose in the path, with Josephine beside him. The little Dutchman was observing the front of the house.

"It is superb," he was saying excitedly, "a superb example of early Norman architecture."

Bright was humming as he approached the car where Corporal Hand waited. Out in the roadway he sang in a clear voice:

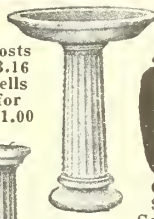
"The colonel won the croix de guerre. parley voo!"

THE END

EASY MONEY MANUFACTURING THESE PRODUCTS SPARE TIME-FULL TIME



Costs
\$3.16
Sells
for
\$21.00



Costs
\$0.91
Sells for
\$5.00

200 to 500% PROFIT- Shown in this FREE Book

People spend money
willingly beautify-
ing their homes.

Decorative pieces

in any color for porch, garden and lawn sell themselves. H. G. Young, New Jersey, invested \$97.00, made \$2,700.00 in spare time. A Michigan man sold \$2,000.00 worth to one concern. You can do the same. No experience needed. Make them spare time, or go into full time manufacturing. Nearly all profit. Big demand in your locality. Modest investment starts you. Expand from profit. The Colorcrete catalog tells how and shows equipment. Send for it now.



Costs
\$2.52
Sells
for
\$17.00



Costs \$0.96
Sells for \$5.25



Costs \$1.29
Sells for \$6.00



Costs \$0.68
Sells for \$3.50
Holland, Mich.

Colorcrete Industries
350 Ottawa Ave.

TAILORING SALESMEN

2 Suits For
All Wool Made To Measure
Sensational opportunity
for a live wire to clean up
\$150 per week. Our line
makes successful sales-
men. Big sample outfit
in handsome carrying case
absolutely FREE. Write
today for your territory.

Commission

\$39.50 \$ 8.00

\$47.50 \$10.00

\$57.50 \$12.00

GARFIELD TAILORING CO.
3111 Armitage Ave., Dept. M-9, Chicago, Ill.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That
I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years,
with these Artificial Ear
Drums. I wear them day
and night. They stop head
noises and ringing ears. They
are perfectly comfortable. No
one sees them. Write me and
I will tell you a true story
how I got deaf and how I make
you hear. Address
Medicated Ear Drum
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
115 Hoffman Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



**WANT
A
STEADY
GOVERNMENT
JOB?**

\$1260 to \$3400 Year
EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE

MEN—18 UP
STEADY WORK
Paid Vacations
COMMON EDUCATION
USUALLY
SUFFICIENT

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. A193
Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, FREE of
charge, list of U. S. Gov-
ernment big pay positions
now obtainable. Send me
FREE 32-page book describ-
ing salaries, hours, work, vaca-
tion and giving full particulars
on how to get a position. Advise
me fully regarding preference to
Ex Service men.

Mail Coupon
today,
SURE

Name _____
Address _____



THE decision of the judges in The American Legion Monthly-Houghton Mifflin Company \$25,000 prize war novel contest dividing the award between William T. Scanlon of Fontana, Wisconsin, and Mary Lee of Westport, New York, presented the Monthly with an embarrassment of riches. Mr. Scanlon's story, which is much the shorter of the two, was on that account much more adaptable to serialization in the Monthly than Miss Lee's, and it was therefore decided to publish Mr. Scanlon's entire and a generous two-part sample of Miss Lee's longer novel. Miss Lee's story, moreover, owing to the episodic nature of its construction, lent itself to abridgment much more effectively than Mr. Scanlon's. The considerations entering into the decision regarding serialization, therefore, were purely mechanical, and have no bearing on the absolute or relative literary merits of the two stories. Brief biographical sketches of Miss Lee and Mr. Scanlon were published in the August Monthly.

LAST January the Monthly carried an account by Captain Charles B. D. Collyer of the race against time made by him and John Henry Mears around the world. They accomplished the journey in twenty-three days, fifteen hours and eight seconds—a record that beat even the moon, which requires three days longer. With the article was reproduced a photograph showing Mr. Mears and Captain Collyer reaching the Battery, New York, at the end of their rush around the globe. Mr. Mears was holding Tailwind, the tiny terrier who made the journey with them—perhaps not the only dog who ever went around the world, but certainly the only dog who ever did it in less than twenty-four days. While the January number of the Monthly was in press word came of the death of Captain Collyer in the crash of the airplane *Yankee Doodle*, together with Harry C. Tucker of Los Angeles, owner of the plane, against a canyon wall in Arizona.

A FEW weeks ago the newspapers carried the story of the death of Tailwind—for Tailwind was a famous dog, and his passing was news. Here is the account which David P. Sentner wrote for the International News Service from West Nyack, New York. "They'll give Tailwind, the only dog to fly around the world, a military funeral tomorrow and blow taps over his body. But even if Tailwind were alive he wouldn't hear a bugle or even the siren of an on-rushing automobile. You might say Tailwind died for the cause of aviation.

The Sealyham terrier accompanied John Henry Mears, his owner, and Captain C. B. D. Collyer in their flight around the world. His flying mileage ran into five figures and so much time in the air affected his ears. A deaf dog should be especially careful in crossing the road. And Tailwind was proverbially reckless. Tailwind was a great friend of the children of John Wray, actor, and Oscar Dike. He was on his way across the road to see them when one of those vehicles which ignore pedestrian dogs swept down on him."

WE HAVE this interesting letter from Dan T. Balmer of the United States Veterans Hospital at Perry Point, Maryland: "Answering your question in The Message Center of the June number 'How do the hospital libraries stack up generally?' I have secured some brief information from my own observation and talking with Mrs. Mary B. Graham, our chief librarian, who came here from a Wyoming hospital for veterans and has been in similar work for some years. The Perry Point Library is an indispensable part of the hospital. It occupies three rooms in the business section of the government reservation, right on the town square. One room is for current reading matter, another for the office and a third for the medical library. There are one thousand, one hundred patients here, and a personnel of five hundred, who with their families make up a town of perhaps two thousand, five hundred, and the library is open to all. The U. S. V. B. supply depot is located here also. The chief librarian tells me that there are between five thousand and six thousand selected books here which she and her two assistants are prepared to circulate. Regular rounds of the wards are made by someone of the library force with patients assisting, and books are ordered and returned by patients in this manner who are not able to walk to the library themselves, and magazines are thus distributed, and some newspapers in addition to those the patients may receive in their own mail. Any literature from donors is placed to the best advantage. Mrs. Graham also tells me that the majority of the books are bought through the budget provided by the Veterans Bureau, and that at no hospital do the librarians solicit donations, but always appreciate them from American Legion posts and Auxiliary units or other organizations or individuals. The librarian and her two assistants, in a manner similar to other hospitals, make up a list of books desired, and the list is requisitioned of the chief librarian of the Veterans Bureau, who is Miss Elizabeth

Pomeroy. She exercises her judgment, based upon the allotment and requirements as she knows them. Books are ordered from the publishers then through Miss Pomeroy's office in Washington. Recent acquisitions, with a brief review of the books, are listed in the *Perry Point Bulletin*, the hospital monthly, issued from the patients' print shop, or in the weekly *Coming Events*, the supplement to the *Bulletin*. The library is open every week day from 8.30 a.m. until 8.30 p.m., and on Sunday from 1 p.m. until 8.30, with time out for meals. Anyone who would like to do something of permanent value to the patients would do well to consider the library, and the ideas of the librarians in the veterans' hospitals, who do not solicit help, but will certainly appreciate any form of assistance."

PAST National Commander Franklin D'Olier's interesting article on the birth and infancy of the Legion in the July number stated that Maurice K. Gordon of Texas, a delegate to the Paris Caucus from the 36th Division, moved the adoption of the name The American Legion, by that means christening the organization then brought into being. In making this statement, Colonel D'Olier repeated what has been said publicly several times before. It comes to light, however, that Major Gordon is not a Texan but a Kentuckian, having been born in Madisonville, where he now resides and is engaged in the practice of law. He is a Past Department Commander of the Legion in Kentucky.

TEXANS, Marquis James informs us, pronounce San Jacinto as any American unfamiliar with Spanish would pronounce it. This is an exception to the general way of things in Texas, where words of Spanish origin are otherwise invariably given their original inflection. The English meaning of San Jacinto is Saint Hyacinth. Erastus, or Deaf Smith, Houston's celebrated scout, was Deaf Smith to his day and generation, and no one, irrespective of scholarship, would think of calling him anything else. The exploits of Smith, who was a native of New York, survive in a world of legend, and a Texas county perpetuates the name. Mr. James's account of the battle of San Jacinto is somewhat condensed from the version which will appear in his biography of Sam Houston, to be published this fall by Bobbs-Merrill.

The Editor

THE AMERICAN LEGION FILM SERVICE

777 N. Meridian St.

Indianapolis

Indiana

JULY
1929

Dear Legionnaire:

Here is a golden money making opportunity
for your Post!

The American Legion Film Service has
acquired a splendid library of feature motion
pictures, all of which are ideally suited for
Legion sponsorship. A special Exhibiting
Plan has been perfected for each picture, which
virtually insures financial success.

An attractive new booklet, "Here's Money
For Your Post," is just off the press. It
describes in detail, each of the available
pictures, and carefully outlines our special
Money-Making Plan. Every Legionnaire owes
it to his Post to investigate this dignified
and highly successful method of raising funds.

Your copy of this interesting booklet
is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's
free to Legionnaires - and no obligation!

Sincerely yours,

Marquette

E. O. MARQUETTE, Director,
American Legion Film Service.

FEATURING: The "Sky Raider" · "Three Faces East" · "His Buddy's Wife" · "Old Glory"
"The Unknown Soldier" · "The Man Without a Country" · "Spuds"
"The World War" · "Alaskan Adventures" · "Flying Luck"
"Flashes of Action" · "Shoulder Arms"
Convention Pictures

*An
Open
Letter
to
Legionnaires*

*Mail
this
Coupon*



FILM SERVICE

The American Legion
777 N. Meridian Street
Indianapolis

*I am interested in your book
"Here's Money for Your Post."
Please mail my copy today.*

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
I BELONG TO POST No. _____
DEPARTMENT OF _____

To keep a slender figure
No one can deny...



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.